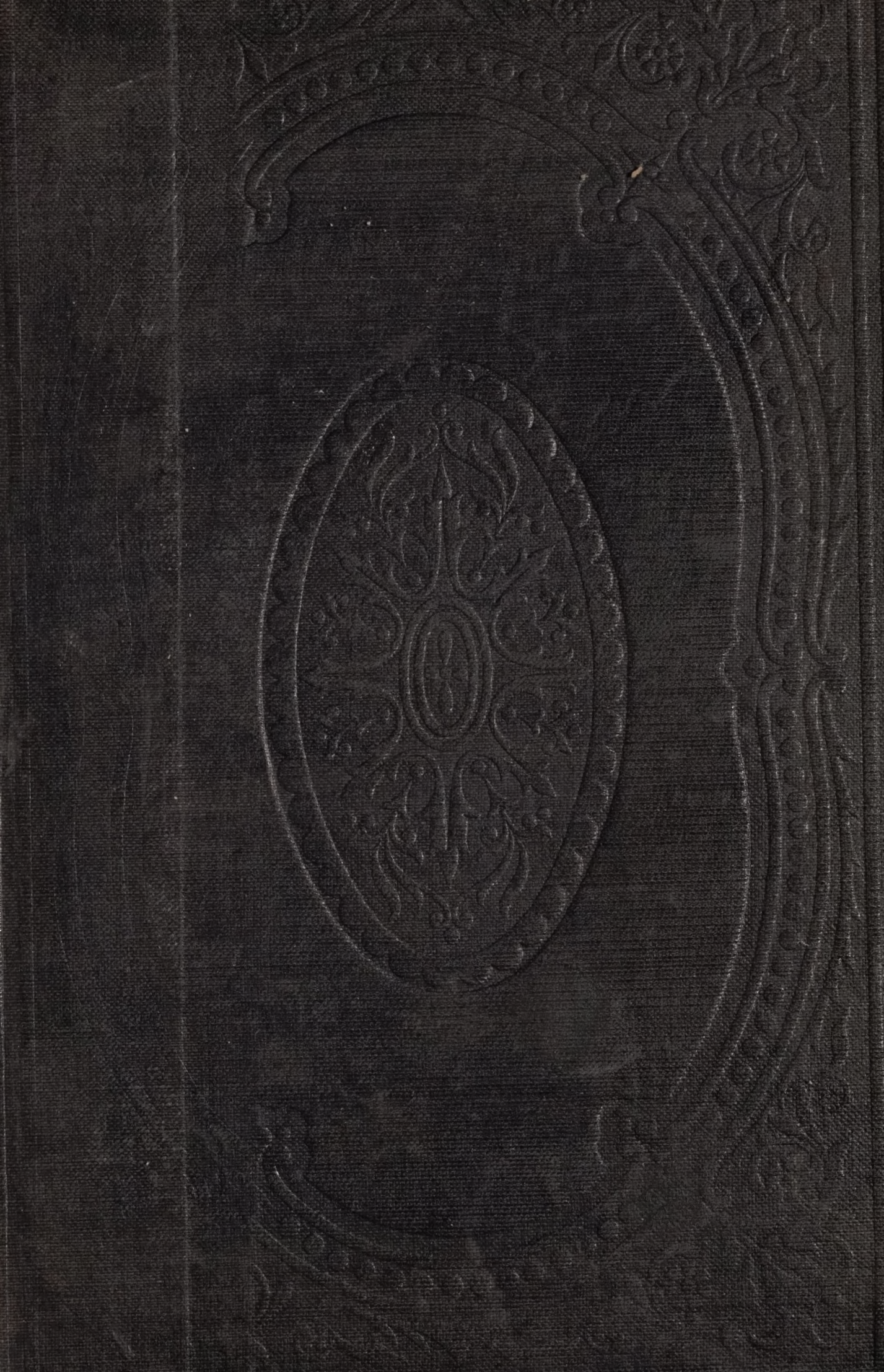








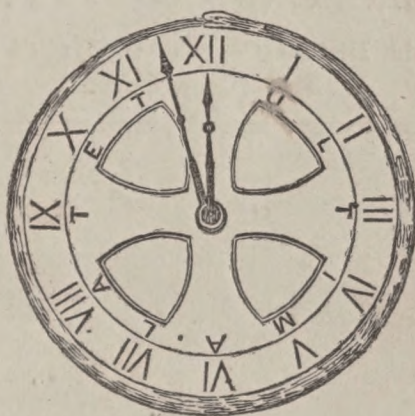
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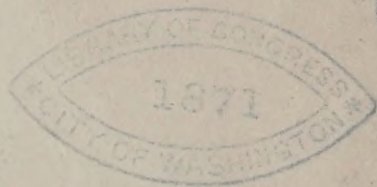
DOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY

THE REVEREND JOSEPH J. NICHOLSON



Redeeming the time.



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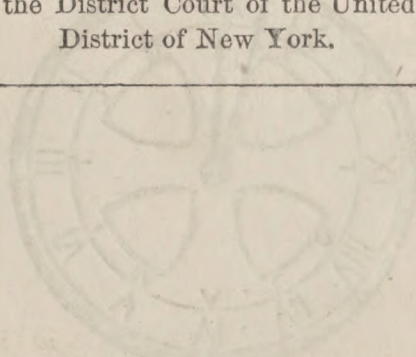
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY,.....	7
II.—Musings by the Way. An Incident. Reminiscences,.....	12
III.—Some of Life's Heart-aches. Mr. Ardent. Making a Mistake,.....	24
IV.—Mr. Lovegood on the Philosophy of Birds. Sketches from Nature,.....	39
V.—A Splendid Ball at Mrs. Blemmerton's. Revelations of Character,.....	52
VI.—A Further Insight into the Character of the Blemmertons. A Vestry-meeting. Obstinate People,	69
VII.—Mr. Lovegood; his Habits, and his Sanctum,....	83
VIII.—A Curt Letter. A Fox-hunt; Foxish People; as Cunning as a Fox,.....	96
IX.—Mr. Blemmerton doing a Hard Thing. A Surprise, that does not set well. Mr. Friendly,.....	110
X.—The Blemmertons in Trouble. Cogitation. The Training of Children,.....	120
XI.—Mr. Lovegood's Early Troubles. The Communion of Saints,.....	136
XII.—A Dash of Pretence. Parochial Troubles. Mr. Lovegood's First Sermon in St. —'s,.....	154
XIII.—The Grantners. Revelation. Family Trials,....	170
XIV.—Old Aunt Judy's Death. The Colored Population of the South, cared for by the Church,.....	182
XV.—Clerical Trials. Clerical Pleasures. The Sunday School,.....	188

	PAGE
XVI.—Political Hustings. Mr. Blemmerton before the People. A Sickness worse than Sea-sickness,..	200
XVII.—A Death-bed; and a Discovery,.....	206
XVIII.—Female Education. Christian Nurture,.....	213
XIX.—A Stomachic Character. A Decision on Sincerity. A Sham Courtship,.....	222
XX.—Duck-Shooting. A Wild-Goose Chase, in which Dr. Riproarer will play a Part,.....	241
XXI.—Kite-flying. A Flash School,.....	250
XXII.—A Church School. Happy Girls. Pleasant Scenes,	260
XXIII.—Gossiping. Pictures from Life. How to get Money for Church Purposes, from the Blem- mertons,.....	268
XXIV.—A New Idea. A Case of Casuistry. Mr. Straggler, the Missionary from the West. Some Disclo- sures,.....	278
XXV.—Mr. Nochurch's Donation to Mr. Straggler. Mr. Friendly's Hospitalities. God's Providence illus- trated. Mr. Straggler's Practical Conversation with Mr. Blemmerton,.....	293
XXVI.—Showing Agnes's Progress at Mrs. Densmore's. Something more about Mr. Ben Slocum, Dr. Riproarer, and Dr. Skyrocket,.....	309
XXVII.—A Discovery An Irish Row. A Moral of Charity,	318
XXVIII.—Mr. Jonathan Heartful again. A New Story. Mr. Lovegood, and the Terrible Bursting of a Vol- cano,.....	329
XXIX.—A Glance at Mr. Lovegood's Sermon on Dives and Lazarus. One of its Results. A Ticklish Case in the Nochurch Family. Rev. Mr. Hardworker and his Inimitable Psalmody. Church Music. Some Account of the Debt of Gratitude due by the Church to Mr. Hardworker, for its Improve- ment,.....	337
XXX.—A Predicament. Mr. Slopill with sawdust in his	

eyes. Gossiping. Mr. Lovegood married. A Terrible Surprise. Smelling-bottles, etc.,.....	354
XXXI.—Agnes Wallace at School and at Home. Mr. Heartful. A Ride; a Courtship; and a Failure,	365
XXXII.—Jonathan Heartful in Congress. Affairs at the Rectory, not so pleasant. Tattling, Jealous- minded Young Ladies. A Letter from Congress, etc.,.....	372
XXXIII.—Agnes in her New Sphere. Parting. Mr. Love- good's Opinion of the Case,.....	380
XXXIV.—Agnes in her New Employment. A Hint to Shop- keepers, and Gentlemen and Ladies of the Yard- stick, in general. A Denouement at the Rec- tory,.....	389
XXXV.—Coming Events cast their Shadows before them. Letter from Mr. Heartful. Revelations,.....	399
XXXVI.—A Case of Superstition, showing how Mr. Ben Slocum became fully persuaded that he was to become the Guardian of Agnes's Fortune. A Scented Letter. Mr. Lovegood saying a Hard Word,.....	405
XXXVII.—Closing Scenes. Parting Clouds. Merry Children,	412
XXXVIII.—Conclusion,.....	416

THE BLEMMERTONS;

OR,

DOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

You ask me for some lines from my “Dottings by the Wayside,” of the many reminiscences which lie clustered in my heart.

I grant the request, and yet not without misgivings; for, my experience in life has been far too superficial, transient, and shallow, to enable me to say aught, I fear, for your entertainment. And yet I write,—write, because writing is my trade,—a good trade when well followed, but, in the present instance, in very clumsy hands, (in fact, if it must be told, the tools are not good, nor are the brains, the pen, nor the ink, of the best order, and I wish to improve them all very much, but especially the *former*)—I write, then, I say, because writing is my trade,—my meat, my drink, my daily bread,—write, not that I expect to entertain, please, or profit you; but because I cannot help myself!

“No thanks to you, then,” you say.

is seen by contact, as when the parting rays of the setting sun linger behind, to play with the cloud which hangs above the horizon, you behold, in the *one* picture, the glories of light and the glories of darkness! If the figure appear involved and enigmatical, I have only to say, I intended it to be so. But it has a meaning, which, with your permission, will in due time come out. I pause not for explanations. I write from shadows and images in the heart, and the heart will understand them!

I felt, I say, as though my old-fashioned, homely ways, would contrast strangely, if not ludicrously, with the elegance and refinement to which I was about to be introduced. It is ever so with those, at least, who do not fancy that they are wiser than all the world besides; and who shrink from the fearful responsibility of setting themselves up as paragons of perfection, or as patterns for the imitation of their fellow-men. I had a strange, horrid presentiment of failure, of mortification, that oppressed my spirits, as a deadly incubus. Four days did I labor to cast off this oppressive feeling, but without success; it was present to my thoughts, waking and sleeping.

How could I meet the "lions," the beau-ideals of fashion and elegant accomplishments, unmoved? In my silliness, I forgot that the heart, the mind, the intellect, make the man! What had I to do with such meaningless things, as the *manner* of a bow, or of *the entrance* into a room, or the conventional formalities of an introduction! Fie upon me, for such a folly! I had a big heart in my body, full of the kind and genial warmth of life, and ready to run out to heart wherever met. What needed I more? I had a head, which, though

young, was stored with gleanings from the Book of Life, and from many written pages of the good and wise, that had cost them years of intellectual labor. And I had a tongue, that never stammered nor faltered, when it was called into service. And yet I was frightened by a folly!

I was younger then than I am now, and, consequently, did not possess so much of the "philosophy of life" as I now do. This wretched feeling grew upon me. I could not master it. As the time approached, my timidity and apprehensions of rendering myself ridiculous, increased with fourfold keenness. A fashionable tailor was sought, and a rich suit, in the most approved style, was ordered; next, the boot-maker was brought into requisition, and a pair of "high-heels," of the best "calf," was ordered to my room; then came the pure white French kids, the very *ton* of style,—and the ruffled bosom, (for ruffles were fashionable at that day;)—and last, though not least, I paid the barber a visit, and was nicked and trimmed in the most approved style, (the *moustache* was not then the rage, as it is now,—had it been, I should, undoubtedly, have been under the painful necessity of *borrowing* or *buying*.) And yet it would not all answer! The mirror told the story! In spite of every effort, I bore the marks of a gawky, country lout. I should be the butt of the house. A-lack-a-day! what snivelling, shrinking apes, pride makes of us!

CHAPTER II.

MUSINGS BY THE WAY,—AN INCIDENT,—REMINISCENCES.

I EVER was of a contemplative turn of mind. Even though mingling in scenes of festivity, running the rounds of gayety and pleasure, I yet had periods, many periods, of sober thoughtfulness: when the gay world was shut out from my heart, and it mused on the mysteries of nature, or the depths of Divine wisdom and goodness; or contemplated the striking contrasts between the conditions of men, the oppressions and hardships of poverty, the heart-withering, blighting influences of wealth, with its accompaniments of voluptuousness, prodigality, and misapplication of time and means, given by a benevolent Father, for higher and holier purposes.

It was the day before my anticipated introduction to fashionable life, that, in one of my half-sad, half-melancholy, contemplative moods, towards the setting in of twilight, I emerged from my hotel, and leisurely sauntered down a crowded thoroughfare, scarcely knowing or caring whither I went, or on what intent. In every man's life there are strange turns, or turns that *appear* to be strange, as he looks back upon them, which, somehow or another, lead to events that leave their impress forever. And without the reasonable, comfortable, Christian doctrine of an overruling Providence, causing all things, even the strange, unaccountable things

of life, to work together for good to them that seek good, we should often be baffled by our life experience. But, with this heavenly doctrine before him, the Christian has a key, which unlocks many events that would otherwise appear mysterious.

I mean not to assert, that this *clears*, or *solves* the *mystery*. Nay, not exactly that; but it often enables us to see the *hand* that *rules* and *guides* in the mystery; and faith rests satisfied with this, and dwells with rapture on the thought that the Almighty governs,—not only in “the whirlwind and the storm,”—but in many, ah, how many! of even of the apparently trifling incidents of life, bringing to Himself honor and glory, teaching us deep and abiding lessons in love, and training our hearts, or developing our character, for a wide sphere of benevolence. And why should it be thought a thing incredible, that the All-wise Father of Mercies should, by some secret or hidden influence, direct our steps unto *chance* opportunities, as they may be termed, of doing good,—opportunities, that is, which we do not *seek*, but with which we, nevertheless, meet, as it were, casually or accidentally? I verily believe it, and cherish the belief, as among the sweetest treasures of that faith, which teaches me to go out of myself,—to fall down before, and do lowly reverence to, Him who hath numbered the very hairs of my head!

Now, I had not pursued my walk far, before I found, that I had threaded my path out of the crowd, into a less-frequented, and more secluded street. Along this I slowly wended my way, wrapped in my own meditations, unobserved and unobserving. I rejoiced to be free, at that calm, holy hour, from the noise, bustle, and

clamor, of a great city. For the first time since I had entered it, I found myself alone. It was really a refreshment to my spirits. My heart ran out in genial musings; my consciousness, my personal identity, returned to me. Hitherto I had been in a whirl of commotion and excitement, carried hither and thither by the fluctuating tides of a new life;—I was myself again. I could think of home, and the dear ones whom I had left behind. The everlasting whirl of that great city went on as usual; but, to me all was silent, silent as the profound stillness of death! I was alone with myself, and with Him to whom my heart did homage!

And yet I was not alone. There was one being besides myself, who, unobserved by all save Him who counteth the pulsations of the heart, pursued her lonely way along that deserted street. A lamp, which gave a flickering light, enabled me, as I met her, (for we were going in opposite directions,) to mark the traces of sorrow in the awful gloom and melancholy, which, as a dark cloud, rested on her countenance. I had met one of the sorrowing of earth! It was enough. A chord was touched that woke in my soul the music of heaven-born charity and pity! I was just in that mood to which a tale of sorrow would bring a real balm. I was in love with all mankind. My heart was sad, and full of kindly sympathies, and gushed out towards that lonely stranger.

There are moments of our existence, when our sympathies are fuller of life than at others. There are few, who are striving to strew flowers along life's pathway, or to chase away the shadows of darkness from sorrowing hearts, who will not avouch for this truth. There

are times, when we really *love* to come in contact with sorrow,—not for the sufferer's sake,—nay, but *for our own*. Since sorrow is the portion of man's cup, and all must drink more or less deeply of it, as the dispensation of a wise and holy Father, we would not be altogether segregated from it; we would come in contact with it; we would strive to soothe it, to pour oil upon it. It is not that we take pleasure in the wail of human anguish. Nay, you will not understand me thus. This would not be a Christian sentiment, but one indicative of a heart-sickness, near akin to misanthropy.

I profess to be but little versed in anthroposophy; and yet, methinks, the full throbbing heart of humanity, going out towards and throbbing for humanity, when guided by that “still small voice” whose infant whisperings were heard first in the manger, will bear witness to the sentiment, that there are times peculiar, and above all others, when we *love* to come in contact with sorrow. We feel, that it is *good* for *us*. It draws us nearer to heaven. It is a genuine cordial to the heart; and we feel as though we could bless the Providence that directed us to it! At least, such were my feelings.

As we passed each other beneath that flickering light, a pensive, melancholy glance of sorrow pierced my heart. No word was spoken; no appeal to my charities or commiseration was made. She passed on. But, oh! that look of deep dejection, the silent language of a deeply-wounded, if not broken heart, told its story,—a story, that I could not, would not resist.

Now, with all my other failings, I am very impulsive. Following the current of my feelings, I seldom pause for reflection; seldom pause for what philosophers term

“forethought,”—I mean of course in the common-place charities of life,—but go at once out of myself, forgetting self and selfish things, right in pursuit of whatever is in keeping with the dictates of my sympathetic feelings and impressions. And now I must know that tale of sorrow. It was an impulse in the right direction. It was a voice from God, speaking to my inner being.

Perhaps, had I thought of the proprieties of life, I should not have accosted a lone young female, at such a time and place. I should have passed on, heedless of any other consideration than that of propriety; so that heaven-born charity would have been locked out of my heart, (or rather in it,) and I should have passed on heedless of the sufferings of one too sensitive to appeal to me, and yet too worthy to be left to unappeased sorrow. And more: I should have gone down to the tomb, without the blessed memory of a good deed which has ever been to me as light in darkness, and which, doubtless, I shall carry with me into the eternal world,—a source of joy throughout the ages of eternity!

Kind reader, did you ever perform a good act, a deed of mercy, that for many days, many years, made your heart laugh for joy; that stirred up its deep fountains, ever and anon, as your memory recurred to that deed? Then you can sympathize with me, in my fond feelings of the past, as the memory of one glorious act comes up before me, and I contemplate the many, many blessings that have been invoked upon my head, through the long intervening years. Aye, and may it not be, that that good deed shall rise up and call me blessed, in my Father's home, when the thread of life is snapped, and I stand among the hosts who have passed the flood

of death? I say it not as boasting,—nay, nay, God forbid. I speak it as a hope, as a faint foretaste of the glorious revelations of memory in the world to come.

I speak it not as of merit,—nay, nay,—of *merit* there is none, but in ONE. He *merits* all;—He *bestows* all, of free, unmerited grace. And yet, if that good deed so blesses me while tabernacling in the flesh,—if it so thrills my heart while seeing “through a glass darkly,” and reading myself so imperfectly, I know, when the shadows shall flee away, and I shall “know as also I am known,” that that good deed will wake my heart with everlasting songs of joy, and fill my soul with gladness throughout eternity.

Such is the necessary result of good actions. They leave behind them happy, pleasant memories. Good deeds carry with them their own reward; and yet I would not say that the reward is not of grace. *It is of grace*, and yet it is a reward, if I may so speak, springing out of the action itself. It is so, because it cannot be otherwise. *God hath so ordained,—it springs of Him*; it is a great law of His kingdom,—a great law of a probationary state; and so it is of grace. Man, having cut himself off from God, having lost his purity, nothing but grace could search him out and reinstate him in God’s favor; so that all is resolved into the overflowings of the divine mercy in the Cross of Christ.

Man viewed as a probationer, as a rational being, is obliged by a law *à priori*, antecedent to all other laws, to do good, to obey God; and, therefore, there can be no *merit* in the sight of a Holy Being, who must measure all actions by the inflexible standard of justice. As a general thing, men dwell not enough on such thoughts.

They are too prone to consider the Almighty as an arbitrary dispenser of rewards and punishments; forgetting, that He is a law unto Himself, and unto all things emanating from Him,* and that He governs and dispenses, by a *fixed law*. Nothing can be more derogatory to the divine goodness, than losing sight of this fact. Goodness is so intrinsically good, that it is its own reward: wickedness is so intrinsically evil, that it is its own punishment. “Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.”

Whatsoever a man *seeks*, in *that* shall he find his reward. If he seek holiness, goodness, religion, allegiance with his Creator and Redeemer, he shall certainly find them and their reward, if he seek aright and with all his heart. If he seek vice, irreligion, unbelief, he shall find them and be rewarded in them. In the one case, the reward found will be eternal happiness; in the other, eternal misery. He cannot be rewarded in that which he *does not* seek. As I have before stated, man is a probationer, a rational being, and therefore he chooses freely; and, freely choosing *evil*, he must meet the *reward of evil*. It springs naturally out of itself, and yet it is none the less the reward of the Divine justice, because, as in the other case, it is a great law of His kingdom, and cannot be otherwise.

Grace, through the incarnation and atonement of the Son of God, intervenes, to give man reconciliation with God; to pardon the demerit of even his best works; for sin mingles with all man's doings, even the best of

* Archbishop Leighton.

them. Were it not so, that is, were it not for the GRACE of the ATONEMENT, no man could be reinstated in God's favor, or receive the rewards of free grace. Then it necessarily follows, that if man *will not have, or accept of* grace, (Faith is the hand which he must hold out to receive,) to blot out his sins, to hide his imperfections, the imperfections even of his best performances; he must be left to reap the fruits of his own way,—“For whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap.”

Hence, then, for the man who would be happy in the world to come, it is an abiding law, that he must seek that happiness in this life, or he *cannot* have it hereafter. For how could the impure, the unjust, the unsanctified in heart, and life, and temper, be happy in heaven? Its holy associations, the blaze of its eternal day and glory, would confound them. Not a chord in their hearts would beat in unison with the gladsome symphonies of that Temple not made with hands. They would meet nothing there congenial to their tastes or inclinations; not one sentiment with which they could sympathize; and it is the law of rational intelligence, fixed, universal, incontrovertible, that it can be happy only in kindred association.

Take a man of really depraved and wicked dispositions and habits, (I mean not some one of the weak vessels of earth, who, though ever and anon turning aside, here and there, from the right way, are yet struggling at the foot of the cross, striving manfully to overcome every weakness and every sin, and washing them out through the atoning blood of Christ, in the tears of penitence,)—but, one devoid of all holy aspirations, who has steeled his heart and his conscience against every

fear of a judgment to come, and every emotion of love and gratitude to his heavenly Father. Take such a one, I say, from the scenes, employments, and associations in which he has sought his happiness, and place him in the company of the sanctified, where every word that he hears will utter to *him* an awful reproach. Let him hear but the language of saintliness, the music of the heavenly harpings, and I ask, can he be happy? Will not every word, every note that falls upon his ear, be as a scorpion lash,—every sound, hateful to his heart and ears,—and will he not cry out, in his misery, for some strong arm to snatch him from his own condemnations; or some dark cloud, if possible, to hide him from himself?

But I intend not to run into the depths of theology. I have said so much, to clear up a former remark; and to show my feelings and impressions, as I dwell on the recollection of a good deed. I lay no claim to *merit*,—nay, perish the thought!—and yet that deed has ever blessed me, ever been as a very pleasant line in the checkered history of my life, as year by year has written that history up; and if it is so gracious a cordial to my heart *now*,—so pleasant and thrilling a reminiscence,—much more will it be so in the world to come, when all shall be light, and no shadow shall intervene between me and the past!

That silent appeal of sorrow! That lone girl, the picture of unutterable grief! Was she not one of the “wounded and bruised” by the wayside, left “half dead,” whose tale of anguish appealed to the passer-by, for the kindly offices of the good Samaritan? How

many, perchance, like the Priest or the Levite, had passed by "on the other side," or had come and looked upon the scene of wretchedness, yet hurried away without so much as a loving word! Ah, I know not, and yet, alas! it is a common case. In a crowded city, poverty, suffering, misery, leave their deep, abiding traces in many hearts which are revealed in the haggard, care-worn countenance, in the stunted garments, tottering steps, shrivelled, feeble, and skeleton-like bodies. And men grow accustomed to such sights; their hearts grow callous by familiarity. Ah, it is a sad, dreary picture; but true, alas! too true. We appeal to the great experience of life. Go back, reader, to the days of your youth, and tell me what were your impressions, when first you read in the sacred page the story of the sufferings and magnanimity of a Joseph. Did not your heart recoil from the wicked deed of his brethren, when they thrust him into the pit, or sold him to the stranger, to be taken far away from his loved and loving home? And did it not bleed with that aged Patriarch, when the iron went into his soul, and he wrapped himself in gloom, the mourning of a crushed heart, to go down to the grave sorrowing unto his beloved son?

But pass on, pass on,—for the scene changes. Did not your heart swell and throb, when you beheld those cruel brethren, years after, compelled by hard necessity to stand in the presence of that injured brother, strangers in a strange land,—and lo, when the curtain is drawn and all is explained, that brother stands forth revealed, and the providence of the Almighty is brought distinctly out. I ask, did not the emotions of

your heart find vent, and run out in generous tears, when you heard those touching and thrilling words, "*I am Joseph*,—doth my FATHER yet live?" Now, why did you find such thrilling delight in this story, but that it spoke to the fountains of your inner being, ere yet they were dried up,—but that it appealed to your generous sympathies, ere they were at all warped, or blighted, by intimate contact with the world?

And go yet further; take up some line from your own youthful observation. In younger days, ere the heart was hardened, or rendered callous, ere the marks of many sorrows, many disappointments, or many rebellions against its pleadings, had scarred it over, did you ever witness pain or anguish, without experiencing the up-risings of sympathy and commiseration? Nay, never, never! For hours, you have followed the mendicant on his lowly pilgrimage, from door to door, asking alms, to satisfy the cravings of his nature. For hours, you would stand and gaze upon the blind beggar, as he sat by the wayside, and stretched out his gaunt fingers for the mite of charity. And how has your heart bled, when one by one the throng passed on, heedless of that outstretched arm, and the appeal from those sightless eyes! And at last, when some good Samaritan passed that way, and that arm was heeded, and the deed of love was done, as the tears of joy and gratitude streamed from those sightless eyes, you could bear no more, but mingled your tears with his, and went on your way with a lighter heart. And how you envied that good Samaritan his deed of love! Oh that you had but the ability, and how many tears of gratitude would follow you through life!

Ah, reader, you were young then. Your heart was simple as the heart of the weaned child. How is it now? Alas! alas! those thrilling sensations are gone. They lie buried with the past; they are overgrown by the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of things transient as the morning cloud. The story of Joseph no longer brings its melting rapture. The wayside beggar, the blind, the needy, the helpless, no longer draw so strongly or largely upon your sympathies, or wring out your heart in tears. Nay, nay, you have grown familiar with such scenes: you have stifled those godly emotions: you have gone out into the world, taken hold upon its interests, or laid your heart upon its altar, until it has robbed you of your youthful sympathies. If I have drawn a faithful picture of your life, I pray you make haste to efface some portions of it. Make haste to become again a little child of gushing sympathies and love; for, of such, we are told, "is the kingdom of heaven!"

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF LIFE'S HEART-ACHES,—MR. ARDENT,—MAKING A MISTAKE.

KIND reader, did you ever enter the abode of wretchedness, of heart-rending poverty, with its attendant sufferings and afflictions? If not, you have yet much to learn; your heart is not yet schooled for a world-wide sphere of charity. Perhaps, such a scene would not be congenial to your taste; and yet, I opine, it will be a blessing to you. Life is but half realized while we see only its bright side. The picture must be shaded properly, to give it due effect. Every well-trained artist is aware of this; and in its due appreciation and management, he adds the finishing touch to his painting, and acquires the title of *master*. It is ever so with our life-experience. There must be the *shading*, to give us a full impression. We need the dark side, to enable us to see the bright to advantage. And these are the *contrasts*, of which we spoke in a former chapter. We need to see, yea, and to *feel*, when our FATHER sees it good for us, some of the blightings and sorrows of life, to enable us to appreciate its "pleasant lines," and gain some glimpses of the debt which we owe our Father for His mercies.

Go with me, then. That little girl whom I met, and whom we saw by the lamp-light, shall conduct us. We

move on, street by street, up this lone, filthy alley, and down that, passing the dim-burning lamps, threading our way we know not whither. But we may follow our guide. Her weary feet have trudged over the same desolate way, carrying her aching heart and throbbing temples,—ah, how many times!—to the same home of wretchedness, with the sad reproach, on a heartless world, of the neglect of the claims of charity. . . . And at last we are at our destination. This is the house.

We pause, and look upon it. “It is a wretched abode,” you say. It is November; the night is chill; the hoar-frost is gathering thick on the remnant of living vegetation; the stream in the gutter is icing over; the hoarse winds sigh through the broken panes. We ascend a rickety stairway, which runs up outside, at the gable; and we enter. There is no light, except from a few coals on the hearth. But we hear deep, heavy breathings,—the moanings of death! There, alone, on a miserable pallet of straw, scantily covered with a few tattered fragments of clothing, lies a wreck of disease and suffering, breathing out his life. Soon must the soul wing its way to its God! There is no loving life-partner, to bathe those aching temples, or wipe off the death-damps; for, disease, too, has now laid its hand on her who would gladly have performed the last sad offices of affection. Long and anxious watchings, and the deeper trials of extreme poverty, have done their work. But, the deep-drawn sigh which falls upon the ear from the adjoining room, tells, that there is more than disease crushing that heart, or preying upon those vitals! There is a blight there, deeper

far than that made by the icy hand of death; that sigh tells of the sorrows of a broken heart!

These three,—husband, wife, and daughter,—were the sole tenants of that upper room. And their story is soon told,—alas! it is but too common. Five years ago they were a contented, happy, and prosperous family. William Wallace (as I had the story from his dying lips) was a respectable mechanic in the employment of Mr. Blemmerton, a wealthy manufacturer. On a cold night in December, five years before, a fire had broken out in Mr. Blemmerton's premises, and Wallace, hearing the alarm, at the dead hour of night, rushed to the scene of the conflagration, and exerted every nerve to save the property. Through fire and smoke he toiled, even rushing into the very flames, until the fire was subdued.

But little comparative damage ensued; the mass of the property was saved. But Wallace never recovered from his almost superhuman exertions. He became a prey to consumption; and for five years had his life dwindled away, until now his hour had come! And oh! what an hour, under the most favorable circumstances!—but how peculiarly awful to him, reduced as he was to extreme poverty, his heart twining about his widowed wife and his orphan daughter, in their pitiable condition! Ah, could some of the more favored of earth have heard that history, gazed upon that picture, would they not have been moved to pity and relieve? It is a picture around them every day, in crowded cities, but, alas! they will not see it! It meets them at almost every step, but they shun it, pass by on the other side, or if perchance they approach and look upon

it, they lock their hearts against it! “Just and true art Thou in all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.” The poor, the afflicted, shall not always be forgotten.

Want of proper food and nourishment had evidently shortened Wallace’s days; and his wife, worn out with hunger and wretchedness, must soon follow him, unless timely relief be extended. “And this poor child,” said the dying father, “my beloved Agnes, my only child, she has been all my support; she has worked, toiled through the day, and begged a pittance, at night, from the shopkeepers, with whom we used to deal when our circumstances were better, and so has kept us alive. But ah me, they are growing weary of her applications for charity; and the poor child knows not how to beg of strangers. Ah, Sir, though in humble life, we guarded our darling child, as long as we could, from the rough contact of the world. She is a simple-minded, guileless thing, too sensitive to go out on a mission, that oftener meets the cold frown of the world, than the cheering smile of loving sympathy. And now, poor child, she is to be alone,—alone in the world. Ah me! ah me! My heart,—my poor breaking heart! But she will be better off; she will have *one less* to care and provide for,—*one less* to watch, *one less* to beg for!

“Come near me, my child, my only child! O sweet title of the parental relationship!—come near me, my child. Your father is going, at last! Let me look upon you, once more. God Almighty bless you, my dear, dutiful daughter! The God of the FATHERLESS raise you up friends, and protect you, in a cold and heartless world! It is all your dying father can give you,—his blessing! Even now, the scanty furniture,

the remnant of what we once had, even the pallet on which my dying body lies, in four days will be taken from you, and sold to pay my debt! Ah! my heart, my heart! Lay your head upon my heart, my daughter. There,—so!”—and he pressed her to his bosom.

“There, Sir,” said he, “read that,” holding out a paper,—a written notice to quit the premises by a certain day. Hurriedly moving my eye over the lines, what was my consternation when I found that it bore the signature of John Blemmerton!—Blemmerton, in whose service that dying man had spent his best days!—Blemmerton, whose property had been saved, at the sacrifice of that dying man’s life!—Blemmerton, whose halls the next evening were to ring with the merry laugh, while the widow and the fatherless, whom he should have succored and protected, should be crushed and blighted in the heart, by his cruel inhumanity and injustice!

But even the worst is not yet told; for, there was an execution, in the hands of an officer, on every article of furniture or property of any kind in that house, all of which was to be taken, and in four days sold for rent! The debt was about thirty dollars; and this, all the worldly goods in the dying man’s possession would not liquidate. This troubled him. He named not the injustice, the cruelty of his old employer and landlord,—I know not that such a thought crossed his mind; but he was evidently pained, that he should not leave behind him enough even to pay that debt. He had, however, one consolation: “My sweet Agnes,” said he, “has promised, if ever she is able, to pay the last penny.”

“God only is great.” You rise up and exclaim,

Peace, peace, troubled man; thy last moments shall be lighted up with joy. Pass on into the "valley of the shadow of death," leaning on the "staff," and protected by the "rod," of Immanuel. The widow and thy fatherless shall be cared for. This hour dates a new era in their chequered life. God hath raised up the Good Samaritan. "The Lord defendeth the fatherless and widow: as for the way of the ungodly, He turneth it upside down." Ps. 146 : 9. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in ME." Jer. 49 : 11. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," Ecc. 12 : 5; but that trembling spirit departs in peace. Long has been the struggle, dark has been the way, but there is light at the last.

"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Job 5 : 7. Without intending to write a line on the question of slavery, *pro* or *con.*, we feel at liberty to say, that we have little faith in that noisy philanthropy, which is ever busy in making "red flannel shirts for the little negroes in Africa," while it gives the "cold shoulder," as they say in Yankeedom, to the cries of poverty and distress around it. Place a Southern colored man in one of your pent-up factories, or scorch him over your hot, smoking furnaces, in the dank, dark room, from seven in the morning to six o'clock in the evening, and he would soon die, or sing, "Carry me back to old Virginny." Ah! talk as you please about these questions, from the fall of man you may trace onward the stream of time, and everywhere you will behold that sentence written, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

We find no fault with those who are striving, in the spirit of the true self-denial of the Gospel, to ameliorate his condition, under whatever circumstances. Let *self* be cast into the shade, and to all efforts for man's good, in whatever condition, that *will bear the tests of true charity,—the tests of her true weights when placed in her scale,—*(for, charity measures all questions, in *all* their bearings, proximate or remote, and is not *content* with *less* than a *perfect equilibrium*,) we are willing to give God speed.

But, man is a one-sided creature the world over. He has but one pair of spectacles; and they rarely enable him to see in more directions than *one*. It would be a blessed thing, if some of the *one-sighted* philanthropists of this philanthropic age would have their spectacles fitted with glasses looking in different directions,—one glass to see that picture, the other to look upon this. We opine, that they would have a more extended vision, and would bless us for the suggestion. We have ourselves seen some sights, and taken some notes, through a pair of these *double-glassed* spectacles. For instance, we have seen white men, by scores and hundreds, when the thermometer, in the shade, stood at 98° Fahrenheit, toiling before the melting furnace, the great sweat-drops rolling down their begrimed faces,—yea, by scores dropping dead at their posts, from the heat, and this from seven in the morning till six in the evening,—no pure air,—the hot breath of the molten iron,—the red glare of the furnace,—no intermission but for dinner, a brief hour,—smut and smoke, and toil and sweat,—no recreation from day to day,—no Saturday's holiday,—no one to provide a physician, or to care for

the helpless family, when sickness comes,—no wages accruing while disease preys upon the vitals; and if poverty or death ensue, no friendly hand to provide for the widow and the fatherless. *No work, no pay.*

Go out, ye helpless ones, to beg and be scoffed at, or go to the Almshouse, to conceal your poverty from the public eye. It will not answer for you to appear on the streets, among the living mass of useful men. There is no pity for you. The world is run mad with philanthropy. Its words are large and swelling; but, alas! you will find, that it requires more than *words* to clothe the body and feed the stomach! And those frail young girls in the factory, pent up amidst the everlasting ding-dong of the machinery; no merry laugh or gleeful song, but work, work,—haste, haste,—shuttle, scuttle, helter, skelter, ding, dell, hurry, scurry, heat and dust, tainted air and tainted breath,—so they go from morn till night,—never stopping, always pressing,—limbs quivering, hearts bleeding: or others, in the garret, bending over the needle, before the dim-burning lamp, at the hour of midnight,—gaunt bodies,—slender fingers, aching temples,—poor pay,—scanty subsistence,—slender pittance,—work, work, work,—toil on, sweat on,—breathe on, ye toiling ones! God sees and marks. There is a brighter world, a fairer clime. Trust in HIM. He counts the throbbings of your hearts. May He touch the hearts of wealthy *philanthropists*,—give them bowels of compassion,—to spend less on their pampered lusts in fine furniture, extravagant living, to *talk* less, and *do* more, to afford you greater independence, and lift you from your slavery,—the

slavery of injustice, the slavery of the lowest pittance, the grinding poverty of meagre wages!

Ah! we have seen sights, even in the great metropolis of this happy land. Looking from our room window in our hotel, which opened on bricks on all sides, during the extreme heat of the past summer, (which was so intense, that, during a walk of two squares on Broadway, we saw as many as four horses fall in the streets, panting for life,) at the early dawn, ere yet the full glare of day had broken upon this mass of bricks and living creatures, we witnessed a scene never to be effaced from our memory. My window opened on a vacant space, a court about ten feet square; on either side, rose the brick walls, full four stories high; at the bottom, were scattered, here and there, fragments of broken bottles, and old lumber and rags, among which a lone rat, at that early hour, rummaged for his scant supply of food. We pitied the poor rat, when we beheld his slim prospect of his morning's meal. Musing on him and his fate, we had lost sight of a frail tenement which occupied the centre of the court. The rat, suddenly pricking up his ears, and running for his hole, called our attention to other objects.

In the centre of the court, there was a sort of cabin or glass-house, a mere frame-work, somewhat after the plan of the frame-work of a hot-bed, filled with glass on the sides and glass over head, to admit freely the rays of light, and constructed with doors on either side to admit the air which might steal over the towering roof, and find its way down to that dark, pent-up place. As the rat fled, a door opened, and two human beings took their seats in their glass-house, far down below me, and

commenced plying their needles with marked industry. "They that live in glass-houses should not throw stones," especially they who *work* in them should not; for should they break a pane, it would cost more than a day's work, and give them many *pains* in return. But we can throw a stone for them, which, we trust, will be as true as was David's, from his sling at the champion Goliath, of Gath,—not, indeed, to *kill men*, but to kill their *selfishness*, their *pretensions*,—kill *canting*, *hypocritical philanthropy*,—demolish these glass-houses, open the eyes of the blind, (who yet say they see,) to the wants of man as they really are, and to the great bleeding heart of humanity.

Now, follow out these two beings from their glass-house,—take that living mass from the factory and the blazing furnace, and view their condition in a religious aspect. Where do you find them on the Lord's day? Do you behold them in groups and crowds, hurrying to the sanctuary to offer up the earliest and latest prayer to Him from whom all good things do come? Nay; scarcely a moiety of that vast number are striving for a better world; scarcely a moiety of them have any sense of religion. The church-bell has no music for the ears of the majority; indeed, over them, it is to be feared, infidelity rules and reigns. And the reason is, they are not cared for! We are reciting facts,—facts of which we are cognizant. Infidelity, Deism, prevails fearfully among this class of the citizens of this great Republic. We have met with men who were frank enough to tell us, that from long confinement to their peculiar employments, neglect of the sanctuary, and want of intercourse with their fellow-men, and the

sympathies springing out of it, they had not only grown misanthropic, but had actually learned to *hate* the sound of the church-bell,—to *hate* the very word Religion! And they have accounted to me for it, in this way: Their employment is monotonous; they have nothing to exercise the mind, to keep it active, in things good and elevating. And yet the mind *will* be employed. They grow meditative, are wrapped up in their own thoughts; the everlasting whirl and the racket of the machinery drive them, as it were, into themselves. They see that they are little cared for; they grow melancholy, and nurse their morbid feelings, until finally they yield themselves up to the temptations of the evil one, and become hardened in open, avowed infidelity! And especially is this apt to be the case with foreigners.

We have frequently met with individuals from *England*, who had been reared up, we may say, at the altars of her noble and glorious Church, but who, on removing to this country, soon fell into the meshes of infidelity, or some of the ruinous vagaries or heresies for which this country is so famous. And the reason is this: They miss here the care and the sympathy to which they have been accustomed. The Church of England provides and cares for all classes of her children, on a much more extensive and systematic scale than we do, as we are ashamed to confess. And it is a great reproach on the Church, that in all our cities there are not more churches, free for the use of all such, whether foreign or native, and more pastors to care for them, search them out, give them the right hand of sympathy and brotherly love, throw around them the

pastoral arm, to make them feel happy and at home! The PASTORS will not be wanting; the CHURCH's heart is big enough, and full enough of yearning; but, alas! her yearnings are stifled, her heart is crushed, because her CHILDREN withhold from the Lord more than is convenient; devote their means to all the vanities of life; and so "rob God," while His children cry unto Him and them for the bread of life and the waters of salvation!

And we all know, who take any interest in the race of Adam, that when men, in whatever class, lose a sense of religion, with it they lose all reverence for sacred things. Hence, if you would find, on the Lord's day, that mass of men to whom we have pointed, you must not seek them at God's sanctuary. But turn to the tavern, or tippling-shop, the steamboat or railroad excursion, the woods, or water, and you will see how that holy day is spent. No sound of praise or prayer, from them, makes glad the courts of heaven; but, more likely, blasphemy, drunkenness, revellings, fights, brawls,—the open gateway to eternal ruin, the dram-shop, dealing out its deadly poison,—these are the sights which make angels veil their faces, and these the sounds that pierce the blue vaults of heaven, and carry their tale of woe up to the throne of God!

Now, we insist upon it, that these things are so, in a great measure, because, with all the boasted philanthropy of this age, *true charity* does not walk visibly before us, *enough!* High-sounding words, pleasant-reading books, answer very well in their place; but we want a little more of the spirit thrown in, in the right way, like that which once, in one crashing voice, rang out on

the still air, "Let us fight Philip!" We must go to *work*, and *do*. You are ready, you say, for your part. Well, we want to build a free church in — street, to seat six hundred persons. It will cost ten thousand dollars; and then we want twelve hundred dollars per annum, to feed and clothe a pastor to look after the flock. It is a glorious enterprise. The angels look out from heaven and smile upon it. Christ from His throne holds out an immortal crown, for every head who shall honor Him in this or any other work! "Oh, how glad I shall be, to have a share in that work! It is a glorious work! And heaven-born Charity, unveiled, walks in our midst, *seeking* where she may bestow her favors! Oh, do let me take a part with you! It will be so pleasant, so delightful! We shall only have to make known our wants, and the means will be instantly supplied!" Go on, enthusiastic youth! May be, when your beard has grown you will have learned wisdom.

Now watch him! "Let's see," says he, "on whom shall I call first?" Ah, lucky thought! There is Mr. A., an enthusiastic admirer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," — a great friend of humanity; a great philanthropist! "Well, I'll put him down for five hundred dollars." "Young man, you had better be certain first!"

Well, he calls at Mr. A.'s counting-room. "Is Mr. A. in?" "Yes." And turning your eyes up, you see him at his desk, casting up accounts, or counting his money, or reading the money article in the morning's paper. He hands him his subscription-book! Mr. A. opens it, gives it one eye, while he gives the other to his occupation! "Free church, Sir!—free church! The thing is impracticable! It won't pay; can't be sus-

tained ! If you build it, a Pastor can't be sustained ! There are more churches here now than can be supported !" " But, Mr. A., the poor must be cared for !" " Yes, Sir, it is true ; but I have given every dollar I can afford ! It is my duty, first to sustain the churches already in existence. There are St. J.'s, and St. P.'s, and St. A.'s ; these congregations all are poor, and I *do maintain*, that we should strengthen them, before we engage in any thing new ! Besides, there is the great Kossuth fund,—I have just given that one thousand dollars ; and then, I have subscribed fifty dollars to Mr. Drinkwater's Temperance Lectures ; and did you not see, that I am a large contributor to the ' Uncle Tom Cabin ' fund,—all, Sir, for the cause of humanity !"

" But, Mr. A., all this does not build the house of the Lord." " I know that, Sir ; but, Sir, humanity,—humanity, I say,—*is a great cause !*"

Now, my young friend, you may give the case up there ! Go, visit Mrs. A. And neither will she have any thing to give. Mr. A. holds the purse-strings. All that she can do is to get money enough to buy new furniture. " Why, just think, Sir, that mirror which shows your person to such an advantage, only cost two thousand dollars ! Was it not cheap ?" And then it will take at least two hundred dollars to buy the Misses A. tickets to the celebrated Messrs. Humbug, Moneycatchem & Co.'s Lectures on—*NOTHING !* And then there are the grand concerts,—it is *unfashionable* not to patronize them. That involves five hundred more ! And then come the balls and parties ; Mrs. A. must give at least two parties this winter. All these items

will involve at least two or three thousand more ! Build a free church, eh ? No, Sir, there is not money enough. The people are too poor. There is money enough for every thing else, but to support and sustain the Gospel ! And there is enough for *that*, if only men had *heart enough* to see, that God will bring them into judgment for the misuse of their talents !

CHAPTER IV.

MR. LOVEGOOD ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIRDS. SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

WE think it best, at this stage of our sketch, to introduce our Pastor to the reader. "Your Pastor? what has he to do with your sketch?" "We shall see," we answer. We are writing life experiences, and life very often runs in crooked streams. He who writes from the lines of life, must often diverge from the straight line of the ordinary story-teller. If there appears no connection here, it will be seen hereafter. Let that suffice to quiet all murmurings.

Our Pastor was a very practical man,—a man of great learning and experience,—one of your close-thinking men, who, in his public ministrations and private intercourse with his flock, made every event in life, and every phenomenon in nature, in some way subservient to his work. No other man that ever I saw, was so complete a master of the hearts of the young; or understood so well how to interest them, or to gain their affections! And this, because he had so happy a facility in conversing with them, on those commonplace topics which they best understood. He had evidently been a boy himself; for, he understood all about the making and flying of a kite, a game of ball or marbles, as well as any boy in Christendom. And it was really a treat, to get him interested in con-

versation, on any of the pastimes of his younger days. Apart from the pleasure he afforded, he always instructed,—always pointed out some new beauty, some new lesson of wisdom, even in those things which we thought we were thorough masters of.

Well do I remember a visit he paid to the village school, and the interesting sketch that he gave us, at the request of the tutor, on the *Philosophy of Birds*. “When I was a boy,” said Mr. Lovegood, “I spent many days, rambling over the fields, and nursing the little ducks and chickens; employments which delighted me when a youth. Many, many hours did I spend, in the pleasant task of watching and noting the developments of the wonderful instincts of the poultry-yard. It is not strange, then, boys, that this pleasant spring day should bring to light some lines, long obscured on the table of my memory, of the peculiar traits of that wise little folk, the birds and domestic fowls, which I treasured up when a boy. This bright sunny day, and the sparkling eyes and smiling faces around me, carry me back to the days of my youth! Man is a strange compound, and a wonderful! And it may seem strange to you, a waste of time, if not absolutely nonsensical, to talk about the *Philosophy of Birds*!”

“*Philosophy of Birds*!” we all exclaimed. “Who ever heard of such a thing!” “That, boys, is precisely what I wish to do,—talk about something of which you have never heard,—something of which you *know*, perhaps, nothing.” “But, Mr. Lovegood, you say *Philosophy of Birds*.” “Just so: *Philosophy*. What’s in a word? I care not a fig about it, in the present instance. Words are mighty things, indeed!

But, in the present case, I care not for the *word*; call it *instinct*, if you prefer it. I prefer the word I use,—Philosophy. And I maintain, against you and the rest of the world, that birds are philosophers. They have a *language*, too!”

“What! *birds* have a language?” “Yes! birds. It is true, we do not understand it. Perhaps, that is a boon yet in store for us, in this progressive age! You smile at this, as well you may; but there are men silly enough to undertake any thing! The barbarians of our own race, have a language which we do not understand; but *our* not understanding does not prove that they have no language; neither does our ignorance of ornithological dialect, prove that birds have not a language. They have not *our* language, but they have one of their own. If we do not understand it, it is our infelicity. And it should humble us, when we reflect, that there is something under the sun which we do not understand! Stranger ideas than this that I have started, have passed current in the world.

“In the olden time, there was a system in ornithomancy,—divination by the flight and other acts of birds. Some remarkable stories of such things are told in the old classic authors, which some of these days you may read. Great events have turned upon the flight of a flock of ravens, or vultures! And even at this day, you know, some of the simple-minded country people tremble, if an unlucky crow wing his flight across their pathway! *Two* crows make a better omen, but *three* a very bad one. The shrill cry, *nocturnus ululatus*, of the Night-raven (*Nycticorax*) is heard with dread, as foreboding some dire calamity! And so the wakeful

notes of the Whip-poor-will, at nightfall; especially if he take his position in the yard or near the house, bring to the inmates of that house the omen of death! But, I assure you, that I have often heard the shrill cry of the Night-raven, and the melancholy note of the Whip-poor-will, without terror, or ensuing death, or calamity! And yet I believe that birds are philosophers, and very wise ones in their way; that they have a language, and understand each other, at least those of the same genus.

“When a boy, I was not unobservant of such small matters; and now that I am a man, and the frosts of age are settling on my brow, I look upon them with reverence, if not awe! *Then* they afforded me pleasure; they *now* afford me food for reflection, teach me deep lessons of love and humility, and lift my thoughts and my heart up to that Great Being ‘who feedeth the young ravens that cry unto Him,’ and who, through the instincts of brutes, and beasts, and fowls of the air, teacheth man wisdom!

“When young, I had a peculiar *penchant* for crows, i. e., a longing for them! It was a strange fancy. But boys will be boys, and every boy will have his own idiosyncrasy. I had mine. It was a hankering after crows! But, if the truth must be told, there was a twofold reason for this singular fancy of mine. In the first place, crows are very troublesome little fellows, you know, boys. They will steal eggs and young chickens, and pluck the shoots of corn, for the parent grain, as they spring out of the earth. So, my father proclaimed a war of extermination against the crow tribe. Consequently, in the second place, every dead

crow was a sixpence in my pocket! Marvellous thing! 'Money is the root of all evil!' It certainly was the root of my fondness for crows! And, notwithstanding the ornithomancy of the ancients, and the superstition of the ignorant, it certainly was a *lucky* thing for me, and a very *unlucky* one for any crow whose flight lay across my pathway, within gun-shot, (I was a remarkable shot 'on the wing,')—for to *him* it was certain death, to *me* it was as good as a sixpence!"

"But you tell me, crows are not philosophers." "Then, boys, answer me this: How is it, that I could approach one of these sable, glossy little fellows almost as near as I pleased, if *only I had no gun* in my hand; but, when I had that deadly weapon, I could rarely get within gun-shot of one?" "True! true!" we all exclaimed. "True to the life!" "They cared not for *me*, but they did for the *gun*." "They *smelt powder*," exclaimed the boys. "That is it,—they don't like powder!"

"I could walk through the fields with a tobacco-stick, or any other bludgeon, unnoticed. But, let me have a gun, and I might creep behind bushes, copy all the arts of war in ambush; but, as a general thing, it would all be useless. His crowship, a sentinel, sitting on some high tree looking out, would spy me, and in a jiffy you would hear him sing out, 'Caw, caw, caw!' and away they all would go, making the air ring again with the same cry, and laughing in their sleeve at me, if they happened to have one. I have witnessed this a thousand times." "So have we," said the boys. "And a thousand times I have felt my heart palpitate, when, at the moment I expected to win the prize, they have

been warned by the sentinel, whose sharp eye detected me in my hiding-place, and they have all flown off, making merry at my expense!

“Crows are not philosophers, eh, boys? Then I should like you to account for this. You see an old setting crow, perched on the top of a tree, or on a fence-stake, near the poultry-yard. There she sits, the very picture of ‘patience sitting on a monument.’ What does it mean? Watch yonder hen, and you shall see. She softly threads her way through the briers or leaves, or she is scratching in the straw behind the barn. Her crowship looks on, well content to bide her time!

The hen, too, has her philosophy; but perhaps, in the present instance, it is a very foolish one. Like some persons we wot of, the less they know the wiser they think they are! for, she has no sooner accomplished the great work of laying an egg, than she must tell all the world the wonder; and away she goes cackling, and fuming, and fussing, at the top of her voice! Now watch her crowship! You hear not a word from her! But she softly lifts her wing, and adown she sails to the nest! She pauses a moment, to see that all is right. The crow is wonderfully circumspect, and teaches man a good lesson! She *looks all around her*, before she acts in such an enterprise! Perhaps she feels guilty, and therefore she thinks that some wily boy may have placed a trap there for her destruction, as I have known boys to do. Therefore, she draws herself stealthily up to the nest,—stands, as it were, on tiptoe, stretches out her neck, peeps well in,—and then,—the track being clear,—I would not give much for that

egg!" "Good, good, good!" said the boys, clapping their hands,—“just like them!”

“I add one other instance of the philosophy of crows. When they grew uncommonly wily, and yet uncommonly destructive in the corn-field, I resolved, at my father’s suggestion, on another plan for their destruction. I took a large quantity of corn, and, with a needle, inserted a horse-hair through the centre of each grain, and tied it fast. This corn, so arranged, I scattered broadcast over the field. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘I guess I shall be too smart for you.’ Well, one or two would pick up a grain, examine it,—it wouldn’t do! He would set one foot on the grain, take the hair in his beak, and tug away until in some way he would get it free; if not, he would give it up. One fellow, less discreet, or more hungry than the rest, swallowed a grain. Presently I saw he was in misery. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘old fellow, you are gone!’ He flew up, made a call, and three or four flocked about him; and the last I saw of them, one was tugging at the hair to pull it out of his throat! I gave up, in despair of catching or killing crows, in that way! Crows are philosophers, boys, it is useless to deny it! The only way I could ever save the corn from them, was by rolling the grains well in tar, before planting. They are not fond of tar.” “No,” says Tom Jenkins, “it smells and tastes something like gunpowder, and they are afraid of it!”

“Well, boys, I suppose a turkey-hen is not a philosopher,—a feminine philosopher?”

“Have you ever had your *own* hen and chickens, or turkey and her young, to care for and nurse, as a man would nurse his own child? If not, you are no judge

It is only the real country boy who understands these things. Your city nursling, what knows he of the philosophy of fowls? Perhaps, he understands them *on the table*, if he has money enough to buy them. Otherwise, I trow, in these hard times,—which have been since the days of Adam,—he does not *understand* them even then (*stand over* them he never does). Understand the philosophy of fowls! Why, one-half of the city dandies, swaggering under whiskers and cigars, have not philosophy enough to *carve* one, when it is served on the table cooked, and ready for the knife!

“If you had been a boy when I was, and with me watched my turkey-hen, to find her nest, you would not have said that she lacked philosophy! She never intended that I or any one else should know where it was. Nay, if she could hinder it, even his honor, her liege-lord, was not let into the secret. But, I generally acquired it by dint of effort,—by sly, stealthy movements and watchings. She would be with the flock, carelessly picking about the poultry-yard. Presently, she would shear off,—seem to lose all taste for society; in fact, to become too fastidious or aristocratic to associate with others. So she would gradually work her way off from them; and then you would see her glide along stealthily, now this way, then that, but never in the direction of her nest.

“My position would be taken behind an old house, or a bunch of briers, or a tree. As she moved along, I altered my position, taking pains to keep out of sight, and at a respectful distance. If ever she saw me, it was enough! ‘She was only idling her time then!’ ‘She was not going to her nest!’ ‘Indeed, I was mistaken

in suspecting such a thing.' 'Dear me,' she seemed to say, 'how is it, that I have wandered so far from my companions!' And she would turn about, and commence retracing her steps, with all the *naïveté* of the most consummate coquette! For a whole day, has she coquetted me in this way, without going to her nest. My only plan was, when I was detected, to make tracks boldly for the house. She would be watching me,—no, not she! Nevertheless, I would have to make a final clearance, and fall upon another plan to accomplish my object, which was simply to return home, and take my position at a garret window, and look after her until she ceased to fear my intrusion, and then to steal out again and follow her up in the same sly way, or else, for that day, give up the attempt! A turkey-hen is not a philosopher, eh?

"Then, go with me into the fields, and watch her movements with her young. Mark her care and watchfulness. How stately is her walk; how soft her tread, as the little ones run about her feet! Hear her call them, when she finds food; see the little ones obey that call. But, above all, mark that eye of hers; see it turned up to the heavens, in the full glare of the broiling noon-day sun, which you dare not face! But, she has a thin film which she draws over her eye, and which protects it from the sun's rays, yet enables her to see. And ever and anon, first one eye and then the other is turned up, to scan the high arch of the heavens; and if, perchance, kite or eagle hover near, her keen eye searches him out, even though he flaps his wing under the full blaze of the sun! The young are warned, and immediately they seek a hiding-place!

“See her again, passing, with her stately tread, through the fields. A snake is descried in the grass! O, then, such a sputtering you never heard,—‘Put!—put!—put!—put!’—and all the young ones hurry up and gather around, and stretch out their little necks, and gaze at the snake, answering in the same language,—put!—put!—put! If any one acquainted at all with turkey language is near at hand, he knows the meaning of all this, prepares a stick, draws up, and kills the snake, and the fuss is ended: otherwise, having wearied themselves with the alarm, one by one they turn away, quit their grumbling and ‘putting,’ and go on their way as quietly as ever.”

“That’s all true,” said the boys: “we know it is.” “O! Mr. Lovegood,” said little Ben Jones, “let me tell you what I saw last summer.” “Tell on Ben,” said Mr. Lovegood.

“I was walking through the orchard, and I heard the turkeys quarrelling and ‘putting,’ as you say, over something; and when I went up, sure enough, they had found a viper! And what do you think, Mr. Lovegood? The viper had a toad in his mouth, whose head just projected out of his mouth. In a minute more, he would have swallowed him. I took a stick, struck the viper a blow, the toad sprang out of his mouth, and away he went as fast as he could hop, his little eyes almost popping out of his head, right through the flock of young turkeys, to their great dismay! I watched the toad as far as I could see him; he was hopping away, for his life.” “Good for you, Ben! I am glad to see you observant of such things. I have seen the same thing, when a boy, several times.

“Now, boys, you all know how old chanticleer, and the mother hen, of all tribes, turkey, chicken, duck, know the birds of prey from those that are not. A Buzzard, (*Buteo*, or *Triorches*,) which preys only on *dead* animals, may sail about, all day, unnoticed. But, so soon as a bird of the *accipitris* genus, which is a bird of prey, the kite or eagle, for instance, makes his appearance, what a scream, and rush, and flutter, is immediately raised, and how all the little ones scamper off to a hiding-place!

“I have not told you the half yet, boys; but I fear to tire your patience.”

“O do go on, Mr. Lovegood; it is so pleasant!”

“Well, did you ever come suddenly on a covey of young partridges in a thicket? I have, very often. It is a beautiful sight! I have seen the little fellows run, with the shell yet on the back. Walking through the sedge or leaves, your ears are suddenly stunned with a flutter, and the scream of the parent birds, and all around you are twenty or more of these little fellows, hustling and scampering about, hither and thither! In a moment, ere your astonishment has subsided, there is profound silence! You see not so much as the rustling of a leaf! The old birds are near at hand, running round with drooping wings, presenting the truest picture of woe, and touching your heart with their piteous cries!

“Now, what has become of those little fellows? You mean to catch one of them! Well, catch it, if you can! I defy you! I have tried it, a hundred times! They may be within two rods of you, or they may be twenty rods off,—so it is, for the life of you, you can’t

find one of them ! Those little fellows have more philosophy than you ! They are masters of their profession, which, in the present instance, is simply to hide from you, and defy your search ! You withdraw a space out of sight, but not out of hearing. Now listen ! What do you hear ? The low, mournful voice of the parents, assuring the little ones that danger is over, and calling them together,—‘ Whe-ew—whe-ew—whe-ew,’ their little throats warble in an undertone ! If the parent birds have separated, you hear ringing out on the air, in a soft, clear voice,—‘ Bob-white,—Bob-white,—Bob-white !’ And presently you hear the answer, ‘ Bob-white,—Bob-white,—Bob-white !’—and Bobby comes up ; and then, oh, such a prattling and jollifying you never heard,—they are all so happy !

“ And now, boys, I have done,” said Mr. Lovegood. “ I speak as a simple-minded boy. In fact, this scene and these thoughts make a boy of me again ! They are but a feeble picture of my boyish enthusiasm, over such common-places of my younger life, which have left deep marks and lines on my memory ! Nor have I told you of these things, simply to make up a story. They are facts,—facts just as they occurred, true to life, true to nature, without one line of embellishment ! God bless you, boys ! Keep your young hearts pure and innocent, as the day you came from the holy font. When you grow to man’s estate, still be boys, little weaned children, in heart, and life, and conversation ! Still meditate on these simple, but beautiful memories of your younger days ! And then, with me, you will see in them something to admire, something to adore ! You will see the handiwork of Jehovah, written,

not only on the seas and floods, and the great worlds above us; but in the instincts of the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea; and with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, your heart will break out in the jubilant song: 'O praise the Lord of heaven: praise Him in the height. Praise Him, all ye angels of His; praise Him, all His hosts; praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; worms and FEATHERED FOWLS; kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the world; young men and maidens; old men and children; praise the NAME of the Lord; for His NAME only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth!'"

Now, where is the boy that would not love Mr. Love-good?

CHAPTER V.

A SPLENDID BALL AT MRS. BLEMMERTON'S. REVELATIONS OF CHARACTER.

THE anxiously-expected night at last arrived ; and, at nine o'clock, I found myself, with a palpitating heart, at Mr. Blemmerton's door. The scenes of the past night had sufficed to allay many of my misgivings, touching my debut into the coteries of ———, and its revelations, to render me more averse to the common-places of that sort of life to which I was about to be introduced. For a while, I stood undetermined, whether I should enter or not. I wavered between desire and shrinking ; but, at last, I took courage,—pulled lustily at the bell,—and, the next moment, was ushered into a full blaze of light, and heard announced, in a patronizing voice : “ Jonathan Heartful, Esquire.”

What an array of elegance, fashion, and beauty met my eyes ! The room seemed filled with diamonds, sparkling and flashing in the blaze of the gorgeous chandelier. But I pause not to enter into minutiae. The reader understands all about it. Every thing was, as certain writers would say, *comme il faut*, for such an occasion. The mirrors were, for all the world, like all fashionable mirrors in high life, and cost but little less than four thousand dollars. And the carpets, in beauty of style and richness of texture, were not a whit behind other fashionable carpets of the most costly fab-

rics; in short, every thing about the house, was in a style of elegance and magnificence, in keeping with the wealth of Mr. John Blemmerton, while the delectables for the palate composed the choicest productions of the four quarters of the globe. Smiling nymphs and stately matrons, and elderly young ladies, on the wrong side of thirty, in satins, silks, and velvets, of the richest styles, and trig, dandified gentlemen, in kids and moustaches of the latest fashion, all were busy, paying court to the pleasures and hilarities of the evening!

Mr. Heartful felt like a caged bird, but newly imprisoned, whose heart flutters at every strange sight or sound. "Will Mr. Heartful be presented to Mrs. Blemmerton?" Mr. Heartful, covered with blushes, and trembling with modesty, is presented to Mrs. Blemmerton. Mrs. Blemmerton is very condescending, is "happy to have the pleasure of Mr. Heartful's company at her entertainment. It's only a small affair,—a select few. The grand season has not yet arrived. Hopes Mr. H. will enjoy himself."

"Mr. Heartful acknowledges himself highly complimented. Has no doubt, that he shall spend an exceedingly agreeable evening. He is but little acquainted with city habits and etiquette. Being but a novice, raw, uncouth, just from the rural districts, he expects merely to be a learner." "Oh, Mr. Heartful, you scarcely need make any apology. Your *name* is sufficient to introduce you into the best circles everywhere. The Heartfuls, of Heartfulville, are well known in the city. You are no stranger here, Sir!" Mr. Heartful is a little non-plused; feels as though he would rejoice to be in the free open country again, musing on the stars,

listening to the low, sad song of the Whip-poor-will, or holding sweet converse with Nature!

"Dele, dear!" "This, Mr. Heartful, is my eldest daughter, Miss Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton. Mr. Heartful, my dear, of Heartfulville,—of whom you heard your papa speak. Mr. Heartful is about to take up his residence permanently in the city, we hope!" "O, I hope so," says Miss Deliah Airmyth. "It will really be an acquisition to society! Ah! me, pity knows we need it."

Mr. Heartful has little relish for this line of conversation, and evidently wants something to say,—looks innocent,—plays with his watch-guard. At last, he has a happy thought,—his countenance brightens up: "Was Miss Blemmerton ever in Heartfulville?" "No, she had never had that pleasure. But she had heard a great deal about Heartfulville. She believed her papa had a good many business transactions there; and he went there very often himself without taking any of the family, which she regretted. And you are from Heartfulville, are you? O, how much I should like to visit the place! The society there is so excellent! The people are so polished and highly educated!"

Poor Mr. Heartful felt down deep in his pockets,—thought of his tailor, his mirror, and his boots! Could Miss Deliah Airmyth be in earnest, or was she quizzing him?

"O, how she would like to enjoy a ride on horseback in the country! She wished her papa would take them to Heartfulville next summer, instead of Saratoga or Newport! The novelty of these latter places had

worn out; they were so tame and commonplace now, that they were quite tired of them!"

"Had Mr. Heartful been to Mons. Grandsinger's concert? How did he like it?" Unfortunately, Mr. Heartful had not been to Mons. Grandsinger's concert. "Then he had missed a rare entertainment. O, by all means he should not delay! Mons. Grandsinger would give but two more concerts. She should go, on both occasions. Would not miss it for the world! O, his performances are so *exquisite*! He was her beau-ideal of a concertant!"

Here this enlightened and edifying conversation was interrupted, by the approach of Mr. Blemmerton. Mr. Blemmerton is exceedingly gracious and patronizing. "He takes but little interest in such convivialities. They are fashionable, and are, therefore, highly proper, and he is pleased to see young persons enjoy themselves. Is happy indeed to enjoy the society of his friends, in such delightful entertainments; but feels rather out of place. Thinks he is better fitted for the counting-room than the drawing-room. Takes more interest in the affairs of the Church. Every man, he thinks, has his particular talent. Just now he is *particularly* interested in the Church.

"He is a vestryman of St. ————'s Church, and the Rector, Rev. Dr. Goodenough, has just sent in his resignation, on account of ill-health, and the infirmities of old age. Poor man, he hardly knows what he is to do; for, though his salary was always large, yet he believes, that he has saved but little, if any thing, having never practised economy. The expense of living in the city is indeed very considerable; but you know,

Sir, that a clergyman needs not to be at as much expense as we, who have to entertain a great deal; and then Dr. Goodenough was so charitable, that I verily believe he entirely overlooked the first rule of charity, that 'it begins at home.' But, I do not doubt, that the congregation will help him along!

"At this moment, their great trouble was, to find a suitable successor. So many eminent men had been named to them, that they were really baffled in their choice. Dr. Goodenough was very eloquent and popular. Their congregation was large, wealthy, and intelligent, and there was a great variety of tastes to be satisfied; therefore, it required a peculiar man to fit the place exactly; and it was a nice point, to select a clergyman who could please all tastes and all parties interested. The Rev. Dr. Skyrocket had been named to them, as an exceedingly pleasing and captivating preacher; one of the most entertaining men to be found: his thoughts are always original and brilliant; and he is so poetical, that one is always enraptured with the beauties of his composition! And a gentleman from the neighborhood of Mr. Heartful's native place had spoken of a Rev. Mr. Lovegood, as one of the best pastors, and most eloquent of preachers, that he ever had heard. But, we know nothing of him,—never heard of him before. And it is strange that we have not, if he is so great a man! Still, as he has been so highly spoken of, by a gentleman in whose judgment I place confidence, I have determined to invite him to preach for us, that the congregation may judge how they would like him!"

"A trial sermon, I suppose, as it is called?" "Just

so: a trial sermon. The congregation would like to judge of his style and voice, you know. For my part, I care not so much about matter and manner, as I do about voice. I detest one of your squeaking, wheezing voices!" "Then I know you need not invite Mr. Lovegood to do any such thing!" "Ah! you know him, do you, Mr. Heartful?" "I do: he has been my pastor for ten years!" "You don't say so! Do tell! How glad I am that you are acquainted with him! And he wouldn't come to preach a trial sermon, which might make him Rector of St. ———'s Church!" "No, Sir, not to be made the Potentate of the world!" "Do tell! That is so strange!"

"Not at all, Mr. Blemmerton. At least, Mr. Lovegood would tell you so. I have often heard him express his opinion on this subject. And I know he has refused many such invitations. He thinks it beneath the dignity of his office. I have heard him say, that he would feel but little removed from the office of the mountebank in such an engagement, and that he had degraded his office." "Bless me, it is so singular! Why, a number of the clergy do so; indeed, the clergy of *all the churches!*"

"I know not, precisely, what that last sentence means, Mr. Blemmerton. But, Mr. Lovegood does not pattern after the sects. His opinion is simply, that it is unbecoming, to preach what are called trial-sermons. He thinks the general character and reputation of a clergyman ought to be quite sufficient; that the hearing of a clergyman preach, is not a sufficient criterion to judge of his qualities as a pastor. If a clergyman is free from reproach, is faithful in the discharge of his

duties, has strength of mind and body for the fulfilment of the duties of any post for which he may be recommended by those whose judgments are reliable,—these ought to be sufficient data for any congregation to base their call upon. These, at all events, are his views. He may be a little singular in them, but I know he will not depart from them; he would not, I think, accept a call to any parish, on any other grounds.”

“Then you know him well?” “I do, Sir. And all I know about the Church, I know from him!” “Well, what for a preacher is he?” “As a preacher, I consider him in the first rank. But, Mr. Blemmerton, I cannot judge for your fastidious, sentimental congregation. Such, at least, I take it to be, from your representation. You say their *tastes* are various; and, in a multitude of *tastes*, there will be differences. What pleases one, will likely displease another. I consider Mr. Lovegood very eloquent as a preacher, and so do all his congregation. Our tastes, in this respect, are a unit. But we consider this, if any thing, his least excellence. It is as a pastor, going in and out among his people, that they mostly admire and love him. There is but one opinion and one feeling in regard to him at home, among all ages, classes, and conditions; he is loved and revered as a father!”

“Ah! Mr. Heartful, that, after all, is what we want, a clergyman who will be popular, and beloved by all. Well, really, your account of Mr. Lovegood is quite gratifying. He must be an ‘Evangelical,’ of the real grit! But is he a D. D.?” “No, he is not a D. D. He covets no distinctions. I doubt whether he ever thought of such a thing. But, if ever a clergyman *deserved*

that title, he does. And yet it could add nothing to Mr. Lovegood's usefulness. It would make him not a whit abler as a divine, nor render him more lovely and venerable in the estimation of his congregation. He is an humble-minded, faithful man,—earnest, pathetic, tender, even as a father among his children. But he knows how to be sharp, when he finds it necessary. He is no hireling to flee, as the craven coward, when the wolf cometh !”

“But, Mr. Heartful, are you sure that he is an Evangelical,—are you sure that he is not a Puseyite ?” “Ah ! Sir, that I cannot tell you ; for I know not what you understand by evangelicalism. I know, that Mr. Lovegood recognizes the Prayer-Book, from lid to lid, as the Church's expositor of Holy Writ, and that he neither transcends nor falls below its teachings ; but, holds it to be his authorized guide, in the interpretation of Scripture and his pastoral duties. This can hardly constitute him a *Puseyite*,—(unless you use that term as synonymous with Churchman,)—but does, I apprehend, constitute him a sound, thorough Churchman, and, according to my theory, a thoroughly evangelical teacher ! Puseyism is something I never heard Mr. Lovegood speak of ; and I confess, that, though I have often heard the cognomen spitefully used, I have never heard it technically explained, nor have I even taken the pains to endeavor to ascertain exactly what is meant by it. Perhaps, if you can tell its meaning, I may be able more satisfactorily to answer your question !”

“Well, let me see. Ah, well ! It means,—I don't know that I can tell ! I do not profess to be much

versed in such matters. I could tell you all about my bank books and bills, and my rent-roll! But, really,—ha! ha! ha!—I am not *posted up*, as they say on 'Change, in such matters! Oh, yes, that's it,—Mrs. Blemmerton can tell! Mrs. Blemmerton!" "What, my dear?" "Do tell us, what Puseyism means! Mr. Heartful and I have been talking about Church affairs, and strange to tell, neither of us knows exactly what Puseyism is! And I am sure it is not to be wondered at, for Mr. Heartful is not yet fully initiated into all the ways of the city, and I have but little time for any thing except business. Ha! ha! ha! I just told Mr. Heartful, if it were a question of bank books, bills, and rent-rolls, I could answer him! Now do tell us, my dear, for you have more time for such things than we."

"O certainly, my dear! Let me see. I heard Mrs. Wise Grumbler,—she, you know, who left St. ——'s Church because they had prayers every day in the week, which she says is rank Puseyism,—well, I heard her say, that these Puseyites have been much talked about of late, as having done a great deal of harm in the Church! They are very Romish, too, in their tendencies! And we abhor Romanism! They lay great stress on the sacraments, especially on baptism, and undervalue preaching. They also preach what is called the Apostolic succession, which, old Aunt Sally Milk-and-water stands to it, unchurches all the other Churches. And then, as Dele Airmyth said that Dr. Riproarer said (we are charitable, Mr. Heartful, and go to all the Churches) in his sermon last Sunday night, the Puseyite clergy are so exceedingly faithful in the discharge of

their duties, in looking after the poor, in watching over their congregations, that nothing escapes their eye; and they make themselves so winning and fascinating by their kindnesses, that the people are in danger of being carried right smack into Rome, before they are aware of it,—and so he warned his flock against their insinuations!”

“Well, if faithfulness constitutes a clergyman a Puseyite, then is Mr. Lovegood a thorough Puseyite! And I just said, that he held the Prayer-Book, and certainly he could not do that, and deny or fail to hold and teach the Apostolic succession!” “Oh, Sir, pardon me! I don’t think Mrs. Blemmerton meant that, nor did Dr. Riproarer intend to be so understood. But he must have meant, that they were so zealous, that the people, in their zeal, lost sight of their true character and peculiar notions, and so they gradually introduced them.”

“Ah, you mean, they catch the people with guile. There must be a great many guileful clergymen in the Church, if all who hold the Apostolic succession, lay great stress on the sacraments, and are in favor of daily prayers in the Church, have been inveigled into these notions by their craftiness. And what a beautiful guilefulness it is. The Church has always been full of it. Trace her history where you may, and you behold its marks. She copied it from the Apostles, who taught the Apostolic succession, laid great stress on the sacraments, and had daily prayers! St. Paul was full of this same guile; and once had it insinuated of him, that he caught the people with guile. ‘I did not burden you; nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with

guile,' 2 *Cor.* xii. 15. But, he replies to the implied insinuation, and nobly vindicates himself. In refusing to be burdensome to you myself, it was only a stroke of policy, you say! Be it so. But I ask: 'Did I make a gain of you, by any of them whom I sent to you? Did Titus make a *gain* of you? Walked we not in the same spirit? Walked we not in the same steps? 1 *Cor.* xii. 17, 18. Wherein, then, was the guile, unless in good works and self-denial, in refusing to be burdensome to them in pecuniary or temporal matters? But hear him further, in his noble vindication: 'Again, think you that we excuse ourselves unto you? We speak before God in Christ; but we do all things, dearly beloved, for your edifying.'

"And so, Mr. Blemmerton, to answer your question as fully as I am able, if Mr. Lovegood be one of the guileful ones, his guile is like that of the Apostle! He as cordially abhors the *errors* of Romanism, as any man. In truth, he is no friend of error anywhere, under whatever cloak or colors. But, his zeal against error is intelligent, and tempered with prudence and discretion. He knows what he is about. He does not beat the air, nor use language that he does not understand. He appreciates the grounds of true Catholicism, and meets and opposes Rome on those grounds. He is not run mad, fighting shadows. He does not rashly reject any thing, simply because Rome happens to hold it; but, what he rejects, he rejects because it is not true, not a part of the one Holy Catholic Faith, whether it be found in Rome or Geneva! Nor has he any sympathy with those whose faces are *Rome*-wards,—or looking towards, and longing after Geneva! He wishes,

that if any such remain behind in the Church, they would hasten to make their exit.

“He finds the one Holy Catholic Faith whole and entire in the Church, without the additions of Rome, or the subtractions of Geneva; and to this he clings. He laments the mistaken policy and false step of the few, who have gone out from us to join the ranks of Rome and the sects. But, their rashness and folly, I can safely say, will never shake his confidence in the Church, as to her possession and profession of the truth, nor cause him to swerve, one jot or tittle, in the proclamation of the doctrines of the Church, as they have been handed down from the beginning, and are defined in the teachings of the Prayer-Book,—the Liturgy, Offices, Articles, and Homilies. Neither does Mr. Lovegood undervalue preaching, but rather insists upon it as a Divine institution, wherein he himself sets a most worthy example, as an apt and skilful divider of the words of life. He does, indeed, lay great stress on the sacraments, just as the Scriptures do. But I never heard him deliver a sermon, on either of the sacraments, in which he did not show conclusively, that his doctrine corresponded with the Scripture and the Prayer-Book. And surely this ought to be sufficient for any Churchman!”

Thus far, upon the whole, notwithstanding the annoyance of the foregoing conversation, Mr. Heartful had spent an agreeable evening: for, nothing could have been more congenial, than to speak of his beloved pastor, and the Church which he loved so well, and appreciated so truly.

“Who is that gentleman with whom papa is convers-

ing in the corner?" said Miss Julia Jasper Blemmerton to her sister Deliah Airmyth. "O, Julia, that is Mr. Heartful, of Heartfulville! Isn't he handsome? Haven't you been introduced yet? Well, go round towards papa, and as soon as he sees you he will introduce you." Miss Julia Jasper moves in the direction of her papa. "O, Julia, dear, you are not acquainted with Mr. Heartful! Mr. Heartful, this is my youngest daughter, Miss Julia Jasper Blemmerton."

And Mr. Heartful has the distinguished honor of standing in the presence of the belle of the family. "Miss Julia Jasper is quite fatigued, from the exercises of the evening,"—seeks a sofa. Mr. Heartful, of course, follows suit. "Does Mr. Heartful dance?" "No,—that is an accomplishment that Mr. Heartful is not master of. In fact, he has no taste for it." "Miss Julia Jasper is surprised. Really, she could not live without dancing. She pities any one who is not fond of dancing." "Mr. H. is obliged for her commiseration." Miss Julia Jasper smiles approvingly.

"What amusements afford Mr. H. the most pleasure?" "Mr. Heartful is not addicted to any particular amusements. He rides out occasionally, for exercise, and spends his leisure hours in reading." "Oh dear, reading to me is such a bore, unless I get hold of a really spicy novel. And a spicy novel is so rare; most of the light reading of the present day is so trashy!" "Mr. Heartful agrees with Miss Julia Jasper, that there is a great amount of *lightness* in much of the current light literature. But, he suggests, that she might find something more entertaining, in the works of substantial merit and usefulness. Something

historical, or scientific, would expand the mind by affording it solid instruction. At best, he thought nothing more than the poetry of life was to be found in sentimental works." "But, Miss Julia Jasper had so much to do with *substantials* at school, that she is heartily sick and tired of them."

And the belle of the family is threatened with a fit of nervousness, at the bare mention of sound, solid, wholesome reading. Mr. Heartful feared, though he kept his fears to himself; that the extent of Miss Julia Jasper's education consisted in dancing a waltz or two, or drumming a few notes on the piano. He doubted whether she had ever read, understandingly, half a dozen books in her life.

"But Miss Julia Jasper was passionately fond of music. She practised two hours, every evening that they hadn't company. Last evening, she was ridiculously interrupted, in the midst of a most enrapturing piece of music; and she had been in an ill humor ever since, which she really thought pardonable. Mamma had given the servants leave of absence a while, that evening, and there was no one to answer the bell; and, in the very midst of my music, the bell rang. I hurried to the door, and oh! just to think, it was only a little urchin who wanted to see papa! Now, wasn't that provoking?" "Was it a boy or girl?" "Oh! a little ragged, barefooted girl. Dear me, Sir, the city is full of them. There is no living in peace for them. I do wish we could get where there are no beggars! I think Dives must have grown accustomed to them. And one half of them are impostors. It is a great pity the police do not look after them." "What did the little

girl want, Miss Julia Jasper?" "Oh, the same old story. Her mother was sick, and her father was dying. Wanted to see papa. Her father lived in one of his houses, and she wanted to see papa about the rent,—wanted him to give it up, I reckon. It was the sixth time she had been to the door, within the last three days. And she had been told, again and again, not to annoy us. Oh, the impudence of these people!"

"Did she see your papa?" "No. Papa was not in; and if he had been, it would have been all the same. He has lost a great deal of rent by that man; and I heard him say, that he did not intend to lose any more. Besides, papa says, the expense of living is becoming so great, that he can't afford to be over-indulgent. We must dress in the fashion, you know, Mr. Heartful; and ma must give parties, and furnish her house like other people. She had as well be out of the world as out of the fashion! And if papa listened to the stories of all these people, he would never get a penny of rent from one of them. And a large portion of his income is from the rent of his houses in the occupancy of that class. These little beggar girls are very expert. They can cry, just when they please. I wish you could have been here, to see how lustily she cried, and wrung her hands, just as though she was in earnest. How admirably they would act on the stage! They are ahead of nature. It's by long practice, Sir; and practice makes perfect."

"But, Miss Julia Jasper, I think it highly probable, that that little girl was not an impostor. May it not have been, that she really had at home a sick mother, and a dying father, and came to implore mercy?"

“O, no, Sir! I have no confidence in any of them. They are so well drilled in imposture, that you never know how to place confidence in any of them. You have not lived here long enough yet, Mr. Heartful, to understand them.”

“I have lived here long enough to witness much of wretchedness, much of misery and sorrow. Had you been with me, last night, as I followed a lone, little barefooted, beggar girl to her home of poverty; had you, with me, entered that home of wretchedness, and, with me, witnessed the dying agonies of that father, and heard the heavy sighing of the sick mother, and looked upon that mute, crushed, half-clad, half-starved child, destitute of food or fuel, and listened to the dying man’s tale of woe, of long years of penury and pinching want, you would hardly have suspected all the beggar girls of imposture. O! that there were more angels of mercy in the world, fulfilling the law of charity and love!”

Mr. Heartful was sick at the heart. He was too full for utterance. “*Parvi affectus loquuntur, magni tacent.*” O that he stood again beneath the majestic elm, which so gracefully spread its branches before his father’s door! O for that quiet, unsophisticated, pure home of his childhood, where the tainted breath of worldliness mingled not, to mar the breathings of the pure in heart! And this was a sample of fashionable life,—life in the world. Life, life, said he, half aloud, how many shades mingle in thy picture! Memories of the past gushed into his full heart, carrying him back to the day of his simple childhood. His silver-headed

parents, ripe with age and honors, were before him. He beheld them again, as they stood, one foot in the grave, and, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, invoked the blessing of Heaven upon him. O! how pure, how sanctified was that memory!

He could see himself a simple, artless child, one of a company of six happy boys and girls, all on bended knee, forming a circle around his beloved mother, their little heads nestling in her lap, and cheerful hearts and lips repeating "Our Father." O blessed day of childhood! Thou canst ne'er return again. O blessed MOTHER'S love! still linger about us, and guide us on our way!

"Go out, go out into the busy world, fulfil thy destined lot; but ah! let not these sainted days be ever blotted from thy memory. Let them ever be as the bow in the cloud, giving a type of a brighter day in the hours of gloom and darkness. Watch on, wait on, struggle on; the clouds will roll away at last. And as thou standest on the mountain height of Hope's youthful picturing, a stream of light, pure, transparent, shall flow softly down upon thee from the throne of the ETERNAL, and chase away the shadows of darkness. But ah! remember, that as thou standest upon that mountain height, the stream of light which shall fall upon thee, shall cast *a shadow from thee into the valley below*,—and *it* shall lengthen out toward the tomb,—stretch away toward the evening, when the toil shall be ended,—and toward the morning of the Resurrection, when man shall stand in judgment before his God!

CHAPTER VI.

A FURTHER INSIGHT INTO THE CHARACTER OF THE BLEMMERTONS. A VESTRY MEETING. OBSTINATE PEOPLE.

MR. HEARTFUL had pretty thoroughly read the Blemmertons. Mrs. and the Misses B. were but gilded butterflies, making a desperate effort at appearances, striving for a position among the élite and fashionable,—the aristocratic, as they termed them,—without any other qualification than that of wealth, to back their pretensions. Nevertheless, wealth is potent and covers a multitude of blemishes; and, backed by it, they were gradually edging their way into the best society. It is, then, not to be wondered at, that minds constituted as theirs were, should be elated by the dignity of their position, and dazzled by the importance which they supposed attached to their name! Their highest ambition was to be popular, to be accounted liberal-minded, and of importance in society,—to bask a brief day in the sunshine of worldly folly and fashion, while morally they remained devoid of even a single principle to meet the stern realities of life, and possessed but few, if any, of those marked traits of character which constitute the *true woman*, and fit her for her sphere of dignity and usefulness as an angel of love and mercy in the world.

Mr. Blemmerton had worked his way from extreme poverty up to wealth. But he had long since forgotten the humility of his younger days. Dollars and cents

were every thing in his estimation, and were all that gave a man importance. Dollars and cents, he was pretty sure, could move the world. Had Archimedes possessed his philosophy, he would not have been baffled in his problem.

Possessing this powerful lever, he was willing to use it to the full extent of the ambition of his wife and daughters. Purse-proud, he doubted not that his wealth gave him importance and influence in the Church, and he wished to magnify himself in the eyes of Mr. Heartful. But if Mr. H. understood but little of the ways and workings of what Mrs. Blemmerton with affected *naïveté* termed *high life*, he did understand something about the Church. He was not long in discovering that Mr. B. was no Churchman; and this in no invidious sense. His churchmanship was not simply meager and of a low standard in the estimation of Mr. H., but,—to be guilty intentionally of writing what may be considered an unmeaning sentence,—it was absolutely nothing; as More would write, it was a *nihility*. Had he been imbued with any, even the least spark of real love of the Church, though he might have entertained views which Mr. H. could not have sanctioned, yet would he have left him much more favorably impressed. He could and would have esteemed him for his sincere affection for the Church and religion, and have extended to him such a measure of confidence and regard as he found he deserved. But, alas! there was no such element in Mr. Blemmerton's character. He had no interest in any thing that did not minister to his own and his family's ambition. He was a pure worldling, and took the world for his

measure and reward. It was simply for fashion's sake that he had taken a pew in St. ————'s Church. It brought the Blemmertons into notice. It made a pleasant Sunday's resort, afforded Mrs. and the Misses B. a theme for the week's gossip, and enabled them to see the fashions and display their wealth in their gorgeous attire. It gave them an *upish* look and tendency.

Having mastered, as he supposed, a few cant phrases of the day, such as "Evangelical" and "Puseyite," in these he vested his stock of theological knowledge, and fancied himself almost, if not quite, a Doctor in Divinity!

"Evangelical" preaching, in his mind, was merely a dandyizing performance in the pulpit, in which there mingled an occasional flash of lightning and a peal of thunder,—with as little of sulphur as possible. And "evangelical" doctrine was that which merely dealt in *generals*, discoursed at large on the beauties and excellences of the Gospel, talked about grace and the WORLD'S sinfulness, gave the old enemy a sound threshing occasionally, avoided indoctrinating, especially on such out-of-the-way, unpopular subjects as the Church, the ministry, and the sacraments; and always avoided, as far as possible, coming down with the power and energy of that sentence which makes a shaking of the dry bones, as of the Lord's Spirit passing over them,—
"Thou art the man!"

In short, "evangelical" preaching, in Mr. Blemmerton's estimation, was merely a *shooting at sin on the wing*, but never cornering it up; never following it into a man's counting-room, or parlor, or even into his pew!

No, no; this would not answer for Mr. Blemmerton. His *conscience* was his citadel; it was sacred; it must not be disturbed. Clergymen should not be pointed nor personal. They are not *hired* for that! but to preach, so as to tickle the fancy,—please the poetical imagination of the Blemmertons and such like grandees! As to a clergyman's coming right to the point, and making every man feel his particular sinfulness, holding before him a mirror in which he might behold himself; ah! this never crossed his mind. And to his mind all, or nearly all, was "Puseyism," that did not exactly fit his measure of "Evangelicalism."

Now, it must be told, that the Vestry of St. ——'s Church were not *all* Blemmertons. Nay, they were right-hearted, right-minded men,—men who loved and appreciated the Church, and esteemed those who were over them in the Lord, very highly in love for their work's sake. 1 Thess. v. 13. But, by hook or by crook, Mr. Blemmerton had worked himself in among them, and was now vain enough to think, that all responsibility rested on his shoulders. Consequently, he was just now wonderfully puffed up with his importance in *the Church*. And the task of supplying St. ——'s Church with a Rector, was no insignificant one. If *he* could do it, it would be "a feather in his cap" of no ordinary beauty and brilliancy. He was but little pleased with Mr. Heartful's account of the Rev. Mr. Lovegood, on the whole. Yet, full of vanity, desiring to manifest his importance and influence to the other members of the Vestry and to the congregation, it struck him that it would be a capital stroke of policy, if he could get the start of his colleagues, and

introduce the Rev. Mr. Lovegood to the congregation, in the pulpit, the Sunday or so following.

Mr. Blemmerton slept but little, that night. Mr. Lovegood, the Church, the Vestry, his own consequence,—especially the last, weighed heavily on his mind, and chased Morpheus from his pillow. The matter was duly discussed with Mrs. Blemmerton. She entirely agreed, that his plan was excellent. “Just the thing!” said she. “We are as much entitled to an opinion as any one. We pay a hundred dollars a year for our pew, and I am sure we are worth nearly as much as all the rest of the Vestry put together. And if I were you, I’d have my way!” This was enough. Mrs. Blemmerton knew all the *fashions*, and certainly she could not be mistaken on *this* point. And Julia Jasper and Deliah Airmyth were just as decided in sustaining the resolution!

Early the next morning Mr. Blemmerton wrote and despatched the following epistle:

“———, *November* —, 18—.

“REV. SIR:—The Rev. Dr. Goodenough having resigned the Rectorship of St. ———’s Church in this city, and the congregation being desirous of filling his place with a *suitable preacher*, and your name having been favorably mentioned to me, this is to request, that you will preach for us, either on next Sunday, or the Sunday following, as may best suit your convenience. Enclosed please find \$10 to pay your expenses.

“Very respectfully, etc.,

“JOHN BLEMMERTON.”

After despatching the aforesaid letter, Mr. B. felt relieved of a great burden. He could now proceed to business. The thing was done. He was in a good humor,—fully satisfied with himself. He chuckled over the idea. Mr. Heartful!—Pshaw! he knew nothing about human nature. Won't come to preach a *trial sermon* for the *Rectorship of St. ——'s Church!* Poh, poh, poh, nonsense! We shall see. Human nature is human nature, all the world over.

Mr. Blemmerton is interrupted in his reverie, by a lad who bears a note. It was from one of the wardens, calling a meeting of the Vestry of St. ——'s Church the next evening. "Heigh-ho! what does this mean?" quoth Mr. Blemmerton. "A Vestry meeting, eh! Well, well, we shall see."

* * * * *

The evening arrived; the Vestry met; and, to Mr. Blemmerton's surprise, it was called to consider Dr. Goodenough's resignation, and also to elect a successor. A member arose, and proposed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, unanimously, by the Vestry of St. ——'s Church, that we have received with pain and regret the resignation of our beloved Rector, the Rev. Dr. Goodenough; and that we are the more grieved, if possible, at the *cause* which has led to the severance of a tie so near and dear to all the congregation whom we represent,—protracted ill health.

"*Resolved*, That we record with pleasure the debt of gratitude due, by this congregation, to the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, for his faithful and efficient services for the past twenty years; and, in consideration of that

debt of gratitude, and the affection entertained by this congregation for Dr. G., who, as a loving and venerable father, has worn himself out in the spiritual service of us his children in the Gospel, the Vestry hereby vote to him twenty-five hundred dollars per annum for the residue of his life ; and after his death, should her life be spared beyond his, one thousand dollars per annum to his estimable wife, whom we cherish as a mother."

Mr. Blemmerton begged leave to object, very strenuously, to that resolution. It was a great sum of money. In all his experience in the Church, he had never known such a thing to be done. He thought, that vestrymen were servants of the congregation ; and, for his part, he wished to be cautious about squandering the money of those whom he represented. He had a conscience in the matter, and expected to be held to an account for his deeds. He would vote for the first resolution, most cheerfully ; for, no member of that Vestry was more attached to Dr. G. than himself, nor had he any more ardent admirer. Nor did he doubt, that the congregation ought to be very charitable to Dr. G. ; and, if left to themselves, they would be. Let them manifest their charities in a different way, each one giving what he or she pleases. These were his views. The money part of that resolution he could not vote for. It was saddling the congregation with an enormous tax, that would require a considerable increase in pew-rents. He *now* paid a hundred dollars per annum for his pew ; and, in all conscience, that was enough. And if Dr. G. was poor, it was his own fault. For twenty years he had enjoyed a large salary, and, with economy, by this time he ought to have been

independent. Entertaining these views, he felt bound to vote against that resolution ; and he felt strongly persuaded, that he would be borne out by the congregation.

No one replied to Mr. B.'s speech. He stood alone in his glory ; but without vanquishing the foe. The President of the meeting put the vote. It was carried ; all voting in the affirmative except Mr. Blemmerton !

THE PRESIDENT.—“The next thing in order, gentlemen, is the election of a Rector to succeed the Rev. Dr. Goodenough.” This he pronounced in a tremulous voice, as the big tear-drops stood in his eyes. “I have a gentleman to nominate, whose name and character have been placed before me by Dr. Goodenough. And here I trust we shall be entirely unanimous ; for, it is by no means certain, that we can procure the gentleman I have in view, even if we give him a unanimous vote. He is ardently attached to the people among whom he has labored for ten years, and they are as devotedly attached to him. And I feel as though we were about to offer to tear a father from his children. I therefore name the Rev. Mr. Lovegood, Rector of—— Church, Heartfulville. If any of you are unacquainted with his excellent reputation, I need only say, upon the authority of Dr. Goodenough, that he is in every respect just the man for us. That is enough for me, gentlemen, and, I doubt not, quite enough for you.”

“It is not enough for me,” said Mr. Blemmerton, who, during the delivery of the brief remarks of the President, had been very restive. “It is not enough for me. Nor do I believe it will satisfy the congregation. I am for pleasing the congregation. Mrs. Fastidious, Mrs. Nochurch, and Mrs. Fussy, all express-

ed to me their decided opinion, that the Vestry ought to call no clergyman to this important charge, until the congregation have had the privilege of hearing him preach, that they may judge of his style, voice, etc., and see what he looks like. This is my decided conviction. I won't vote for any man, till I have seen him, and heard him preach. And then, he hails from a very insignificant post; and I do contend, that St. ——'s is entitled to a preacher of greater reputation. Our salary will command the highest talent in the land. And I am not for making any man's reputation. I want a man who brings a reputation with him. Why, he is not even a D.D.! You see, gentlemen, that I know something about Mr. Lovegood; and, from what I know, I should like to hear him preach, and I think it probable he will preach here in a Sunday or two. But it is not clear, that I could vote for him after hearing him, for I think he is strongly tainted with Puseyism; yet that I would agree to waive, provided he pleased in every other respect, and so would Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Fastidious, and Mrs. Nochurch, and the rest." Again there was no reply.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "the Rev. Mr. Lovegood is put in nomination for the Rectorship of this church. You who are in favor of that nomination will please say, Aye." All again in the affirmative, except Mr. Blemmerton.

The next mail conveyed to Mr. Lovegood the following letter:

"———, *November*, —, 18—.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—At a meeting of the Vestry of St. ——'s Church, held last evening, you were

elected Rector of the aforesaid church, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, who has resigned on account of ill health ; and the undersigned was required to communicate the fact to you, and earnestly and affectionately to urge you to accept the charge of our congregation. In communicating the wishes of the Vestry, Rev. and dear Sir, it is my duty to inform you, that your election lacked one vote of being unanimous. But I beseech you not to permit that circumstance to deter you from accepting our call ; for, were I at liberty to speak freely, I could satisfy you, that without that vote your choice will give the utmost satisfaction to all true friends of the church in the congregation, and your acceptance will be hailed with joy.

“I know that we are asking you to sever very dear ties ; and yet I trust soon to have the pleasure of communicating your favorable decision to the Vestry and congregation. Rest assured, my dear Sir, that, in casting your lot amongst us, you will find warm hearts and sincere friends, who will strive to be worthy of you, and to compensate, in some measure, for the severance of the ties that you will make in accepting our call.

“Should you be disposed to visit us before coming to a determination, please make my house your home, No. —, — street.

“With great respect,

“I am truly your friend and servant in Christ,

“———, *Warden.*”

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There are some persons in the world, who will not work right. They will be crooked, contrary, self-willed. If you desire them to go this way, they will persist in

going that. It is useless to ply them with reason, or the gentle influence of persuasion; this only makes them worse, more unmanageable. They will be stubborn, unruly, and defy all your efforts to mould them into any thing but what they are, and that is every thing perverse and provoking. There is but one word that exactly fits the character of such,—*mulish*. This word is exactly appropriate, and fills up every part of their character. Whoever is conversant with the whimsies of an old mule, or who has witnessed his stubborn antics, will be able to appreciate the application.

Fancy yourself on a southern farm, on a hot summer's day, about noon. In yonder corn-field, in full view of the farm-house, you behold a negro boy at the handles of a plough, drawn by a mule. The rows of corn, to which he is casting furrows, extend in a straight line to within a few rods of the manger. His muleship comes slowly along, in a patient, meditative mood. The plough-boy has a dull, drowsy look; and, to keep his eyes open, whistles a note which floats out on the still air. And so they go along, shutting out all sublunary things, and wrapt in their own philosophic meditations. In this way they have proceeded, half the length of the furrow, at the end of which they would be within a stone's throw of the manger and the ample dinner of his muleship. Presently, you see the cook take down from a shelf a long tin horn to call the hands to their dinner. "Toot,—toot,—toot!" you hear the hour ring out.

His muleship is done with philosophizing. He knows what that sound means, as well as any one. He pricks up his ears, and stops as suddenly as though a bullet

had passed through his heart. "Go on, you Jack!" says the driver. But Jack moves not. "Go on, you sir!" and the driver gives him the line. But Jack puts his head down,—sets his fore-feet firmly out. Jack will not budge, another step. He must be relieved of his harness just there. Nothing else can be done. He will have his own way, right or wrong. It is useless to argue with him. He will not hear it.

One other illustration. Who has not heard of the Dutchman, who, being urged into a good work, with arguments that he could not answer, after taxing his ingenuity to the utmost extent, cut the whole argument short, with this significant and unanswerable reply, in his own peculiar dialect? "It's no use to talk with me. I'm a *Dutchman*, and you can't do any thing with a *Dutchman*." The point was yielded, the case incurable.

And so, no amount of reasoning would have convinced Mr. Blemmerton, of the impropriety of his course. His eyes could see only in one direction. His horizon was bounded by self-will, right or wrong. There was to him but one world of thought, reason and opinion,—that in which he himself moved,—as the sole guiding and governing power. Therefore, after his display at the Vestry meeting, and his signal defeat, he returned to his home, more angered and chagrined, than mortified.

Mrs. Blemmerton thought it preposterous. "Why, how could they act so! Didn't even reply to your speech, Mr. Blemmerton? It was certainly indicative of one fact,—that it was unanswerable. But it was positively disrespectful. And voted a thousand dollars per

annum to Mrs. Goodenough, in case she should outlive Dr. G.! Well, I think they have feathered their nests, as old Aunt Sally Milkandwater would say. The other was bad enough; but, really, that caps the climax. What will Mrs. Nochurch and Mrs. Fussy say to that? I wonder who would give me a thousand dollars per annum in case I should be left a widow. And who's to pay it all? It's easy enough for them who have nothing, to pass resolutions, but not quite so easy, I guess, to raise money. Ah! that's the rub! When they haven't John Blemmerton's pocket to look to, I guess they'll find themselves in a pickle. No, not one cent, not one cent of it will go from this house; that I'm fully resolved on. And I'll not notice another of them. They'll know who is who, I can tell them. Now I've done,—my skirts are clear."

"Deliah Airmyth, you go round to-morrow morning to Mrs. Charitas, the President of that sewing-society; and tell her, that I can't have them meet at my house next week. No, no; no more favors from the Blemmertons. You need not tell her why. You know they were to have met at Mrs. Hopeful's; but I insisted on their meeting here, and it will look independent in me to decline it. I guess they'll be for pressing it; but remember, Dele, the law is passed. They can't meet here. I don't want them. We will not be made footballs of; and I guess we can get along, quite as well without them, as they can without us. And now we'll see who's the hardest. It is as much as I can do, to go to church again. Indeed, they'll have to make apologies, or I'll take a pew in Dr. *Riproarer's Church*!"

Draw the curtain. Close the scene. Let Mr. and

Mrs. Blemmerton sleep, if they can. They need it. Perhaps they will feel better in the morning. This is a world of sorrows and troubles; but all things are shut out and forgotten, in dream-land. Sweet is the pillow of repose, to the throbbing temples and aching heart, when purity and innocence are our companions. "Keep sound wisdom and discretion. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet." Prov. iii. 21, 24. Holy type, unto the pure in heart, of their last sleep!—"For so he giveth His beloved sleep," until the morning come when the dead bodies shall revive and be animated again with the living soul. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." 1 Thess. iv. 14.

But ah, the carpings of pride, the wincing soreness of ambition, the chafings of an evil heart,—these set thorns in the pillow, making it a rack of torture in the night-watches, bringing "fear" upon the wicked, and "trembling," which make all their "bones to shake." "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. v. 14.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. LOVEGOOD ; HIS HABITS AND HIS SANCTUM.

MR. LOVEGOOD had as yet never married. Why he had not, I cannot say. It certainly was not because he was too young. In his younger days, he had cherished a tender passion ; so, at least, I gathered, from a hint in the conclusion of an old manuscript which he once permitted me to read. "It is," said he, as he handed it to me, "as faithful a transcript of a dream I once had, as my feeble pen could draw. It has been of service to me through the years that have intervened, and it may be of service to you."

It was headed :

"SINGULAR DREAM."

I stood, methought, at the base of a vast and singularly beautiful mountain. As far up as the eye could reach, it was covered with "living green." On its pinnacle, I thought, stood a vast temple, from whose windows there streamed forth floods of light, which enveloped the whole mountain, and bathed it in beauty. From that great temple, methought, all the wonders of vast creation opened to the view ; worlds upon worlds wheeling in their orbits, through the immensity of space. And thence issued strains of music, unknown to earth, which floated out on the air, and fell gently on my ears, as from the harpings of the heavenly hosts. I

was striving at its base, to ascend that beautiful mountain,—but to no purpose. I could make no progress. But O, how ardently my soul longed for the transcendent glories of that vast temple, its unearthly music, its enrapturing revelations!

Presently, I turned in another direction; and there, before me, planted firmly in the earth, stood a tall pole, like the mast of a ship, but not quite so large,—smooth, glassy, and pointing towards the heavens, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Something whispered to me, “that if I could ascend that pole, from its pinnacle I could plant my feet on the beautiful mountain.” “But,” said I, “it is too smooth,—I never can succeed; and then, it points not towards the mountain.” A whisper was heard again: “Try,—there is only an illusion; when you get to the top, you will perceive that all is well.” I made the attempt. I ascended rapidly, and with great facility. I had never thought it possible, that I could perform such a feat. As I went gayly up, I revolved the thought in my mind. I reflected how I had often admired the facility with which seamen mounted the ropes and masts,—and was it possible that I had grown so expert? Away I went, up, up, from the earth.

Suddenly my head grew dizzy, I cast my eyes towards the earth; and oh, horrors! I hung suspended high above a vast abyss, profound, dark, still as the shades of death. The solid earth had fled. And there I hung, upon that smooth, glassy pole, over eternity! Oh, the terror, the agony, of that moment! Never shall it vanish from my memory. Whither had I gone,—whither in that fathomless profound, should I be

cast? Should I ever again behold the regions of light, or mingle with kindred spirits? I essayed to cry aloud; but speech was denied me. Nor was there an ear to hear; for, could I have spoken, it would only have been to "the blackness of darkness," and my cry would have reverberated forever throughout that fathomless abyss.

My limbs quivered, my head swam with the delirium of that awful moment,—my hold relaxed; I must launch out on that dark, illimitable ocean! "O Father of mercies and God of all comfort!" I cried, "have mercy on me! Saviour of the world, save me!" In a moment, consciousness is gone,—all is over! Oh! field of darkness! world without light and without bounds, whither shall I fly, whither be cast? In a moment, that dread ordeal is past,—*how*, I know not. But lo! I stand again on the solid earth, and there, before me, is that dreaded, awful pole. Again, the same voice whispers: "Try again, it requires courage. You *can* ascend." "No, never, never!" I exclaimed, with faltering tongue and shuddering heart. "Never shall I again pass that lifetime of agony. My soul stands in awe of that terror." The voice ceased. I turned away.

Once more I stood at the base of the beautiful mountain;—once more I essayed to make its ascent. Now I am some rods up. I look aloft, the way seems easy; the same glorious light plays over the whole mountain, the same heavenly strains float around me; yet, with all my agonizing struggles, I make but little progress. I pant, and grow weary, and pause, almost in despair; but still longing for the glories above, that beckon me on, as so many "signals hung out from on high." And

then I hear another voice,—O, how sweet, how gentle, how heavenly!—"FAITH, FAITH!" it said. That word yet rings in my ears, and thrills my heart. "Why toil on here so slowly, now ascending, now receding? Faith, faith will lift thee to that glorious tower. 'Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of Faith,' Eph. vi. 14, etc., so shalt thou climb that towering mountain; and there are angels going up and down from the throne of God, to guide and guard thee. Go on, struggling mortal. Faith will bear thee upwards." And on I went, new beauties at every step opening upon my enraptured eyes,—“my soul breaking out for the very fervent desire that it had” to the delights of that glorious temple towards which I was pressing. . . . I awoke. The vision was gone!*

But there was left to me the treasure of a heavenly lesson. The first voice was that of the Tempter, who promises liberally, but deceives unto eternal death. For that smooth, glassy pole, which appears to me now so singular, I could never find a fitting analogy, unless its smoothness, and the ease with which I ascended it, and the great difficulty of clinging to it when once I grew dizzy, typified the way of sin, which leads to the abodes of woe, and the slender tenure on eternal life that they have, whose feet stand not fast on the beautiful mountain, and are not “shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.” But ah! that dread

* This is no further imagination, than an actual dream is imagination.

abyss,—there is no mistaking that,—it was that world of darkness, where the light of God's countenance cometh not.

The beautiful mountain, I think, was the Church militant; and it, and the temple which crowned it above, typified the Church militant and triumphant,—the Christian's pathway to eternal glory, and the beatific visions and glories of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O my soul, shout for joy, break forth into singing, that thou art redeemed,—that thy feet stand upon that glorious mountain, “which filleth the earth,” and reacheth even unto that living Temple, where the “King” eternal “reigns in His beauty,” and the angels harp their heavenly notes, and redeemed men shall make glad the city of our God.

Faith lifts my soul to God. Faith assures me, that I may climb that beautiful mountain, and at last behold that glorious Temple, enter its courts, and dwell forever in the presence and joy of Him who is the light and glory thereof. Faith assures me, that there, in that land of blessedness, purity, and love, I shall join the loved and the lost, where naught will enter to blight the felicity that shall be sanctified, heavenly, beatific.

Ah! loved one, I see thee now, as I saw thee in thy flush of life and prime of beauty! “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

So the manuscript ended. I almost regretted reading the concluding sentence, for I thought that the author was perhaps unconscious of its being there, and

had unwittingly revealed to me a heart-secret of his younger days, into which I would upon no account have irreverently gazed. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."—Prov. xiv. 10. I returned to him the manuscript, without comment or question.

"Jonathan," said he, "it is a true picture. I penned it the next morning. But oh! words are inadequate to describe what I passed through, either of the agonies or of the joys of that dream. Would that I could find language in which to depict the contrasts in my feelings, as I hung suspended over that awful eternity; and then, in the next moment, as I listened to those enrapturing strains, lived in the heavenly light, and joyfully mounted up on high to that beautiful temple! But, let it pass. Without doubt,—I say it of Hope, I say it of Faith alone, after the manner of him who once exclaimed: 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Rom. viii. 38, etc. Without doubt, after I shall have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, leaning on the 'staff,' and protected by the 'rod' of Immanuel, I shall stand upon the beautiful mountain beyond, behold that glorious vision in reality,—'see the King in His beauty,' in 'the land that is very far off,' and be forever 'satisfied, when I awake with His likeness,' in His presence and glory."

Mr. Lovegood was now in his fortieth year; and, though of a very sprightly, elastic disposition, fond of

young company, and all that constitutes the charm of social intercourse,—its amenities, suavities, and innocent jocoseness,—yet was there, at times, a touch of melancholy pervading his carriage and manners. But this was like the last softening touch of the artist to the painting,—it embalmed, as it were, his whole character, and rendered him altogether lovely and attractive. He boards with a cherished parishioner in Heartfulville; but, in a quiet part of the village he has his sanctum, a lovely, poetic, sanctified home, where at almost all hours of the day you may find him engaged, either in reading or writing. If he is out on parochial duty, you will find a slate hanging at his door, telling you where he may be found, if your business is urgent, or when he will be at the study. If you tarry, you will be sure to see him at the appointed hour, walking, cane in hand, slowly down the street. If he sees you waiting in the distance, he takes out his watch, inspects it, and, if the hour has arrived, quickens his pace; if not, he pursues the even tenor of his way,—seeming to say, “There is no hurry; I am as good as my word.”

You would like to take a view of that enchanting spot,—his study. We'll walk round. This way, if you please. He is not in the study now. I know his duties and his habits. He has gone upon the hill yonder, to see old blind Judy, a free colored woman, who is one of his alms-pensioners. This is his day to visit her, and contribute of his alms to her necessities. With old Judy he spends an hour. It is, he says, one of his most delightful and sanctified duties: during that hour, they talk about the olden time, when her good old master

was alive, and how he stood sponsor for all her children and grandchildren; they extol his virtues, and together mingle their tears to his memory,—the seeing and the sightless! From this, their conversation would necessarily run out upon religion and the Church, two things inseparable in their estimation; and the day when “the silver cord” would “be loosed,” and they would “go to their long home,” and the “mourners go about the streets;” and that last great day, when “living saints and dead” shall stand in the “circle of the redeemed,” before the Son of Man. Happy pastor! Happy old woman! Thou shalt receive thy crown, and the blessed commendation, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” And thou, sightless, shalt yet see with thine eyes the glory of God, and shalt dwell in his presence!

It is a pleasant, balmy day in summer. The full-leaved elms, which adorn the streets of the village, protect us from the rays of the sun, and impart a refreshing coolness to the atmosphere. There, tread lightly now, if you please, for, somehow, I feel, when I approach this place, as though I stood on holy ground. Every thing here is sanctified,—the trees, the birds, the flowers, all are holy. We pause at the wicker-gate, which opens on the gravel pathway that leads to the door of the sanctum,—that, in its meek beauty, retires some rods from the street, and stands in the centre of a plot about fifty yards square, which is inclosed by a plain, neat plank fence, recently whitewashed, and which looks as pure as the driven snow.

A row of forest elms and maples, each standing as a sentinel in its place, closes the external view. A

monthly rose, clustering over and around the door, extends its branches on both sides, along the wall, which fall in varying festoons to the ground. Embowered in the branches of this rose, you will discover several little houses, the work of Mr. L.'s hands, for the wrens; and you will see the parent birds, darting about, chattering away, full of glee, as they fulfil the pleasant duty of feeding their young. And the little humming-birds will be playing at hide-and-seek with the honeysuckles. They'll dart up, take a kiss here and there, and in a moment they are off,—away, away,—hum, hum,—buzz, buzz,—they are gone, to dip their bills into the cup of some other flower, and suck its ambrosia.

A row, on either side, of neatly-trimmed box, binds the gravel walk, while, right and left, over the whole plot,—a smoothly mown lawn,—roses of a hundred choice varieties, as if of Nature's planting, are interspersed;—and the sweet jessamine, the gorgeous dahlia, the rich piony, the honeysuckle,

“Flowers worthy of Paradise,”

reveal their budding and blooming beauties, regale the air with their fragrance, and lift up the heart to God.

From the top of yonder elm, a mocking-bird, as free as the air he breathes, trills his notes,—now plaintive, now sharp, now a bass, now a tenor,—imitating the feathered tribe, amusing himself over their foibles or their beauties, in the singing art, in sharps and flats, or quavers and semiquavers. A funny little fellow is he. He is a confirmed mocker,—mocks every thing, and makes himself jolly with his sport. Sing on, beautiful bird! There are no cages here. Mr. Lovegood abominates cages.

The birds seem to be aware of this ; therefore they pay him tribute from the trees and branches, warbling out their Maker's praise. And this is Mr. Lovegood's sanctum. But you cannot enter now. There hangs the slate,—five o'clock, it says. We have yet fifteen minutes. We saunter about, enjoy a pleasant revery, pluck a rose-bud,—it's almost a sacrilege, for it is one of the richest Luxemburghs,—listen to the song of the mocking and the warble of the little wrens.

Nature teaches the Gospel of glad tidings of good things, and oh, how all things here tell of harmony, peace, and love ! Here may the soul hold sweet communion with its Creator and Redeemer, and mount on the wings of faith to those bright regions, where are forever heard the harpings of heavenly minstrels. Eden, the blessed abode of our first parents ere they sinned, was a garden, and all such spots seem to be types of innocence and beauty. The thorn and the thistle sprang up, indeed, after the fall ; but still the Lord permitted the flowers to remain and bloom, types, as it were, of Eden regained, and its perennial joys. Eden was a garden interspersed with the choicest flowers and shrubbery, that made glad the heart ; and there, methinks,

“ From rise of morn till set of sun,”

the sweetest of the feathered songsters poured forth their notes of praise to their Creator.

“ Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,”
there bloomed, and

“ The birds their choir apply : airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves.”

MILTON.

It is five o'clock. Here comes Mr. Lovegood. A cordial shake of the hand, a soul-stirring "God bless you," which thrills through your heart, makes you feel at home. The key turns in the door, you enter; it is the study of a bachelor; not over-neat; for there is some confusion of books and papers about the desk,—but this Mr. Lovegood, somehow, cannot avoid; it seems to be natural to him,—about such matters, he is not a "pink of perfection." But he understands every thing, just as it is. Were you to remove or alter the position of a book or paper, it would disarrange all his plans, perhaps all his thoughts; for they are wrapped up in those scattered leaves of manuscript, just as they lie. You need not be uneasy, his sermon will come out all right; and in time, on Sunday morning; and you will learn something from it.

His library is well stored with works on theology, history, law, medicine, science, the classics, and choice literature: indeed, there is something on every subject of general utility to man. The books are carefully assorted, numbered, and placed in order on the shelves round the room. The floor is covered with matting,—there are half a dozen cane-bottom chairs, scattered promiscuously about the room; two old-fashioned, walnut arm-chairs, with time-worn cushions; a coat and hat rack, cane and umbrella stand, keep guard at the door. A study-gown of oil-chintz hangs from a rack on the wall; and, here and there, all round the room, are hung some choice old paintings, and portraits of deceased Bishops, and other cherished clergymen. A pair of boots and slippers lie on the window-sill; an old lounge or sofa completes the list of internal arrange-

ments. The windows are hoisted, the pure, fresh air streams in through the slat blinds, bearing on its wing the balm of sward and flower. And here Mr. Lovegood reads, thinks, meditates, writes, laughs, sings, prays, and gives thanks.

“ Lord, how can man preach Thy eternal word ?

He is a brittle, crazy glass :

Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford

This glorious and transcendent place

To be a window, through Thy grace.

“ But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,

Making Thy life to shine within

The holy preacher's ; then the light and glory

More rev'rend grows, and more doth win

Which else shows wat'rish, bleak, and thin.

“ Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one,

When they combine and mingle, bring

A strong regard and awe : but speech alone

Doth vanish like a flaring thing ;

And in the ear, not conscience, sing.”

“ The country parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ ; his mind being fixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was. Or, if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles,—sin and misery ; God dishonored every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good : not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity ; but also that, when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper, wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others ; and in-

termingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer."

So sung and wrote sweet George Herbert, whose memory lives, and is cherished in all hearts that have learned his name and his virtues. Beautiful in life, beautiful in death, how fragrant is thy memory!

"All must to their cold graves :
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

WALTON'S *Life of Herbert*.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CURT LETTER; A FOX-HUNT; FOXISH PEOPLE; AS
CUNNING AS A FOX.

WE are scarcely seated in Mr. Lovegood's study, when a little colored boy comes up the gravel walk. He pauses at the door, standing, hat in hand, on one side, and leering in round the casement of the door.

"Come in, Jim."

Jim was the grandchild of old Aunt Judy, was a sort of pet with Mr. Lovegood, and now filled to him the important and dignified post of "right-hand-man;" blackened his boots, brought him water, and watched the mails. This last office Jim especially delighted in. It had a biggish look about it; and it was really amusing to see him swagger about the door of the post-office, arms a-kimbo, and putting on all the airs that so dignified a position required and warranted!

"Come in, Jim. What news have you to-day?"

Jim came up smiling, and handed him a letter. It proved to be the aforesaid epistle of Mr. Blemmerton. "John Blemmerton!" ejaculated he,— "John Blemmerton!—St. ——'s Church, —— . Well, that is soon answered." So, turning to his desk, he wrote the following reply:

"HEARTFULVILLE, *Nov.* —, 18—.

"My dear Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor. Entertaining the views, on the

subject-matter of your letter, that I do, and which an experience of eighteen years has confirmed me in, I beg, most respectfully, to decline a compliance with your request.

“Yours very faithfully, etc.

“JOHN BLEMMERTON, Esq.”

“There, Jim, you are a smart boy,—negatively smart, that is; run with that letter to the office, mail it, and then go home to Grandmamma Judy. I shall not want you again to-night.” And away went Jim, whistling, down the gravel walk.

Mr. Blemmerton will soon know that, whether he understands human nature better than Mr. Heartful or not, Mr. Lovegood will not gratify him with a display of his powers in a trial sermon.

Mr. Lovegood calls after Jim, as he passes out at the gate:—“Mind, Jim, that the horns and the hounds do not keep you away so late again in the morning!” And then turning to us, he explains that there was a fox-hunt yesterday morning, in which some gentlemen of the village took part; and, as they rode out in the morning, Jim followed them so far down the road, that he did not get back until late in the day. Our friend from the city is very much interested,—his curiosity is at once excited. “Do tell me something about a fox-hunt.”

“Well, when I was a boy, like all other boys, I was fond of fun. But I was not given to cruelty. And yet I was exceedingly fond of the fox-chase, which would indeed have been cruel, had there not been an inducement, more rational and proper than the mere pleasur-

able excitement attending it. We must reflect, then, that foxes are very destructive to poultry and young stock; especially are they prone to prowl about at night, stealing and killing lambs and pigs. In my father's neighborhood, they had a custom of hunting the fox; and this, not simply for sport,—and yet I must acknowledge, that to us boys it was a great treat in that line,—but to rid the neighborhood of a dangerous foe. The moment a lamb or pig was stolen, the alarm was given to all the neighboring gentry. A fox is about; and there must be no rest till he is ferreted out. A party is arranged; and, early on the following morning, while the dew scents the air, or the frost glitters in the rays of the rising sun, you hear the blast of the huntsman's horn,—the hounds howl and bark. And here we go, each from his home, mounted on a swift steed, eager for the chase,—for he understands what is going on, as well as the rider or the dogs, and takes as much delight in it. The hounds run helter-skelter to the horn, and the riders follow on.

“When all have arrived at the place of rendezvous, by appointment, the hounds, a full pack, and well trained, are sent out into the thickets and forests. They scatter about, hither and thither, scenting the air,—and so away we go, scouring through the forests, mounting fences, leaping ditches, in full glee, encouraging the hounds!—Presently, away off in the distance, you hear an opening note. ‘Hark—hark!’—says the huntsman; and riders and hounds all dash off in the direction of that opening note. ‘Blixen has struck the scent,—has roused old Reynard from his den, or hiding-place. All the hounds gather around; and each, as

he catches the scent, gives out his answering note. Old 'Blazer' is the leader. Hurra for Blazer! Go on, Blazer! 'Bow-ow!' he says; and, with his head set out, away he dashes. The pack fall in behind in a row; and then commences the music. Ever and anon you hear old 'Blazer's' bow-ow,—he drawls it out, and it rings over the hills, far away,—and then they are in full chase and full cry, high notes and low, tenor and bass. All seem to fall into time; and the welkin rings with hound-music! And so away they dash. The steeds prick their ears; and away we press,—now whooping,—now cheering. The riders, perchance, separate and scatter, here and there, to get the best opportunity to witness the chase, or rise to thwart old Reynard in his wily tricks.

"We will spur up to the top of yonder hill; there we shall have a view, for miles around. Hark! see! there goes Reynard, stretching across yon open field. 'Bow-ow!' says old Blazer, some mile or two behind, but coming on the track; and he is answered by the full pack,—'Bow-ow, Bow-ow!'—and the notes run up and down, and zig-zag, but all seeming to fall into the right key and the right time. You have heard the saying, 'As cunning as a fox?' It is one of our proverbialisms. Now watch! Reynard deliberately squats on his haunches,—pricks up his ears,—turns his head,—looks back,—listens attentively. You had supposed that he was about to clear the open field, for the next forest. Not so. He turns short on his heel, makes a right angle, and comes back to the same forest!

"Now you say, 'Call Blazer, and put him right after him.' No, no; Blazer knows what to do, better than

you. Watch on. Here he comes, dashing on over the field. 'Bow-ow;' another and another behind him answer, 'Bow-ow.' Reynard is now out of sight, and down far into the next valley. Blazer dashes on. 'Ah!' you exclaim, 'he has passed the point where Reynard paused and turned! Never mind; watch Blazer; his head is erect, snuffing the air. He has lost the trail. Here is a trouble. Reynard is going for his life, we know not whither.

"Blazer whirls about, takes a compass, runs a circle, and presently 'Bow-ow,' he says; away he goes, and there is a fresh outcry from the whole pack.

"'Now,' you say, 'dash on, follow on; let's keep up with them!' No, we will remain here, and see more of the chase. 'But Reynard,' you say, 'has made a clean track. He will not come this way again.' We will wait. The 'Bow-ow,' dies off, away in the distance. 'They are miles off,' you say. Very well, we shall see the chase. Presently you hear a fresh outcry. Reynard has been at his old trick of doubling again. Be patient,—listen! There is a rustling, as of a light foot in the leaves, away above you. There he goes; and he dashes right on, to the same track that he passed over at first. But, instead of running in the same direction, he dashes on in the opposite, and runs back on his old track. Again he is out of sight. You grow very impatient. But here come the pack. You hear them ring out, ever and anon, away down the forest. The notes are nearer and nearer.

"They dash out of the forest, on Reynard's track. Dash on,—dash on! Hold, there is a break! Which way now? 'Can't you direct them?'—No; go on,

Blazer. Hark!—Dash on,—heigh-ho! And away Blazer goes on the back-track, and Blixen in the former direction, each followed by a posse. Watch on, they'll soon let you know (if you do not already) which way Reynard has gone. They are both silent, both intent on their task, giving out an occasional half-note. Presently you hear the exultant announcement from Blazer, —‘Bow-ow! bow-ow!’ He is satisfied that he has it. Reynard is at a trick again. Blixen, with his posse, hurries back; and they bring up the rear, and away they go again. And Reynard dodges and quibbles in this way, sometimes a whole day before he is taken. Sometimes, he eludes all attempts, and escapes; sometimes, instead of forming an angle, he will run round a hill in a circle, and run back on his old track. Sometimes, he will mount a fence, scramble along it a while, and then spring off as far as he can. Sometimes, he will run into a den, immediately run out, retrace his steps a little way, and then bolt off in another direction. Any manœuvre to gain time, and puzzle the hounds. But, an expert, well-trained leader in a pack, understands Reynard's cunning, and soon ferrets out his movements.

“ ‘As cunning as a fox,’ is a very expressive saying. As used among us, it has the signification of *low cunning, trickiness, underhand dealing*; and is generally used in a bad sense. And you see its prototype in the quibblings, pretences, and wiles of Reynard, whose every effort is to take an advantage. But, in his case, we opine that this is not dishonorable, nor to his discredit,—but a stroke of sound wisdom and good policy. Indeed, I highly applaud him as a wise master; for he

is managing and manœuvring for his life. But it is widely different in its application to men, who are said to be ‘as cunning as a fox;’ for, in that case, it bears the sense of secret, crafty cunningness and shrewdness, by which a dishonorable, unlawful advantage is taken of another.”

“Hence,” continued Mr. Lovegood, “we learn a lesson, from all this, simple, childlike as it may appear. From the simplest things in nature, the commonplaces of life, the wild beasts of the forest, may man learn wisdom. Our Lord in His teachings turned all these to account. He commanded His Apostles to be ‘wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,’ Matt. x. 16; wherein He sets forth the serpent as an emblem of prudence, and the dove of harmlessness. The Apostles were sent forth ‘as sheep in the midst of wolves,’ in an employment full of peril. They were, therefore, cautioned to be as wary as the serpent, in preserving themselves from danger; and as harmless as the dove, in giving offence.

“‘Now, if the simplicity of doves,’ says St. Augustine, ‘be enjoined on us, what hath the wisdom of the serpent to do in the simplicity of the dove? This in the dove I love, that she has no gall; this I fear in the serpent, that he has poison. But now do not fear the serpent altogether. Something he has for thee to hate, and something for thee to imitate; for, when the serpent is weighed down with age, and he feels the burden of his many years, he contracts and forces himself into a hole, and lays aside his old coat of skin, that he may spring forth into new life.

“‘Imitate him in this, thou Christian, who dost hear

Christ saying: *Enter ye in at the strait gate.* And the Apostle Paul saith to thee: *Put ye off the old man, with his deeds, and put ye on the new man.* Thou hast, then, something to imitate in the serpent. Imitate him in this again: *Keep thy head safe.* Keep Christ with thee. Have not some of you, it may be, observed, on occasions when you have wished to kill an adder, that, to save his head, he will expose his whole body to the strokes of his assailant? He would not, that that part of him should be struck where he knows that his life resides. And our life is Christ; for, he hath Himself said, *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* Hear the Apostle also: *The Head of the man is Christ.* Whoso, then, keepeth Christ in him, keepeth his head for his protection.

“ ‘ Now, what need is there to commend to you, in many words, the simplicity of the dove? The serpent’s poison must be guarded against: then, there was a danger in imitation; then, there was something to be feared; but the dove you may imitate securely. Mark how the doves rejoice in society. Everywhere do they fly and feed together; they do not like to be alone. They delight in communion; they preserve affection; their cooings are the plaintive cries of love. Yea, even when doves, as we have often noticed, dispute about their holes, it is as it were but a peaceful strife. Do they separate, because of their contentions? Nay, still do they fly and feed together; and their very strife is peaceful. See this strife of doves, in what the Apostle saith, 2 Thess. iii. 14,—*If any man obey not our word by this Epistle, mark that man, and have no company with him.* Behold the strife! but observe, now, how

it is the strife of doves, not of wolves. He subjoined immediately, *Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.* The dove loves, even when she is in strife; and the wolf, even when he caresses, hates; therefore, having the simplicity of doves, and the wisdom of serpents, sing lauds to God. He it is who will crown us.* So beautifully writes St. Augustine.

“And the fox our Lord has set forth, as an emblem of treachery and double-dealing. ‘Go and tell that fox, (Herod,) Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected,’ Luke xiii. 32. To impose this ignominious, but appropriate name on Herod, is not contrary to the command, ‘not to speak evil of the ruler of thy people;’ it being the office of the prophet, not to spare kings, when they reprove their offences, Jer. i. 10. Our Lord, therefore, here uses his prophetic power, in giving this tyrant a name suitable to his actions.† And you have only to ponder the history of the man,‡ as you will find it portrayed by Josephus and Tacitus, to discover the aptness of the title appropriated to him by our Lord.

“He was ‘a cruel and despotic man,’ full of all subtlety and guile; one ‘who had waded through blood to the seat of power’ that he filled. And I know of no point from which to view his character, and continue my moral, so appropriate as that afforded by Scripture,

* St. Augustine, Hom. 14.

† Whitby.

‡ I have blended the character of two Herods into one; for, there is no great difference between them. He of St. Matthew, ii. 3, is Herod the Great; while he of St. Luke, xiii. 32, is Herod Antipas.

when the wise men brought to Jerusalem the news of the Saviour's birth. 'When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled.' Matt. ii. 3. The fox feared for his safety, and began to cast about for means to avoid a catastrophe! Did he quake and tremble at the thought, that his sins would find him out? Ah, no: he was filled with terror; not that he had sinned; not that his conscience, black and guilty as it was, had smitten him with grief and shame; not that he feared the terrors of a judgment to come; *but he trembled and was filled with trouble because a KING was born.* He looked to his crown; for this he feared. 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' rang in his ears, as the death-knell of his departing power. He felt already (or fancied that he did) his throne tottering under him. Fear seized upon his coward heart; he felt as though there was no time to be lost, and that at all hazards he must maintain his seat of honor and power. And now behold how sin *begets* sin. Like Pharaoh, he was wholly given up to his base lusts and passions. He had reached the height of power, through intrigue and blood; and, by the same means, he determined to maintain it.

"And now craft, subtlety, and deceit are brought into full exercise, to enable him to accomplish his unholy purposes. He cares only for himself; he has certain aims and ends to accomplish. His own base heart urged him on to baser deeds; and the blood of the Holy Innocents flows, to fill the measure of his iniquity! His ruling sin was a lust of power. That passion chafed and goaded his heart, until it produced a brood of sins of another character. Flattery, deception, and cruelty, had

marked his steps ; and woe and misery followed in his wake. Now we find him filled with false apprehensions, and groundless fears. Out of these grew bitter jealousies and animosities. He had, in short, become a prey to the basest and most tormenting passions. The bare mention, that a 'king is born' filled him with ire ; and, without pausing to inquire into the nature of the Kingdom that Christ would establish, he 'was troubled,' lest *he* should be forced to surrender his usurped power to other hands. And this led to a still baser jealousy of, and animosity against, the unknown child whom the wise men sought, and urged him on to the effort that he made to destroy 'The Babe of Bethlehem.' Little knew he of the kingdom that the Messiah would establish. Had he paused awhile, he might have learned, that his fears were groundless, and have been kept from that great crime which filled all Bethlehem and the region round with lamentation.*

"Herod, doubtless, had laid some secret plot for our Lord's destruction. Hence the warning of some of the Pharisees, 'Get thee out, and depart hence, for Herod will kill thee.' They knew his disposition ; that, like the cunning fox, he was full of stealth and intrigue. Hence our Lord appropriates to him the title, 'That fox.'

"The prophet Ezekiel compares the false, treacherous prophets of Israel to foxes. 'O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts.' Ezek. xiii. 4.—'Deceitful workers,' 2 Cor. xi. 13, as the Apostle styles

* The author's article, entitled "Epiphany," in the February No. of the *Evergreen*, 1849.

such persons, who craftily insinuate false doctrines into weak and unstable minds; and withal hungry and ravenous, and such as catch greedily at any appearance of advantage. ‘There is a conspiracy of her prophets in the midst thereof, like a roaring lion ravening the prey; they have devoured souls; they have taken the treasure and precious things; they have made her many widows in the midst thereof.’ Ezek. xxii. 25. And Solomon, Song ii. 15, has these words: ‘Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.’

“And since, as we have seen, the prophet Ezekiel compares false prophets to foxes, may it not be that the wise man, in his song of loves, in the words just quoted, alludes to false teachers in his Spouse the Church? It is so understood by the commentators. False teachers appeared very early in the Church, and are therefore compared to *young foxes*, in regard to their known craft and subtlety, windings and turnings, shiftings and evasions, whereby the more simple sort especially, and such as were newly converted, (compared here to *tender grapes*, as the Church itself is to a *vine*,) were in danger of being undone, unless timely care was taken to prevent it. And therefore this verse seems to be an answer to the Church’s prayers, flying to her Lord for refuge, who, seeing that her danger is not greater from tyranny than from false teachers, calls upon the Apostles, Bishops, and Pastors of the Church, to seek for them, and to take them, or expose them, in their craftiness. And that, while they were *young*,—before they had gained strength and power; otherwise, their ‘vain babblings’ would ‘increase unto more ungodli-

ness,' and their words 'eat as doth a canker.' 2 Tim. ii. 16, 17. Especially, when the Church was but newly planted, and those seducers applied themselves chiefly to such as but recently received the Faith; or to weak and unsettled people, who were easily caught by them, unless great care were taken to discover their frauds, and to confute their sophistry. 'Twas the taking of these *foxes*, as Theodoret expounds it, and S. Bernard also; who observes, that he saith, 'Take to us the foxes,' *i. e.* Sibi et Sponsæ,—unto Himself and to His Spouse. As much as to say, If it be possible, let them be reconciled to the Holy Church, and brought back to the true faith.

“If that could not be, then other methods succeeded; and the Apostle *delivered up* such dangerous deceivers *unto Satan*, which was a punishment that included in it bodily affliction, that they might learn not to blaspheme. 1 Tim. i., etc.* ‘All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’ 2 Tim. iii. 16. ‘And a certain scribe came and said unto him, Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.’ Matt. viii. 19, 20. He, the Lord and Creator, had so humbled Himself for man’s sake, as to become poorer than the foxes and the birds of the air! He, who ‘openeth His hand, and filleth all things liv-

* Bishop Patrick’s Commentary.

ing with plenteousness ; who ‘ feedeth the young ravens that cry unto Him,’ had not whereon to lay His head, in the world of His own creation. O wondrous humility ! O transcendent love ! that thus, through poverty, shame, and suffering, hath opened to man, lost and ruined, the glories of Heaven, and the reconciled countenance of his Creator in His eternal dwelling-place !”

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BLEMMERTON DOING A HARD THING. A SURPRISE, THAT
DOES NOT SET WELL. MR. FRIENDLY.

A FEW days after the sayings and doings at Mrs. Blemmerton's party, heretofore recited, and the day before that on which the remnant of the household effects of the deceased William Wallace were to be sold at vendue, to satisfy the rent due to Mr. Blemmerton, occurred two remarkable episodes in the history of the aforesaid Blemmertons; episodes, apparently trivial in themselves, but, in the sequel, of considerable importance.

Seated at his desk in his counting-room, ere yet the day's business was fairly under way, Mr. Blemmerton, at the hands of the penny-post, received Mr. Lovegood's letter.

"Now we shall see!" ejaculated he, with a chuckle. He broke the seal,—and lo, as the reader is aware, there was a curt refusal, and that very curtness was, if any thing, its most disagreeable point. He dropped the letter, knit his brow, and would have muttered and murmured a good many hard things, about preachers in general and Mr. Lovegood in particular; such as, they are a set of conceited asses, with more brass than brains, etc. But, at that moment, be it said for the good of the clergy in general, his attention was called in another direction; and your heads were spared, you

sometimes buffeted and abused, but more frequently kindly treated race, that a portion of that ire might fall on one who had already borne the rude blast, and shivered beneath its breath, as the ship dismantled in the storm, lashed and driven by the waves and winds.

“Ah, it’s you, is it?” said he, addressing little Agnes Wallace, who stood mute and tremulous at the threshold of the counting-room. “And what do you want now? It’s useless to trouble me any more on that subject. The rent must be paid. I can’t afford to lose any thing more, nor can I grant any indulgence. And if you are poor, it’s your own fault. No one in this flourishing country need be poor, if he is industrious and economical. Besides, there is an alms-house. You can go to that. I am taxed enough for its support, and that’s all I am willing to do.”

“But,” said Agnes, brushing the tears from her eyes, and assured by the confidence which her present mission inspired, “I did not come a-begging, Sir, nor to ask any indulgence; I came to pay you your rent.” “Pay me my rent! I should like to know where you got the money, since you are so poor?” “I have the money here, Sir, all ready to pay the debt.” “Ah, ha, I see. There is some trick. Some one has been made to suffer for this. I’ll be after seeing into this affair. Come, now, tell me how you raised the money; for I fear it’s not all right, and I won’t be a party to it.” “I have been directed not to do that, Sir.” “Ah, ha! I see. Did your father tell you that?”

“No, Sir,” replied the little girl, bursting into a flood of tears, “my poor father is dead and buried.” “Dead, is he? Well, well, alackaday, so the world goes. Let

me see, what is it? Yes, 'Dust thou art.' And he is dead! Come, now, my child," said he in a softer tone,—for death has a cold grasp and icy hand, and brings a pallor even in the breath of his name,—“come, now, my child, tell me all about this. How did you get the money?”

It was the first soft word or tone Agnes had ever heard in that quarter; and it well-nigh robbed her of her good resolutions not to betray her trust and secret. “A soft answer turneth away wrath;” much more does a soft, gentle word of tenderness, pry open and tear asunder the heart, when it comes from one from whom we did not expect it, and from whom we have been accustomed to hear only words of keen reproach and harshness. Forgive that little girl, then, if her childish heart melted, and she wavered for a moment between duty and the promptings of the inner fountains of her being, which had been touched.

“A kind gentleman gave it to my poor sick mother, the night my dear father died. That is all that I can tell you. And here is a paper which he wrote, and told me to take it to you and get your signature to it, before I gave you the money.” This was uttered with childish simplicity. Agnes did not comprehend the cutting rebuke, the terrible reproach conveyed in these words. This, even the obdurate Blemmerton did not fail to see; and it was not without its effect. He changed countenance; and there, in the presence of an innocent, simple-minded little child, he felt cowed, awe-stricken, abashed. But it was not that his conscience was stirred or smitten. He saw that there was a guiding hand superior to that little child, which was to him like the

handwriting on the wall at the impious feast of Belshazzar. That hand troubled him: it seemed to reveal those awful words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!"

"Who was the gentleman? Did he tell you his name?" "He did, Sir. But he told me not to divulge it to you." "And won't you tell me, my child?" "No, Sir. I can only say that he was a kind, good gentleman, who met me accidentally, and learned of me that my poor father was dying, and went home with me and took pity on us."

Here Mr. Blemmerton read the paper handed to him by Agnes. It was a receipt, and read as follows:

"——, Nov. —, 18—.

"\$30. Received of Sarah Wallace, relict of William Wallace, deceased, the sum of thirty dollars, in full of all demands for rent due me to this date; and I hereby discontinue the proceedings under which the household effects of the aforesaid Wallace were to have been sold on the —— day of ——, to satisfy the claim as aforesaid."

"And I am to sign that paper, am I?" "Yes, Sir, or sell the furniture that remains to us; for so the gentleman directed me to say." Mr. Blemmerton made a tremulous, nervous signature, and received the money; whereupon Agnes handed him the following paper, written by the same unknown hand:

"SIR: Take notice, that the wife and daughter of William Wallace, deceased, will no longer occupy that wretched tenement of yours in —— street. After to-morrow, it will be at your disposal. But I pray you

to be so kind as to make it tenantable, before you attach the furniture of another dying man, whose death, too, was caused by devotion to your interests.

“Yours,

ONE WHO KNOWS.”

Agnes took her departure, and Mr. Blemmerton is left alone to his reflections; and, for humanity's sake, we also will leave him alone. He has his money. If the knife that cut the pound of flesh reeking with blood when it was drawn out, it must rest upon his own head. But there is an impenetrable mystery veiling the whole transaction, which annoys him. Who could the stranger have been? Did he know him? He would have given the pitiful sum of dollars and cents he had just received, to have that mysterious veil lifted. Would that transaction come to light? Would it face him outside of the secret walls of that counting-room? Guess on, Mr. Blemmerton; time reveals secrets; and time, perchance, will reveal this.

Once more we pass that rickety, woe-begone old house in —— street. The winds sigh through the crevices; the old stairway by which we ascended at the gable, rocks and rattles, as it did on that dark, shivering night; but now it is tenantless. The troubled and sorrowing are gone. The winds of heaven no longer respond to the sighs of the broken-hearted, the wounded, and the bruised. Sweep on, ye winds of heaven, ye blessed voices from the courts of God; ye bring but mementoes of a Father's love. Play on in your gleesome frolicking, through the paneless sashes and glaring cracks; shake the old tenement in your mirth or sadness; ye no longer disturb the living nor

the dead. The dead sleeps with his fathers ; the mourner has gone home ; that history is written in the records on high !

“ But the living,” you say, “ where are they ? ” Go with me, and I will show you. We must take an omnibus, for our destination is in the northern part of the city. Away we rattle up a great broad street, which is all whirl and commotion. We roll along now slowly, now we spur up ; presently we pause to pick up a passenger, now to let one out. There, now pull up. We get out here. Now this way. Now we go down this street ; we shall soon be there. We enter a neat, and a very cleanly street ; and here before us is a block of tidy buildings, small but comfortable. These dwellings have an humble look, in contrast with many of the imposing buildings in the neighborhood ; but still there is an air of snugness and tidiness about them, cheering to behold, after leaving that barren, desolate, cheerless-looking tenement which we have just noted.

This block of buildings has been erected by Mr. Friendly, for the accommodation of the mechanics in his employ, and those whose means are limited, but to whom comfort and convenience are as necessary and welcome as they are to the affluent. Mr. Friendly is a true philanthropist ; one of your considerate, good-hearted men, who, in the investment of his money, has more at heart than the mere per centage. He considers, that, while he is building and renting houses, it is his duty to consult the well-being of his tenants ; and it is his delight and pleasure to do so. Therefore, in all his houses you will find due and scrupulous regard paid to convenience. And he builds such tenements,

for the accommodation of the hands in his employ, and others who may seek them, not valuing the trifling additional costs, nor increasing the rent on that account.

Year by year is he investing in this way his surplus funds, thus ameliorating the condition of the laboring man, contributing to his health and happiness, and affording him a pleasant and convenient home, at moderate rates. And many are the blessings that are invoked on his head. Go on, Mr. Friendly, in your quiet, unpretending way. The Lord beholds and marks. You are doing more for the real benefit of your race, than many who make more noise in the world about their love of the dear people.

Here, walk in. It is, indeed, the abode of poverty, but not of wretchedness. A kind hand has added a plain carpet, and some other articles of comfort, to the meager stock of Mrs. Wallace's furniture. Every thing about the room is clean and tidy. The stove is bright; and the cheerful fire imparts a home-feeling to the inmates. An old walnut table stands against the wall on one side, over which hangs a small, poor man's mirror, which has seen better days; and a few old chairs, scattered here and there in order. And a cupboard, half open, reveals a small lot of plain, old-fashioned china. These make complete the humble apartment into which we are ushered. As you cast your eye casually towards the cupboard, you behold a silver cup, of antique style, heavily wrought. This you would like to examine; for it is really a curiosity. It bears the initials F. G., and seems like a relic of other and better days. There is a mystery about that old silver cup: it has a story and a moral, you fancy, which

you would like to have revealed; but a sense of propriety silences your curiosity.

And now cast your eyes around. The walls are neatly papered. Throughout the house, there are pipes, conveying water to all the apartments; in the attic there is a bathing-room, fitted with pipes for warm and cold baths; there are two neat chambers above, each with its wardrobe attached. On the first and second floors, each, there is a hall communicating with the front door; on the first floor are two neat parlors, and a convenient kitchen, with its bake-oven, wash-room, cistern, and pantries; a warm, dry, tight cellar completes the internal arrangements. Every thing here bears inspection, and wears the appearance of comfort and convenience.

Mrs. Wallace bears the marks of sore trials and disease. The destroyer, we fear, has but too surely set his seal upon her. She is not long for earth. Her heavy afflictions of mind and body have been too much for her frail constitution; and she is yielding fast to the stroke. Little Agnes is stitching collars; and her mother sits by a lamp, reading to her from the Bible. Her Prayer-Book lies by her, on the little stand. It is early yet for a lamp; but Mrs. Wallace's eyes have grown weak under disease and long vigils. She is now barely able to sit up and read a few lines, for her own and her daughter's consolation, from that treasure-book of divine love.

It is good for us to be here, to behold the calm, holy resignation of that uncomplaining spirit, which seems already to be clothed, or clothing itself, for the spirit world. We seem to catch whispers, as if angels were passing about the room and discoursing of heavenly

things. Speak on, ye glorious messengers! Tell us of our Father's home and love! Win us from the earth, and bear our affections upwards! Catch the tear of gratitude from that humble, thankful woman, and bear it up to God; it will turn to a gem, and be set in a crown, for the head of him who hath mercy on the widow and the orphan!

A ring at the bell. Little Agnes runs to the door; a small, spare man, with quick, sparkling eyes, and sedate countenance, enters. "How do you do to-night? I hope you are better, Mrs. Wallace. And this is your little daughter Agnes? And these friends? Well, never mind: I've seen this gentleman before. If there is any thing more needed in this house for your comfort, Mrs. Wallace, let me know; it shall be provided. A friend paid me your rent to-day six months in advance. But,—but,—well, well, it matters not. I know all. Please receive that, Madam," handing her, or rather placing on the stand at her side, a small package. "There, please say nothing; it's all right. Good-night; good-night. I can't stay longer. Hope you will do well. God bless you and your little daughter." And Mr. Friendly was off, after giving into the widow's hand a good portion of the rent he had received.

Go, happy man, and God Almighty bless thee! The gift that fell from thy hands was seen and counted by an angel, who flew overjoyed to heaven, and his companions pressed around him and caught his words as he told them out to the recording angel! Thou shalt be remembered! "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for, after many days thou shalt find it." And ah! couldst thou have seen that stricken mother press to her bosom,

with her full MOTHER'S heart, the little daughter at her side, and bathe her fair cheeks in tears of joy and gratitude; couldst thou have heard that benediction, and seen those streaming eyes; methinks thou wouldst have been carried nearer heaven, and have sympathized with the angels and redeemed spirits. But, go on; thou shalt not be forgotten! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. xxv. 34, 40.

CHAPTER X.

THE B.'S IN TROUBLE,—COGITATIONS,—THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

MR. BLEMMERTON hurried home at an early hour, that afternoon. "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." Happy thought! Mr. B. will improve it, by calling a council that evening, not exactly of war, but of device and advice. So he delayed not to despatch a messenger to Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Nochurch, and Mrs. Fastidious, earnestly requesting their presence at his house after tea.

Something of importance was certainly on hand. This Mrs. Fussy knew full well; and, by a sort of instinctive prescience, she knew what it was. So, before the messenger was out of sight, she was bonneted and off. She ran in first to see Mrs. Quiet. "Mrs. Quiet, have you been sent for, to go to Mr. Blemmerton's this evening?" This question was simply an introductory. She knew Mrs. Quiet had not been sent for. "No, I have not." "Dear me, what can be going on? I have just been sent for, to go there after tea; and the girl told me she had several other ladies to invite. Something is on foot, you may depend. I guess they have heard that Mr. Lovegood will accept the call; or perhaps they have heard that he will not. Which do you think it is, Mrs. Quiet?" "Really, I cannot say; but neither, I apprehend. Mr. Quiet wrote to Mr. Love-

good ; and I apprehend when there is a reply he will receive it,—as yet he has received no intelligence from him.” “Well, how strange ! I do wonder what is going on !”

Meantime Mrs. Nochurch pays a flying visit to her Presbyterian neighbor, who takes a lively interest in the affairs of St. ——’s Church, and is wonderfully intelligent on the subjects of Puseyism, High-Church, etc., and from her heart pities all Churchmen who are so silly as to be “tied,” as she says, “to forms and ceremonies,” and to hold that “barbarous idea of the dark ages, the Apostolic succession.” “You don’t say so !” exclaims Mrs. Presbyterian, in reply to Mrs. Nochurch’s announcement. “It’s too good almost to be believed.” “I do verily believe it ! He must have declined, and I am so glad ; for I did not want that Mr. Lovegood to come here. Mrs. Blemmerton says he is a rank Puseyite. She said Mr. Blemmerton said so ; for he knew that he bowed in the Creed, and this is one of the signs. Discerning people read such matters very easily. I am right glad. I hope he has declined ; for we want no unchurching of other Churches !”

Mrs. Fussy, as she runs round, meets Mrs. Fastidious. “Dear Mrs. Fussy, I am happy to meet you. Have you heard the news ? Is it so ? Can it be possible ? I did not want Mr. Lovegood for our pastor ; for I’ve been told that he is not at all suited to us. They say he is not a popular preacher ; at least that he is not eloquent enough for us. And I am sure if that be the case, I cannot go to church in the afternoon ; for a dull, prosy preacher would not keep my eyes open. And they say, if we stay at home in the afternoon, we shall

be sure to hear of it. O, dear Mrs. Fussy, just think of that! It is unbearable!"

Before eight o'clock that little council was in session. Business opened by the reading of Mr. Lovegood's letter to Mr. Blemmerton, which the reader will remember was simply a refusal to preach what Mr. B. called a trial sermon. The merits and demerits of the aforesaid letter were freely discussed. As to merit they could see none in it, except that, as the ladies understood it, it was a declining of the call to the Church. This they deemed highly satisfactory, and so declared unanimously. But they had no conception of a call to St. ——'s Church being entertained with so much indifference. He might have gone a little more into details; have been more complaisant and respectful to Mr. Blemmerton and the vestry. But they supposed it was characteristic!

"Now, Mr. Blemmerton," remarked Mrs. Fastidious, "if we could only get Mr. Powerful here, whom I heard last summer at ——, we should be made. He is so eloquent; so graceful in his delivery; has such a soft, sweet voice; and is so captivating! O, I do wish we could get him in St. ——'s Church! And I am sure he would come; for Mrs. Graceful told me that he ought to have a more important field of labor; that a man of his talent was buried alive where he is. Now, can't you make an effort to get Mr. Powerful for us?"

No, no. Mr. Blemmerton's skirts are now clear! It's useless for him to try to do any thing. All his efforts for the good of the congregation have been opposed. He is now done, and will fall back on his dignity. "Let them have their own way. Let them have

their own way," said he. Mrs. Nochurch thought, that "Dr. Ranter would be the best choice they could make; for he has extemporaneous prayers in his Sunday-school room during the week-day evenings; is very friendly with the Presbyterians; sometimes preaches for them; and is such a good, evangelical man." She was sure, if they called him, a good many Presbyterians would come to church, for Mrs. Presbyterian had told her so.

Mrs. Fussy had one objection to Mr. Lovegood, which as yet she had not named; and she had just heard it that day. "They say he is not married. And, dear me, what do we want with a high and dry old bachelor!" This is news to Mrs. Blemmerton. She was not aware of this before. But, for her part, she could see nothing so awful in his being unmarried. She thought he might get married. She reckoned, among so many interesting, intelligent single ladies in the congregation, he might get a suitable wife; if he were not too ugly and unpopular.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fastidious, smiling, "there is Nanny Jumper, and Jennie Smart, and Alice Smooth, and—and D——" "O, no—no—no!" exclaimed Mrs. Blemmerton, "don't name such a thing!"

So the ladies dispersed after all, in a good humor, which happy state was brought about at the expense of the prospective Mrs. Lovegood. It acted like a charm on Mrs. Blemmerton; for, though she had said nothing, yet she had a great deal in store. But the announcement of the fact that Mr. Lovegood was a single man, mollified her very much, and made her gentle and amiable towards everybody, and particularly so towards Mr. Lovegood. Mrs. Fastidious, too, had come near

touching a spring, in enumerating suitable young ladies. The mere suggestion of a marriage, or the naming of a wedding, on such an occasion, is always sure to bring about a happy equilibrium. It puts everybody in a good humor; it acts like oil poured on the troubled waves.

And the result? Simply, as usual on such occasions, a misunderstanding. The news flew about the congregation, the next day, that Mr. Lovegood had declined the call; and the strangest part of the story was, that the declining was forwarded to Mr. Blemmerton. After the aforesaid ladies took their departure, Mr. Blemmerton recounted to his wife and daughters the mysterious transaction between himself and Agnes Wallace. That he had not named to his visitors; for it involved a secret worth keeping. He entered into every particular, not omitting to name the receipt and the contents of the note signed, "One who knows." "Who can that mysterious stranger be?" said he. Mrs. B., though uniformly apt at guessing, was completely tongue-tied. She hadn't the most remote idea.

Miss Deliah Airmyth thought it might possibly be Mr. Quiet, as she had heard it whispered "that he was a curious old man." "No, it cannot be Mr. Quiet," said he; "for she said he was a stranger; by which I suppose she meant some one that I do not know." "Ah! that reminds me, pa," said Miss Julia Jasper. And here Miss Julia Jasper repeats the remarks she made to Mr. Heartful the night of the party, about Agnes Wallace's calling at the door to see her father; and also what Mr. Heartful related of his having met a little girl the same night, and accompanied her home,

and been with her father when he died. "How strange!" said the father. "Yes, father," continued Miss Julia Jasper, "it must have been Mr. Heartful; for I remember that he seemed annoyed at my remarks; he laid great stress on his words, and spoke significantly."

"O, Julia!" said Mrs. B., "how could you have been so foolish as to speak about such matters with Mr. Heartful? You are very much to blame. Oh, dear, I can't forgive you! He is such a nice gentleman. I gave my party with a view of getting him here, as soon as I heard he was in town. And now this spoils all my hopes." Poor Miss Julia burst into tears. The Blemmertons are all exceedingly uncomfortable. We pity them; but folly, sooner or later, is sure to bring its reward.

Miss Deliah Airmyth reminds her father, that Mr. Heartful had, a day or so before, gone to pay a visit at Heartfulville. She had heard it that afternoon, while out taking a walk. "And this," said Mrs. B., "accounts for that letter from Mr. Lovegood. Mr. Heartful has talked with him. And no doubt Mr. Lovegood has heard all about the Wallaces and the rent. O, Julia, Julia! how could you have done so! I'm ruined, I'm ruined!"

And herein Mrs. B. takes trouble on interest; but a guilty conscience is its own accuser. It wraps itself in a shadowy cloud, which has the power of reflection, and throws back what it fancies others see and know. Mr. Heartful had not exchanged a word with Mr. Lovegood on such a topic; but it was easy for Mrs. Blemmerton to imagine that he had. And now, instead of

pinning over the sin involved in their treatment of the Wallaces, she was mainly, if not solely, grieved, that she saw in these transactions a formidable barrier placed in the way of her hopes and aspirations. Sin ever carries its lash and sting with it; and family sins descend to remote generations, wind themselves through, and entwine themselves about, the members of a family in all their ways and works.

Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton, in the training of their daughters, had lost sight of the true aims and ends of life. Had they themselves been actuated by good motives and sound principles, they would have been spared such reflections as they were now compelled to make. But the children had copied from the parents; and the example was patented. And here we have but an epitome of what must fall to their lot through life, and to their children's children after them, unless, by the grace of God, they are led to see the error of their way, and hasten to repent, and amend, as far as possible, what they have done amiss.

O what a blessed treasure is a good wife! a good mother! O ye angels of light and purity! O ye spirits of the holy and the just, rise up and call her blessed! The good mother will suppress in her daughter the subtle poison of vanity, pride of dress and fashion, and fondness for show; and will teach her, that woman has a higher, nobler sphere in life than the merely sentimental. She will not permit her to be deceived by such coined phrases as "feminine accomplishments,"—by which is meant only the accouplement of worldliness with a fashionable education,—into the belief that woman is fitted only for that which is light and trifling. But she

begins with her daughter at an early age, and endeavors to point out to her her true sphere, her true standpoint in the universe of mind ; to draw out her spiritual nature ; to teach her, that she is designed by Providence for more than a toy or plaything, or a mere dreamer in the world ; that it is her office, to soothe the sorrows of humanity, to be its kindly and gentle monitor, to pour the oil of joy and gladness upon the troubled waves of its sea of life, and to gild all its pathway with sunshine ; and to aid her, in her efforts and aspirations to gather the fruits which cluster on the tree of knowledge, to pluck the flowers,—yea, and wreath them about her brow,—that bloom along the pathway of usefulness.

On a theme so important, we beg leave to turn aside awhile, to throw out a few chance suggestions. It can scarcely be denied, that the routine of what is termed “fashionable life,” is unfavorable to the growth of sound morals and solid piety. There is a rottenness at the very heart of much of our conventional formality ; in its ostentation, extravagance, luxury, idleness, dissipation, gossiping, and their attendant evils in example, and the rivalries, jealousies, and bickerings growing out of them, that stagnates the healthful growth of virtue and religion. And one of its evil effects, and one beginning to be sorely felt, is its deteriorating power and influence over the young. Devotion to the world, is allowed to rob parents of time to perform their duty to their children. This had been the great fault of the Blemmertons. When they set out in life, their great struggle was for the “Almighty Dollar.” They had but one fixed, settled aim and purpose in life. That was

to accumulate wealth: *that* accomplished, their desires took another turn. Ambition was now their guiding motive; to be accounted of consequence, to make a show in the world, to effect advantageous marriages for their daughters: these were the impulses that prompted and guided all their actions. We cannot fail to see, then, that however competent they might have been, to form and mould the dispositions of their daughters aright, had they been actuated by true Christian principles, the world interposed a fearful barrier; and they were suffered to come to maturity, dwarfed and biased, for lack of proper management of their passions and affections while young.

And herein lies the root of a great wrong in the nurture of children:—1st, in yielding to their whims and caprices. See that little fellow rubbing his eyes and sobbing: “Mamma, give me a cake.” Hear mamma, petulantly, as she casts aside her work: “O, bless me, what a plague! There, take it, and begone!” And away goes the little fellow in ecstasies. He managed his mother. He knew her weak point, and skilfully stormed it. Ay, more; he learned his lesson. You smile at this: it is a small matter. True. Your child also is small; now he asks only a small thing; but, teach him his lesson, yield to all his tears, and soon he will make demands that will tear asunder your heart-strings, and leave them bleeding.

2d. In the manner of correcting children, applying discipline in a pet or passion, not doing it in love, and making the child feel that it is done, not to gratify your own passion, nor simply because you have the power, but because it is your duty to God and to your child, thus

manifesting and carrying in your hand love, gentleness, affection, sanctified by the authority which cometh down from the "Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

3d. In accounting childish anger a trifling thing, when in fact it requires the nicest management. Your little boy or girl falls into a pet or pout, and you give it a lump of sugar to cure the ailment. He or she dashes it against the floor and pouts the more. Then "mamma's son or daughter is very naughty;" and mamma plies the sugar again, and again it is dashed on the floor. "Very well, you naughty child; now wait till I pick it up." And then most likely the scene ends in a cry, and perhaps a sudden or angered chastisement. Is no wrong committed? Certainly there is; for, nothing has been done to counteract that childish anger. The child has not been taught, that its pettishness was *wrong*; but that mamma chastised it because she was angry: hence, after all, it learned as a lesson, that its passion was but a small thing in contrast with the parent's displeasure. And the parent's duty is not discharged, until the child is taught to realize, as fully as possible, that its anger was sinful, and that now it must be angry and grieved at the sin it has committed. Or again: your child falls against a chair and hurts itself. Its first impulse is apt to be a desire to hurt the chair in return. And the parent or nurse, to quiet the child, strikes the chair a smart blow. "Now, you naughty chair, take that, for hurting little ——." The child smiles, its tears are dried, but a great wrong has been committed. In fact, it would have been better, had the child cried the day out, than that any such thing should have been

done; for it teaches the child, that such manifestations of anger, mingled with a desire of revenge, are right, and tends to fix the habit of revenge in the heart.

4th. In controlling the self-love of children. It always manifests itself very strongly. Indeed, it may be safely asserted, that selfishness develops itself in children, first of all the passions or affections, and benevolence the last, perhaps; at least, its development is of much slower growth. "Meum and tuum" are soon understood by a child, and strongly manifested; while the opposite, benevolence, the desire of giving away what is mine, for the benefit of another, is not so easily appreciated. And on this point it cannot be denied, that many parents grievously err. There are, indeed, honorable exceptions; but it must be owned, that, both by precept and example, the majority of parents do cultivate, draw out, and establish in the breasts of their children, the principle of selfishness, while all their kindly, generous, benevolent feelings, are stifled, blunted, and repressed, for want of cultivation and development.

But, while it must be acknowledged, that a purely selfish, sordid, grovelling disposition, is a very mean one, and one that should be suppressed in children, would we train them for their true sphere as creatures of two worlds; let it not be lost sight of, that a spirit of extravagance and prodigality, the disposition of the spendthrift, is as odious and sinful. It should, then, be the parent's aim, to teach the child, that the good things of this life are gifts from the Lord, bestowed upon us, not to be lavished in prodigality on our lusts and passions, nor to pamper pride and luxury, but to do good to our

fellow-men in our place and sphere, and so glorify our Father in heaven.

The children of the wealthy are often indulged, to a shameful extent, in the sin of prodigality; and many are the tears which flow from broken hearts, in the wake of this portentous evil. Could we utter a word that would be heard and heeded on this point, we would say, that young persons should be allowed but little spending money, and of that the parent or guardian should take a strict account, requiring from the child as exact an account of the spending of every penny of it.

The indulgence of the young with large supplies of pocket-money, is a great evil among the wealthy of our cities, and in our collegiate and boarding-school education. On the part of boys, it leads to suppers, cards, wine, the bar-room, and the theatre, unless there are powerful barriers in the way. On the part of girls, it leads to extravagance in dress, and to the wretchedness of a pampered heart, inflated with pride of wealth and desire of ostentation.

The history of Jacob and Esau opens to our view a striking picture; on the one hand, of covetousness, on the other, of prodigality. And it is well worth a careful consideration, in connection with what we have advanced. Jacob coveted the birthright; Esau despised it, or lightly esteemed it; and in the history, taken as a whole, we have a type of the results of family sins. The patriarch Isaac sinned, in rebelling against the will of the Lord; Jacob and his mother Rebekah, in coveting the birthright, and attempting to aid in bringing about the declared will of heaven in

their faithless impatience; Esau, in despising his temporal blessings. And hence, parents and children clouded over their after life with sorrow. In considering this history, then, we behold the misery entailed on a whole family, by a single sin on the part of parents; and we learn something of the awful character of family sins, in their results upon posterity to remote generations.

The patriarch Isaac intended to frustrate the will of God; and his declining days are rendered pitiable, on account of the unhappy quarrel between his sons. Rebekah had dealt treacherously with her husband, and is now miserable on account of the cheerless prospect before her. Esau despised his birthright, and now sips his folly in sorrow; is enraged at the unjust conduct of his brother, and burns with revenge. Jacob coveted the inheritance, and took unfair means to acquire it; and now he is obliged to fly from all his most cherished associations, into a strange land, for the preservation of his life. Oh, how it saddens the heart, when, years after, in the presence of Pharaoh, we hear him exclaim, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage have been a hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been!" Gen. xlvii. 8, 9.

Jacob feels the lash of conscience; he obeys its behests; the sin of his brother mitigates not his own; he repents him of his wickedness; forsakes all; leaves the scene of strife; passes from under his father's roof, where at least he ought to have been secure; turns his back on his happy home, his kind and loving parents, and the pleasant scenes of his childhood; and with

staff in hand, lonely and unprotected, he enters on his pilgrimage. O Jacob, the supplanter! I see thee, Israel, a prince with God! Penitence shall wash out thy sin. A hard, a rugged life is before thee. But Faith looks on to the goal, and there is the crown of blessedness.

Let us behold him at Bethel, also, and learn the measure of the work of the penitent, and mark the deep compassion of the Almighty, through His blessed Son, in watching over us and our little ones, in our weakness and waywardness; and let us humble ourselves under His Almighty hand, repent of our sins and of our neglect to our offspring, and pray for pardon, and amend what we have done amiss, before the evil days draw nigh in which we shall find no peace.

Jacob awakes out of sleep. The bright sun gilds the heavens; darkness has fled, and smiling Nature calls the patriarch to imitate her praise to the Almighty. The vision has past away. The ladder is removed. The angels have gone home. But the Lord is near, and Jacob is blessed. His soul is braced for a higher flight, and a wider range in the spiritual life. He sees God by faith. That ladder he knows is before him. Those blessed spirits are passing up and down, though he sees them not. And filled with solemn awe and reverence, he exclaims, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

O, let us all remember, parents and children, and lay to heart the grievous sin of Esau. We, too, have a birthright, which we received at our baptism, pur-

chased for and secured to us by the incarnation and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; even reconciliation with God and adoption into his family, and the crowning joys of His presence and glory. Are we, like Esau, selling them for naught? Then, alas! we, too, may weep and lament when too late: "Bless me, even me also, O my Father: and Esau lifted up his voice and wept!"

To touch on all the joys and sorrows that mingle in this history, would be to write a volume. But there is one other picture, on which we would look for a moment, ere we leave the deeply interesting story at which we have glanced.

After a storm, the bow in the clouds cheers the heart. The bright sun, breaking through clouds and mists, after days of darkness, brings joy in its smile. So, after viewing the checkered scenes of a history from life, it is delightful to turn to some bright spot, which casts a radiance over the whole, and relieves the picture of many of its saddening tints and colors. This we have in the meeting of the brothers, Jacob and Esau, after a long separation. After years of estrangement, time has wrought its changes, and grace has moulded the character. Youthful ambition, impatience, and impetuosity, have had their day; the passions have ceased to revolt against the will of God; and we find the patriarch Jacob journeying with all his family and wealth to the land of his brother Esau. Penitence has chastened and subdued his heart; and yet, remembering his youthful sin, he feared the anger and resentment of his brother. His sin, though repented of and pardoned, was not forgotten, and seems

to cling to his skirts. He sends before him messengers and presents to appease Esau.

O the work of grace that prompted him to seek reconciliation ! And Esau comes out to meet him ; for God has touched his heart, and changed it towards his brother. And there we behold the penitent, humble Jacob, “bowing seven times to the ground until he came near to his brother ; and Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him ; and they wept.” This is a lovely and affecting picture of the best impulses and affections of the human heart, and is scarcely surpassed by the meeting between Joseph and his brethren. “They meet, they converse, they love as brothers ought to do.” And “O how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !” “We apprehend a strife of fierce and angry looks, of reproachful words, of violence and blood. But, how joyful the disappointment ! Behold a contention of kindness, a blessed contest of affection, the honest, heart-melting triumph of nature, the noble victory of goodness !”

CHAPTER XI.

MR. LOVEGOOD'S EARLY TROUBLES. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

WE must go back, some dozen years or more, in our story, and recount a few of the incidents in the life of Mr. Lovegood, as they were developed in his parish at Heartfulville. We have said, that Mr. Lovegood was tenderly beloved by his flock. This is true. But it will be a mistake to suppose, that he was free from trouble and annoyances, of various kinds, and from different sources. The ministerial life, with all its pleasures, is never free from trials.

We care not how pleasant and fair the lines of a clergyman's lot are, yet everywhere will they be found to intertwine, more or less, about the conditions of a probationary state, and the frailties and weaknesses incident to fallen humanity. It is the will of the Lord, that they who minister at His altars, and follow in the regeneration after Him, should partake with Him in sufferings, sorrows, reproaches, and chafings of the flesh, for His body's sake, the Church. A young man, on setting out in the ministerial office, finds his first trials, whether small or great, hard to endure; but, time and habit inure him to them; and, at last, he is prepared to meet them, as blessings for his spiritual good.

What should we be worth, wherein should we find

tests of our true spiritual state, were it not that we are sometimes cast into the furnace? This tempers us to the task before us; this tends to certify to us whereof we are made. O, how many hopes linger after, how many prayers follow, the young Herald of the Cross, when he goes forth to battle with the combined powers of darkness! Perhaps he goes a stranger to a strange land, not knowing what is before him: whether perils by land or perils by sea, shipwreck, or disease, or death.

In the old church at home, he has been commissioned unto his work, and put his armor on; in the old church at home, he has lifted up his heart and voice in prayer, and, with the full congregation of friends and neighbors, and loving relatives, he has repeated that glowing confession: "I believe in the Communion of Saints." But he never so fully realized it as now; now that he goes a stranger unto a strange land. Ah! there is a mighty potency in that doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which, alas! but too many of us do not fully realize when we feel alone on the earth. Could our eyes be opened to invisible things, we should behold on all sides their wonders and tokens. We live by faith, in the splendor of the Gospel day. We realize but little of the awful mystery in which, day by day, we move in the mystical Communion of Saints, in the fellowship of the inhabitants of the Spirit-land, the angels of light, who are around us, to extend to us, in ways hidden and secret, the mercies of their and our common Father.

The angels are God's messengers unto us for good, and ministers from the courts above. In the old dispensation, the ministry of angels was conspicuous; and the prophets, especially Elisha, held wonderful commu-

nications with those messengers of God. Of this we have a remarkable evidence in 2 Kings, vi. 17, etc.

There was war between Syria and Israel. The king of Syria was sorely baffled, in all his plans of warfare. The Israelites seemed to understand, in advance, all his secret movements, and to be able to elude his wiles to entrap them; so he fancied that some of his warriors dealt treacherously with him, and he accordingly accused them. But he was told, that it all was the work of the prophet Elisha; that the prophet knew even the thoughts of his heart in his chamber, and revealed them to the king of Israel. The king of Syria determined, then, to capture the prophet, who resided at Dothan. His horses and chariots surrounded the city at night. In the morning, a servant of the prophet went out; and, seeing the formidable array of horses and chariots which surrounded the city, he returned in trepidation to his master, with the sad news, crying out, "Alas! my master, how shall we do?" But Elisha was not terrified. He knew, that he was surrounded by the Lord's hosts: therefore he said to him, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." "And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

So the camp of God is ever round His faithful children. These were the holy angels whom this young man saw, who were at hand ready to guard his master, in ways secret to him. And as they were far more powerful and numerous than the Assyrian host, his

fears were stilled, when he beheld the prophet standing in the centre of that glorious camp, so encircled and defended as that none of his enemies could do him violence. And was the prophet insensible to this invisible host which surrounded him? Nay; whether by faith or inspiration, he knew that they encamped about him. He enjoyed a citizenship in the unseen world; his citizenship was in heaven. His eye was made keen, to pierce the veil that shuts out invisible things, and to behold the legions of God, His horses and chariots of fire, round about him, for his protection and deliverance. He had his hours of loneliness, when he felt solitary on the earth; and yet he enjoyed the high privilege of knowing in what communion and fellowship he dwelt. He lived in the society of the court of heaven. And thus was revealed to him, in no small measure, that blessed Christian doctrine of the Communion of Saints. He held communion and fellowship with all saints from the beginning; and, while emboldened by the immediate succor and presence of angels, he was animated and encouraged by the good examples of all those saints and servants of the Most High, whether patriarchs or prophets, priests or lawgivers, who had departed in the true faith and fear of God, and who, by their life of holiness, spake a lesson of the deepest interest, and seemed to surround him with their trophies, and urge him on to a manly combat with the enemies of God and of souls.

Behold, too, and mark the horses and chariots of fire, by which the faithful Christian is surrounded. See how wonderfully this vision corresponds with the blessed privilege which the Apostle tells us is conferred on us.

“Ye are come,” says he, “unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”

O what an host! How awful, yet how sublime, our privilege! There you have the mount, and here you behold Elisha, and an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just. We with him dwell, as it were, beneath their shadow, and are baptized into the fellowship. The angels are our guardians; the saints of all ages, our ensamples; God is our Father, and Jesus Christ our Mediator. We dwell in the very court of God, and of His eternal Son our Saviour, who died for us, and rose again, and ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men.

And we say there is a potency in this doctrine, not always realized, even by those who are striving for the mastery. But, perhaps, we approach its true realization more nearly than at any other period, when we go forth from all we have known and twined our heart about, to mingle in new scenes and associations, or perchance to feel desolate in the world, having few to sympathize with us, and none exactly to understand us, as those with whom we have journeyed long, or taken sweet counsel together. It is then, perhaps, if ever, while the flesh hangs about us, we feel the full strength of that holy bond, which holds in one mighty fellowship “angels, and living saints and dead!” It is then

we feel the blessedness of the tie of the family relationship in Christ Jesus; that though we are strangers and pilgrims, far away from home and friends, and kindly sympathies, we yet dwell in the heavenly court, and are surrounded by the Lord's hosts, with whom we have fellowship; and that we are akin indeed unto Immanuel, and at last, when the weary way is run, we shall pass through the vale, and enter into rest.

It was with a sad heart that Mr. Lovegood bade adieu to the home of his childhood, to enter on the duties of his new calling. How all the past gushed up into his heart, and the scenes of his youth, his happy home, the tender solicitude of his honored parents, and all the associations that twined about his heart, crowded upon his memory, we need not relate.

A few days brought him to his destination; and now before him lies a field of toil and privations, from which he might have shrunk, had he been over-timid or cowardly. But he had counted the cost, and buckled on his armor. The church at Heartfulville was venerable from its antiquity; and the new Rector trod in the steps of a number of worthy clergymen, whose dust rested quietly in the consecrated and beautiful churchyard. But the last Rector had been one of those easy men, who had suffered things to take their own course. He was a good, worthy, and amiable man, but seemed never to have fully appreciated the Church's system. Consequently, the parishioners were but indifferently instructed in Church doctrines.

Except here and there a few, who had acquainted themselves with distinctive Church principles, it may be said of the congregation, that they knew no differ-

ence between the Church and Methodism and Presbyterianism, or any other ism. The old Rector had never troubled himself about such questions; not exactly because he despised them, but because he deemed them unprofitable, and, for the most part, useless. It must be told that, with rare exceptions, it was not the fashion at that day, and in the region of Heartfulville especially, to care much about the doctrines and principles of the Church. The congregation were not taught the apostolic succession, nor the sanctity of baptism, nor any thing about the sin of schism. They were not taught, that they were members of the Church, but of *a* Church; hence, if, after a brief trial, one did not happen to be pleased with this or that, he or she simply withdrew to "some other church," without remonstrance.

You sympathize with a young man, alive to all the claims of the Church, in assuming such a charge. He needs more than your sympathies; he needs your prayers. And yet this was the proper field for Mr. Lovegood. He had enough of moral courage to meet every issue, and enough of prudence to avoid rashness. He was not long in measuring the ground and work before him.

Owing to the stagnation in growth and life which always ensues when a parish "runs to seed," there had been, for several years, no Sunday School in connection with the Church. To revive this work, was Mr. L.'s first undertaking. A few days after entering upon his duties, he consulted with one of his female parishioners, a prominent lady, who thought it a capital idea, and one that should be carried into effect, without delay.

Now it appeared to Mr. L., that this lady would be well adapted to the work of Superintendent of the female department. So he remarked to her, "Miss Bromley, you will, of course, take sufficient interest in this work, to allow me to name you as Superintendent of the female department?" "O, Mr. Lovegood, how could you think of such a thing! However, you are excusable, as you have been here but a short time. Mrs. Sectary has been the Superintendent since I was a little girl; and I am sure it would give her great offence to be thrust aside, after all she has done for the Sunday School, in teaching, furnishing catechisms, tracts, etc. I hope you will not think of such a thing; indeed, it will not do to offend Mrs. Sectary. I am willing to be of any service in the Sunday School, but I can never think of supplanting Mrs. Sectary."

"But, Miss Bromley, Mrs. Sectary is a confirmed, rigid Presbyterian; and I do not see how she is to be a Superintendent in a Church Sunday School, or how she can consistently proffer to teach the Church Catechism. It involves an inconsistency that I can scarcely conceive possible."

"But," remarked Miss Bromley, "we have no Church Catechism in the Sunday School. Mr. Slow never insisted on the Catechism's being taught; indeed, he gave the whole management of the school to Mrs. Sectary, in whom he had great confidence, as she certainly is a very pious and exemplary Christian. Still, I believe, if the Catechism were introduced, Mrs. Sectary would not care, provided she taught her class in her own way." Mr. Lovegood was a little nonplused. He thought it best to change the subject, as it promised to

be unprofitable. And after remarking that he would think of the matter, and exchanging a few commonplace remarks, he departed.

Poor Mr. Lovegood! Here was a poser. Such a thing had never crossed his path. A Presbyterian lady Superintendent in a Sunday School of the Church; and Presbyterian doctrines, catechism. Heigh-ho!

Mr. L. spent that evening in his study, reflecting on his course, and maturing his plans. Here was a case that required management. To break in suddenly upon old-established usages, however wrong they may be in themselves, is apt to breed discord and confusion. Had it been a question merely between himself and Mrs. Sectary, it would not have occupied his thoughts a moment. But here, likely, a whole parish was to be stirred up, at the very beginning of his labors; and Mr. L. knew, that, although he would be right in taking such a course, he might fail to convince the parishioners that things ought not to continue as heretofore. So, after mature deliberation, he called the next day to see Mrs. Sectary. He was kindly received, not, however, in the most cordial manner. He soon learned from Mrs. Sectary what were her anticipations. She had no thought of yielding the time-honored situation, which had been conferred upon her in days gone by, by the good and charitable old Rector; and, indeed, by way of feeling Mr. Lovegood's pulse, she launched out in unmeasured terms against the exclusiveness and bigotry of a few semi-Papists, as she termed them, who had sprung up of late in the Episcopal Church, who would be so uncharitable as to unchurch other churches.

Mr. Lovegood permitted the old lady to be as wrathy

as she pleased. He kept cool; and, before the conference ended, they were right good friends. And he had so far ingratiated himself into her good opinion, not by any shadow of concession, but simply by good management, as to have it conceded, that it was right, as it was an Episcopal School, Episcopal doctrines should be taught, and the Church Catechism systematically used. Prudence in this case proved to be the better part of valor. Mrs. Sectary was to have a class in the Sunday School, and there was to be no Superintendent, male nor female, the Rector himself intending always to be present, and take the oversight.

In a few weeks, every thing was under way in a Church-like manner; and, reader, would you credit it, the old Presbyterian Superintendent had come down to a small A, B, C class! Othello was fast losing his occupation. And still more, Miss Bromley, Mrs. Sectary, every body, was satisfied. It was not long before Mrs. Sectary found, that age impaired her usefulness; and she retired altogether, leaving the field to the Rector.

But we are ahead of our story. After parting with Mrs. Sectary, Mr. Lovegood repaired to the church, and examined the Sunday School Library. What was his surprise, to find it filled with Presbyterian books, tracts, catechisms, etc. Many of the tracts were extremely objectionable, as, of course, were all the works he found, but especially the tracts; because, not content with simply teaching Presbyterianism, they pointedly assailed the Church in her Liturgy, offices, doctrines, etc. "This will never do," quoth Mr. Lovegood. "The books must remain, I suppose, till I can gradually work them out. I can control them; but these tracts and

catechisms must vanish." And Mr. L. deliberately gathered them up, took them to the stove, and thrust them in. *Requiescant in pace.*

Mrs. Sectary would have said this was sacrilege, at that time. But Mr. Lovegood did not intend that they should remain there, to disseminate Presbyterianism, and that under his own auspices. Now it never occurred to Mr. Lovegood, that, as it was the season of spring, and the stove was not used, he had better apply a match to them. Ashes are safer than printed documents. The library had been closed for several years; and no one knew what it contained, and a match would have put those tracts beyond the power of revivification.

On a balmy day, late in summer, some ladies visited the old church, to revive pleasant memories of "auld lang syne;" and a curious little child disentombed the old tracts and catechisms from the stove. Ah, Mr. Lovegood, you are to smart for this; it is certainly your work. We know it. "And what a sin! What a sacrilege! Did you ever see or hear of the like? All these blessed tracts intended to be burnt!" "Who furnished them?" "Mrs. Sectary; good Mrs. Sectary!" "O, me! ah, me!" and the ladies came near shedding tears over those tracts, that were so profuse in their abuse of the poor Church. As precious relics, the cherished tracts were gathered up, and borne in triumph to Mrs. Sectary.

Now, reader, imagine the scene, if you can; and count the anathemas that fell on the head of the unconscious and unoffending young Rector, who simply desired to save the lambs of the fold from the sins of her-

esy and schism; to save them from the poison of that tirade of abuse against the Mother of their love, contained in these very tracts. The news flew about on the wings of the wind. Poor tracts, ye came near the burning; ye were even threatened with martyrdom; ye made a narrow escape.

It was a long time before Mr. Lovegood knew any thing about it. It appears that Mrs. Sectary, however, took his part, and saved him in his defencelessness, by saying that he had done right. "These tracts were against the principles and doctrines of his Church: she knew it, and she would do the same thing; she would burn, and had burnt, every Episcopal tract that she laid her hands upon, that taught any thing against Presbyterianism, and she did not see why he should not do the same thing." Bravo! Good for the young Rector. It saved him many a scathing reproof and bitter reproach. It satisfied most, but not all, the parishioners; and the matter was quieted. Still, Mrs. Sectary's opinion did not correspond with that of another Presbyterian lady, who thought it a high-handed measure; rank Popery, and a development that should be nipped in the bud. And she vowed, that she would "see Mr. Nabob, and disclose the affair to him, and see if some official action could not be had, to rebuke the youthful David."

Now, Mr. Nabob was a vestryman of the Church in Heartfulville, and deemed himself of considerable consequence; more, however, on account of his wealth, than any intrinsic qualities of merit that he possessed. And it so happened, that Mr. Lovegood had, not long before, unwittingly offended the dignity of Mr. Nabob.

It had been the practice, from time immemorial, for the congregation to remain in the church after service, as well as congregate there before service, to pass the civilities of the day, discuss the current gossip, talk about the weather, trade, the crops, etc.; and this, with all the freedom and hilarity of the highway or the mart of trade. This had annoyed Mr. Lovegood exceedingly; and he had taken various steps to put a stop to it, without success. On one occasion, about the period of which we are writing, discovering a great deal of loud and boisterous conversation after service, he requested an elderly gentleman, better known for the real goodness of his heart than for any pretensions to the *suaviter in modo*, to request the persons engaged in conversation to retire from the sanctuary. Mr. Lovegood overheard only a few chance words: "House of God,—not the place for such conversation,—set apart,—sanctified,—out of doors the place." "Who sent you to me, Sir?" "Your Rector,—Rector,—too much talking,—too boisterous,—not Church-like!" It happened that the aforesaid old gentleman spoke to Mr. Nabob, and these chance words passed between the two.

Now, Mr. Lovegood did not ask him to speak to any one in particular, and in his name, but simply supposed that he would make a suggestion, as he passed along; and that his kindly suggestion, as he was a father in Israel, would be taken in the same spirit. But Mr. Nabob was highly offended; hence, when the aforesaid Presbyterian lady revealed to him the intended martyrdom of the tracts, he seized upon it as a ground of assault upon Mr. Lovegood.

"It was a high-handed measure," he said. "Their

rights and liberties were invaded. It was an offence against law and order, and decency, and should be redressed." Accordingly, at the next meeting of the Vestry, Mr. Nabob brought a sweeping charge against the young Rector, for destroying, burning, or attempting to burn, the books of the Church; books, too, that had been presented to the Sunday School by so eminent and pious a lady as Mrs. Sectary.

Mr. Lovegood recounted the whole affair, and explained the principles and motives by which he was actuated. The Vestry, quite unanimously, bore him out, and dismissed the matter, as one which they had no right to control. One of the body asked Mr. Nabob, if he supposed that a Presbyterian preacher would allow our Catechism to be taught in his school? or tracts to be disseminated there, which were repugnant to Presbyterianism? This thought seemed to settle the question; and Mr. Lovegood rejoiced, that a new era was dawning upon his parish. He saw that his efforts thus far had been blessed, and that a sounder, healthier feeling began to pervade his parish. His Vestry would sustain him; which, six months before, they would not have done; and this was to him a great comfort and encouragement.

But Mr. Nabob was not satisfied; and the story runs, that he consulted an eminent lawyer, in a neighboring town, to ascertain whether Mr. Lovegood could not be prosecuted for his high-handed offence. The lawyer laughed at him; and he returned home to annoy the young Rector in other ways, and through other means. For four or five years, he continued a system of petty annoyances. Yet the Rector lived through it all; lived

down his opposition, and lived to see the day that Mr. Nabob cherished him as warmly as any of his parishioners.

We need not pause, to recount the thousand and one ups and downs, and petty annoyances, through which Mr. Lovegood was called to pass. We have detailed so much, merely in support of our postulate, that no clergyman is free from trouble; that, however pleasant the lines of life may appear to be to the casual observer, sin will arise in its strength, and there will be found causes of dissension, and opposition, and strife, to fill the pastoral heart with grief and anxiety. And now, after many buffetings and privations, after long years of toil, Mr. Lovegood, having breasted the waves of ignorance and prejudice, finds himself, at the period we are introduced to him, in a united parish, and among an affectionate people, who understand and appreciate the Church, and love him very tenderly, as a man, and for his work's sake.

It was therefore not without pain, that he brought himself to think of accepting the call to St. ——'s Church; and yet, the more he thought of it, the more did he feel disposed to accept it. But when he reflected on the number of years that he had ministered to his present flock, the troubles through which he had passed,—and, strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, troubles, afflictions, heart-griefs, do attach us to the places in which, or the people among whom, we have endured them,—the yearning love that he bore to his flock, and the esteem and veneration in which they held him,—when he looked out upon his flowers, and heard the familiar voices of the wrens, and the mock-

ing-birds, his daily companions, about his quiet study,—above all, when he considered the sacredness of the pastoral tie, now strengthened by the joys and sorrows of years, his heart almost died within him, and he groaned aloud in his spirit. But so it was, he felt called of God.

Of this impression he could not divest himself. He prayed for grace and guidance. In his full, ripe manhood, he wept like a child. But the hand of the Lord was upon him. He could not draw back. He must leave these pleasant scenes; and other hands must feed his loving flock; other ears greet the melody of his singing-birds; another's heart be lifted up in prayer and praise in that goodly old sanctuary; another's voice bless the people whom the Lord had given him in his youth. The deed was done; and all eyes gushed out in tears; all hearts throbbed in grief.

Ah, the pastoral tie! few know how close, how dear it is. We indeed see, day by day, that it seems lightly severed. But ah! the records of the Great Day alone will reveal all secrets. Deal gently with thy brother. Poverty and a hard struggle, the wants of a little family, that have mouths to be fed and bodies to be clothed,—a slender pittance,—these are, after all, the great secret; a secret that contains more than we care to dwell upon. But this consideration weighed not with Mr. Lovegood. We merely throw out the remark, in passing. He acted upon convictions of duty. None condemned him. His parishioners, while bathed in tears, conceded that it was his duty to accept the call.

Ah, the world is full of change! There is nothing certain here; nothing for man to fasten his thoughts

upon, and say, this is real, this is certain, this is abiding, but his own immortality, and the word and will of God. O how all things change, and pass away! We move in dreams and shadows. We struggle up the stream of life, only to be wafted back on the waves of death. The soul only is real; it lives on forever. A few more changes, a few more years, and the evening will come, and we shall have gone to our long home. And then what will it boot us, what we have been on earth,—whether poor or rich, high or low, noble or ignoble, learned or ignorant. What will it boot us, whether we have had a hard struggle, have trod a thorny, rugged way, been pierced with sorrows and disappointments, or heart-chafings, or buffeted, or neglected, or despised, or cast on the wide world, without friend to soothe and pity, or the loving hand of mercy to extend relief, or the pitying heart to solace and console? What boots it, whether we shall have lived in ease or luxury, or been popular, or left our mark upon our age, or our “track upon the sands of time,” or been caressed, or great, or set our name high upon the rock of Immortality? what, we say, will it all be to us, when that evening shall come, and we shall wrap our winding-sheet about us, and go forth unto the realities of the eternal world?

A few more years of change, gliding into eternity, and the record will be written up (change will be over, to us all) in the book of life or death, and revealed in the light of that day, which none of all flesh shall escape. O then to be clothed with the white robes of the Son of God, will be our joyous preparation for that glorious Temple where the Lamb dwelleth, and whose

light shall bathe us in its effulgence, as we shout our acclamation, "All hail! ye angelic hosts, and ye just men made perfect! All hail! ye worlds of light and purity! All hail! eternity, with full, abounding love!" and we shall hear that thrilling sentence, for which we have waited long, "Come, ye blessed, enter into the joy of your Lord."

CHAPTER XII.

A DASH OF PRETENCE. PAROCHIAL TROUBLES. MR. LOVEGOOD'S FIRST SERMON IN ST. —'S.

THE Blemmertons were among the first to greet Mr. Lovegood on his entering upon his new duties. "They rejoiced that he had accepted the call, and that the Church had been so fortunate as to secure the services of so eminent a man." Mr. Blemmerton, especially, feared, from the tone of Mr. Lovegood's letter to him, that he could not be induced to leave Heartfulville. "And yet," said he, "I was not without hope, that you would embrace the opportunity of leaving the scene of so many trials. I have for years been conversant with the state of things in your parish; and I know that you have had a great deal to contend with; and truly rejoice that at last you are free."

Now Mr. B. had of late picked up an old story or two, which had for years been forgotten or become obsolete; but they were fresh to him, and important items in the catalogue of his notes. A few of them he wished to canvass, by way of sounding Mr. Lovegood's theological tendencies. But he was not fast enough for Mrs. Blemmerton; who, taking up his observation, remarked: "Is it true, Mr. Lovegood, that Mr. Flunks, one of your Vestrymen, gave Dr. Thrasher, the Methodist preacher, permission, in your absence, to preach a funeral sermon in your church?" "I believe,

Madam, that such a thing occurred a number of years ago ; but it has been so long, that the particulars have escaped my memory." "Well, we heard it, and thought it very strange. We heard, moreover, that the Rev. Mr. Churchman was officiating for you, and was in the pulpit when the funeral cortege arrived at the church, and that Dr. Thrasher was highly indignant that he did not descend from the pulpit at once, and give place to him ; that, moreover, he made a great many ill-natured remarks, alleging, among other things, that the great-grandfather of the deceased had contributed towards the building of that church, and it was exceedingly uncharitable to prohibit his descendant from having a funeral sermon preached over her remains from that pulpit."

Mr. Lovegood was indisposed to converse on such a topic. He said that something of the kind had occurred years ago ; but he took no part in it, except to condemn Mr. Flunks, for granting so extraordinary a privilege. He believed, moreover, that a sharp controversy had been carried on between the aforesaid Dr. Thrasher and others, about the rights of Methodists and others, to the use of our churches and churchyards for their rites of sepulture and funeral sermons, on the score that their forefathers had been members of the Church, and had aided in building the church in Heartfulville. But he was happy to state, that the Church was better understood in Heartfulville than at that day, and all such disputations and contentions had subsided a number of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton thought it a strange affair ! But the world is full of strange events and adventures.

A thing called Puseyism had of late sprung up, that troubled them not a little; and they wondered whether it extended as far back as to the date of that old quarrel in Heartfulville. They hoped to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lovegood preach as their pastor, on the next Sunday. They had no doubt they should be highly pleased and edified. Expressing a strong desire that Mr. Lovegood would visit them often, and make himself entirely at home at their house, they took their departure.

Mr. Lovegood entered on his official duties, on the following Sunday; and, as his sermon was published at the time, we give it to the reader. It was entitled, "The Pastoral Call and Duty," from the text, Acts x. 29: "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me."

Love is the primary principle and motive of the Gospel. God loved us, and sent His Son into the world to redeem us, and to instruct us, by a revelation of His will, through which He hath "brought life and immortality to light." And it pleased the Son, in revealing this will to us, to found, in His love, a Kingdom, which He termed His Spouse, His Body, His Church, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all," in and through which He manifests His mercy to the race of Adam fallen, having sanctified it by His own blood, and holiness, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, by Him sent to be the Sanctifier of the ways of Sion, and of the means of grace, instituted by Himself for the world's healing, and for our calling, election, and sealing, unto the day when we shall be gathered into glory.

Hence the Gospel, taken in all its parts, is a system of instrumentalities and agencies, every one of which centres in love. The Bible, the Church, the Christian Priesthood, the Holy Sacraments,—the one to commence life, the other to carry it on,—and prayer and praise, and Confirmation, and the employments of the Sanctuary: these all are so many means of grace, channels of mercy, through which the Lord vouchsafes to us His blessings. Conspicuous among all these means of grace and instrumentalities of the Lord's vouchsafement, stands the "ministry of reconciliation." Earthen vessels, indeed, they are, yet hath it pleased the Lord to grant and appoint, that through their ministrations mankind should be admitted into the folds of the Church, and taught the way of righteousness, that they might have a right unto the "Tree of Life," whose fruits possess an immortal virtue.

Such an instrument in the Lord's hands was the Apostle Peter. Such instruments are all, at the present day, in their several lots, who fill a part in the same Christian Priesthood, whether they be Bishops, Priests, or Deacons.

A heathen, who had loved righteousness and sought the light with all his heart, by earnest devotion, and from whose darkened mind it had pleased the Lord to lift the veil that shut out the sunlight of His will, was directed what to do, in order that he and his family might be saved. "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do." Cornelius was obedient to the heavenly vision, and sent

for the Apostle, who, when he arrived, as a man intent on his mission, full of a sense of duty, burning with a love of souls, and with zeal for the cause of his Master, proceeded at once to the subject-matter in hand. Acting for God, acting for man, in the absorbing question of salvation; holding an embassy from the King of Heaven: these are awful trusts, tremendous responsibilities, requiring a prompt decision, immediate hearing, resolute prosecution.

Therefore, the Apostle delayed not to enter upon his work. "Ye have called me unto you," he said; "I have obeyed the call without delay, without questioning, as soon as I was sent for: I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?"

The motive of Cornelius was, that he might learn what he ought to do, in order to salvation. Doubtless yours was the same. And with Cornelius you are ready to exclaim: "Thou hast well done that thou art come. Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

The light of the glorious Gospel hath penetrated every hamlet, town, and village in this great land. It beams around you, and shines out unto you, from the pages of Divine Revelation. It is not then, so much that you need to be told, like Cornelius *what* you must do to be saved, but *how* you must do it. Your want was that of the kindly pastoral office; not simply to instruct, but also to guide and counsel, to throw the loving arm around the little ones, to go in and out among you, carrying the words of love, and life, and consolation; now cheering you in well-doing; then

solacing in sorrow; mingling together sunshine and tears, and so building you up in soundness of faith and holiness of heart, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

You are not to hear, for the first time, that "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God;" nor, "How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" You are not to be told for the first time of Christ crucified; of the awful doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement; of Justification by Faith, which kills us to sin and dead works, and makes alive unto the law of good works in Christ; of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord; of the Church and Ministry: all united in one, comprising the Word, the Faith, the Ministry and Sacraments, the visible Kingdom of Christ on earth, with its invisible powers, and graces, and helps, set forth in the world for man's salvation: in short, all the primary facts of the Gospel revelation. These are not for the first time to break upon your ears, or enkindle your hearts to songs of praise and thanksgiving; for, in them is found the motive that prompted you to send for us. It was the love of Christ constraining you. You had faith in His word and ordinances. You believed, that He had appointed an order of men in His Church, and given them commission to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature, baptizing them in the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and that He would be with them unto the world's end.

These all are Gospel motives, wise, holy, good, and just. We trust that you have felt them, that you have thought upon them, prayed over them, in the silent watches of the night, in the routine of daily life; that you have weighed them in all their bearings upon the soul's destiny, and been fully actuated by them.

But there are a few mistakes, to which we all are liable, on this and kindred topics, against which you may well be guarded. A consideration of these will open to your reflection some thoughts on what you *have not* a right to expect of us, and what you *have*.

1. You should not expect of us a half-way, one-sided statement of Gospel truth; but to preach Christ, in all His fulness, as the Rock of our salvation, as He imparts Himself to us, in and through the word and ordinances of the Church: this you have a right to expect. The proclamation of God's love to man, which is written in the heights and depths, on things visible and invisible, from the worlds on high, to the tiny flower that blooms at our feet; and which, from the Incarnation and Cross, burst out in a flood of light and glory that embalmed the world, consummated the yearnings and heart-breathings of the race of fallen Adam, and filled the measure of type and prophecy, and earth and heaven with rejoicings: this great proclamation, we say, is all too pure, too holy, too wonderful and excellent, to be divided, or frittered away into shreds and tattered remnants. But, to fill the measure of our needs and long-

ings, it is to be presented and received as a whole, compacted and knit together, beautiful in its oneness, beautiful in its love and order, transcendently beautiful in its sanctification.

2. Nor can you expect us to be a mere man-pleaser ; a mere suppliant for your favor and good opinion, at the hazard of your souls' eternal weal. This would debase us below the dignity of man, not to say of our office. But, to please men in things lawful, is no less the duty of Christ's ambassador, than of all other men. And this, we take it, is St. Paul's meaning, when he speaks of becoming all things to all men. He certainly did not mean, that he wore a mask, and that his life was merely a drama of hypocritical masquerading ; nay, but that he adapted himself, in things lawful, to the predilections of his fellow-men. But in things unlawful, he yielded,—no, not one jot nor tittle ; but stood as a “beaten anvil.” He drew around him the great garment of holiness, in which he was clad. Nothing intervened between him and duty to the cause he had espoused. Hence, to please men in things *lawful* is a duty, springing out of the Gospel, and its sanctifying civilization.

To be complaisant, amiable, gentle, easily entreated, ready to forgive, kindly and genial unto all orders and degrees of men, are beautiful and becoming traits in the character of the Christian gentleman. But to be truckling, time-serving, and shrinking, to proclaim simply “smooth things,” to dally with the sins and sinfulness of men, publish a half-way Gospel, cry peace, when there is no peace ; to insist on a moderate, medium piety, and strictness of life, that dare not lift their head

above the world's skeleton standard of morality; to be merely a fashionable, fastidious, sentimental, dandyizing proclaimer of the Divine Word, dealing in the beauties of rhetoric and flowing graces of poesy, beating the air, and merely generalizing on the chief topics of Gospel truth: ah, let it never be named, as becoming the office of him who speaks with Christ's authority, and the sanctity of the temple where the Lord hath set His name, and where He will be sanctified and glorified in all who come nigh to Him.

3. Every community has its peculiarities, or what may be termed its peculiar phases or traits of sin, in short-comings, in works, or in words. Man is, indeed, a sinner, and alike in sinfulness the world over. But what we mean is, that in every community, among every people, there will be found some peculiar type of failing, of sinfulness, in doing or not doing, in positives or negatives, over and above every other type, amounting to a characteristic. It may spring out of settled habit, or fashion, or neglect, until from usage it has grown popular, and so is lost sight of, in the general whirl of the excitements of business, or pleasure, or amusement. Still it is there; it exists, crippling our energies in the Christian life, and dwarfing us in spirituality. And ever and anon it springs out from its hiding-place, and is seen and felt, as it sows sorrow, and draws tears after it in its wake.

Against whatever short-comings of this character may be peculiar among you, you will surely need to be warned and guarded. For they are of a very insidious character; slow, stealthy, secret in their approaches and insinuations, but inevitable in their disastrous results, if

they are left to canker in the heart, or prey upon the vitals of our spiritual life. These are, indeed, the thieves of our spiritual existence and growth; the small commonplace, trifling sins, as some are pleased to term them; such as hasty anger, and cursing, pride, and emulation, and bitterness of feeling, and strife, and tattling, and scandal, overweening regard to the world's fashions and pastimes, conventional formalities, and the like. These, we say, are like the thief unto the flock at night, and steal away our spiritual life and strength, while we are asleep or dallying with our dreams.

On all these topics you may not expect us to speak in uncertain language, or deal in vague and dubious generalities. If we are to combat with the world, the flesh, and the devil; if these are the foes over whom we are to triumph, winning the crown of immortal glory, or bearing off spoils of priceless value; then it must needs be, that we strike home blows on solid matter, and that we stand in our lot, girded about with faith, "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

4. Nor should you expect us to assume merely the Shibboleth of party, in our teachings or counsels. From the days of the Apostles, indeed, there have been sharpnesses and conflicts in the Church, and differences in opinion, and shades of opinion, sometimes on questions indifferent, more frequently on such as are serious and fundamental, lying at the very foundations of the faith. But the faith has been kept intact, and has been transmitted to us. And an age of disquietude and agi-

tation in the Church is not, necessarily, an age of unsoundness. Nay, it may be, and doubtless for the most part is, a more pregnant sign of life. To this truth the mediæval ages witness. It was at no tempest-tossed epoch of the Church, that the truth was overlaid or smothered with error, (in any branch of the Church,) but when she was freest from agitation, when she was lulled into repose. What has been true of the great empires that have flourished, and died out, has also, in degree, been found true of the Church. Rome, for instance, was not shattered and laid in the dust, while "her conquering arms shook the world;" but when she became luxurious, easy, careless; when she wrapped herself in her fancied greatness, and fell asleep, dreaming over her glories and security. Then it was, that her well-springs were sapped, and she burst asunder, and died out, leaving but the glimmering light of a meteor across the hemisphere of her greatness.

It is true, the analogy cannot hold in all its parts; for the Church has an undying life. She may suffer from ease or indifference, or fancied security; she may suffer from false doctrine, or from needless agitation; she may suffer for want of agitation and trial, to draw out and develop her powers; or she may be torn by fierce conflicts, even unto martyrdom; but she has recuperative powers. She cannot die out, she must survive all shocks. The Lord rules her, and in her; and against her the gates of hell can never prevail.

While, therefore, we would eschew controversy, for the sake of controversy, we are far from thinking it always an evil. Like any other good, it is good in its place, and bad out of it. By it, truth is elicited and

eliminated; and we are built up in soundness of faith and knowledge. On the other hand, when it is prosecuted with acrimony, in an unchastened, unloving spirit, it is an evil; and is to be guarded against, with a jealous care and watchfulness. But controversy for truth's sake, and partizanship in the Church, are quite distinct; not, indeed, always in practice, but certainly always in theory. The one, when pursued in a right spirit, leads to conviction of the truth, to enlightenment; the other simply tends to draw a film over the mental eye, and to close it in blindness. The one has watered the Church, as with the dews of heaven, from the days of our Lord and His Apostles, who were the greatest champions in controversy for the truth that the Church or the world ever beheld, and out of whose loving contentions with false doctrine have sprung as many disciples and saints as the stars of heaven in number, who have glorified God in their lives, and do now rest in Paradise. The other has crossed the heart, warped and blighted the natural affections, done despite to the Spirit of grace and glory, taught one to say, "I am of Paul," another, "I am of Apollos," until the robe of Christ is rent, and the enemy of souls revels in his hiding-place; and his hoarse laugh, in solemn mockery, rings through the earth.

While, then, we shall not disregard the great questions of the day, nor close our eyes against the fact, that this is a self-sufficient age; that there is a radical spirit abroad, which threatens the very citadel of our hopes, and which, in its rationalizing unbelief, would tear the diadem from the brow of Jesus of Nazareth, reeking afresh with gore, and trample the volume of revealed

Truth in the dust; you may not expect us, in our teachings of the great facts of Christianity, the doctrines of the faith revealed from heaven, for man's salvation, to assume any mere party badge or dictum. But, raising the standard of the Cross high above every aim, every wish, but that which centres in a love of Christ and the Church, as that Cross is revealed in Holy Writ, and amplified in all the teachings of the Church, in her Prayer-Book, Articles, Offices, and Homilies; in their plain, common sense, unvarnished letter and spirit, aided thereunto by the light of the early day of the Gospel, which comes to us through those worthies of old, the Christian Fathers, a "long and glittering line," who, through tribulation and travail, and stripes, and watchings, and prayers, and self-denials, preserved the faith pure and unmixed with aught of error, and transmitted it to us: this shall be our aim. More than this we cannot promise; neither more nor less than this can you expect: this, by the Lord's help, we will fulfil.

The day for disputing on questions of mere opinion has passed away. Other and weightier matters demand our consideration. The Church has entered on a new era; an era, it is true, of strife, brought about, as is most usual, by a pressure from without. We have a mighty foe to meet and combat, who, though lurking in secret places for long years, has yet been gathering strength and maturing plans. His banner is now unfurled. His legions are in the field: we are already in the strife, and are called to press our armor close about us, and to draw our weapons, well-pointed, and with certain aim.

This foe is Infidelity; not simply practical unbelief,

but bold, defiant Deism, which strikes at the citadel; which, as a vampire, would suck out the life of our most holy faith, would wrest from man the rich heritage of the glorious Gospel of Christ, and leave him a wreck, without chart or compass, to be thrust out on the wide ocean of eternity, without cheer and without hope.

This is our great work: it is a powerful pressure from without, consolidating our strength and powers, shutting our eyes against every question of minor consideration. The time has come, when we must stand by our first principles, as watchmen on the walls of Sion, giving warning of danger, and calling the faithful and valiant unto the Lord's battle. Unto this work, then, are we called. And from him that shall be true shall no good thing be withholden; to him that overcometh shall be given to eat of "the Tree of Life." No effort of ours, however small, no labor of love or self-denial, no fierce conflict with the enemy, no deed of charity or sympathy, no crucifying of the flesh and the spirit, shall ever be forgotten of our Heavenly Father. The Lord will write up the history at the last, and "from the open volume of the Book of Life," and in "the full blaze of the Judgment Day," will He crown us for all we do, or suffer, or endure, in this great conflict for His Name's sake.

You do not like that sermon. The chronicler cannot help it. His duty is merely to record facts. He has nothing to say for or against the sermon; and if asked why he threw it in here, he answers, because it is a part of his story. It forms a link in the chain of events be-

fore him. If you are not pleased, he merely regrets it. It is a matter-of-fact production, from a matter-of-fact man; and, for aught that I know, teaches wholesome truths in a straight-forward way. Mr. Lovegood always preached to his parishioners; not to mankind in general. And his parishioners rarely mistook his meaning. His style was not to address the world; saying "they" did so and so, or "they" were wrong in this or that; but "you," the veritable people before him, "you" are wrong in this or that,—"you" do so and so.

There is, we opine, too much of this generalizing; too little of distinct, plain, straight-forward teaching, whether of the distinctive doctrines of the Church, or the practical duties of the Christian life. If we wish to convince our congregations of the sin of worldliness, or mammon-worship, or sins of the tongue, or niggardliness in supporting the Church, why not tell them so at once, point their sin distinctly out to them, make them feel that we are preaching to them, and not at sins as they prevail in the world? "They" do so and so, and "the world" does so and so, and "the world" does very wrong, or "they" do very wickedly. This is all very well, perchance; and our congregations will accord that "they" and "the world" are very bad; and they will be not a whit better. It is all indefinite; it has an unreal, impracticable sound. This is a practical age; and mankind need to be met on their own grounds. If you wish them to take what you say, to themselves personally, you must apply it. Men have not time to do this for themselves.

Still you do not like that sermon; nor did Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton, nor Mrs. Fussy, nor Mrs. Nochurch,

nor Mrs. Fastidious, nor "the rest" of them, to use Mr. Blemmerton's language. But, perhaps they objected to it, for a different reason. It is impossible to satisfy all tastes in such a matter. Perhaps, had it been more agreeable to your wishes, to them it would have been still more unsatisfactory; or had it pleased you less, it would have been to them perfection itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GRANTNERS. REVELATION. FAMILY TRIALS.

BATH, situated in Somersetshire, England, about a hundred and ten miles west of London, in a beautiful valley, through which sweeps the river Avon, is said to be the best built town, and one of the most attractive in our mother-land. It is a town of antiquity, but became important, in comparatively modern times, on account of its mineral springs. And for many years it has been a noted summer resort, and the permanent residence of numbers of the wealthy and higher classes.

Here, in days gone by, dwelt Richard and Jane Grantner. Richard Grantner had been a prosperous merchant in London, and a man of prominence in the commercial enterprises of that great city; but, having amassed a large property, he retired from business, and selected the beautiful town of Bath, as the home of his declining days. Devoted members of the Church of England, living for the good of man and the glory of God, this pious couple descended to the tomb, leaving after them a memory which yet lives, in the traditions that have come down from their day; and the generations that succeeded them yet rise up and call them blessed.

In a fast age, forty or fifty years seem a long time for "the memory of the just to be blessed." Ah, how soon are the pious, the holy, forgotten! Even the tombs that

contain their sacred dust, the consecrated ground that holds their ashes, how are they rudely assaulted, or desecrated by the grasping hand of this money-seeking, mammon-worshipping age ! There is no time to dwell on the past. The past is slow. Throw over the mantle of obliviousness, sound the whistle, ring the bell, give us steam, we must away,—away ! There is no time for rest, for reflection, for meditation ; no time to look up towards eternity, to count the sands of life, as one by one they drop from our hour-glass. No : no time. Talk to us about the present ; the past is obsolete, the future is in the womb. The present, that is ours ; ours for gain, for pleasure, for excitement, for gold. Give us gold, or we die. Ah, we live in an earnest age about every thing of time ; but, alas ! we are not in earnest about eternity. We want the spirit of the nobleman who, from the depths of his soul, cried out, “ Sir, come down ere my child die.” John iv. 49. Here we see the real man’s heart, not in any half-way work, but whole-souled, gushing and running out in deed and in truth.

And is it not ever so with man, when he undertakes a work that he intends to accomplish ? Run your eye through all the avenues of life, and see if you cannot point out the men who are going to succeed in their undertakings ; and who are they but your earnest men ? They who lay their shoulders to the burden, who go to work with spirit, and help themselves along by their own indomitable efforts ? All men are ready to help them who help themselves. But take a mere drone ; one who trifles, dilly-dallies with his work, goes at it half asleep, half awake ; who moves along as though

he aimed at nothing, expected to accomplish nothing; and what is he set down to be worth? Just nothing. He is accounted a trifle. No one is willing to incur the risk of helping him. There is no time for experiments. He has no credit in the world. His note in the money market is no better than a piece of blank paper. It is so the world over. Men have keen sharp eyes everywhere, and a mere trifle is worth nothing. He is of less account in this fast age, than the airy bubble which the boy blows from his pipe, and which dances awhile in the air, reflecting the sunlight, and then bursts asunder and is gone; for that affords some childish pastime and amusement. But, a mere trifle cannot lay claim even to that.

This you say, is true. And yet we see not that we need the same deep earnestness in spiritual things. We are dying, and our sons and our daughters are dying. The plague is rife among us. We must arouse from our pleasing dreams. Our perishing souls must be held up before us, sickening and dying for the healing medicine which Christ alone can give, and which He hath commissioned His Church to dispense. But, alas! we will not have it; we will not cry out for it. And yet the day of the Lord cometh; the night is approaching, in which no work may be done. The Apostle hath written, "For that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first." 2 Thess. ii. 3.

Ah, this is an awful prophecy; and how is it fulfilling at the present day! What a lamentable departure do we behold from the faith, as with one heart and mouth it was held and professed in the early Church! And O, how sadly have men, called Christian, become

lovers of themselves rather than of God! Some deny the divinity of the Son of God; some, the Sacraments of His appointment; some, the unity of the Church; some, the endless punishment of the wicked, forgetting that in the nature of the case, the character formed in this life must endure forever. Some reject all mysteries; others cannot have mysteries enough without manufacturing them. Some have itching ears, and run after the fables of heresy and schism. Some profess without practice. Is it a word of theory? How many listen to it gladly! Is it a word of correction and reproof? How many turn away from it and harden their hearts! Give us smooth things, they say; delectable diet for the mind. Let us not hear of the rigors of repentance, or strictness of life, or soundness in the faith. Every man must go to heaven in his own way. Do not all men act so in the things of this life? Would you tie every man to your notions? No: we will be free. Give us not teaching; but tickle our fancies. We have not time for prosy dogmatizing; it is too slow for us. Give us pretty prayers, and pretty preaching. Abuse sin as much as you choose; but let us alone. It is not applicable to us. Let us dream on, sleep on; our dreaming is sweet; our sleep is glorious. Sound not in our ears that terrible sentence, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" And so, as the Apostle foretold, there is a falling away.

The world called Christian is rocked in a cradle of ease, and, like a sleeping infant, is fretful when it is aroused. Let us sleep on, rock on. Sing to us a lullaby. Give us soft music and gentle whispers. But the blast of the trumpet will come, and that lullaby will be over;

the dream, past and gone. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Richard and Jane Grantner had but two children, a son and a daughter, who succeeded to the fortune of the father. Mary Grantner, at the death of her father, who outlived his wife but a few years, was a sprightly flaxen-haired girl of ten years of age. Her brother Richard was her senior by twelve years. On the death of the father, the management of his estate devolved on Richard, who was also by the father's will the guardian of his sister, Mary.

After the first sharp affliction of the death of the last of his parents had measurably subsided, Richard Grantner placed his sister at a reputable school, at Cheltenham, conducted by the venerable Dr. Gnout. Here, the youthful Mary grew up, under the watchful eye of her preceptor and his excellent family. Dr. Gnout had grown gray in the service of training the daughters of England; and many are the venerable matrons that now adorn the English Church and the "doctrine of God their Saviour," who reverence the memory of this noble man, and sanctify it in the eyes of their children. Every good influence, every holy exercise was here brought to bear on the youthful mind and heart, to expand and train them for time and eternity.

In the bosom of this pious family had Mary Grantner grown to woman's estate. For eight years, she had been accustomed to look up to Dr. Gnout as her father, and to his venerable lady as a mother. His children were as her own brothers and sisters. But now the

time has arrived when these ties must be broken. The young must, by an absolute necessity, go forth into the world, to shape, under God's overruling providence, a destiny for themselves. Richard Grantner was expected the next morning, to convey her to her childhood's home, to meet, for the first time, the strange faces that lighted up her father's old mansion. Richard had been married for some years; and now the old halls rang again with the merry music of laughing voices and prattling tongues.

That night, at an earlier hour than usual, Mary retired to her chamber. Her heart was full, too full to enjoy the society of her kind friends. Indeed, a heavy gloom seemed to pervade all countenances, in that hitherto happy family; for Mary was a universal favorite, and loved by all the family as a daughter and sister; and there, in her own quiet chamber, she knelt before her God, and poured out her soul in prayer for strength and grace to meet her lot in life, and now to go forth into the world no more a girl, but a woman, to fulfil a woman's duty, and move in that sphere of usefulness which seemed about to open before her.

Ah! sorrow is the portion of all hearts here below, especially of those who bear the cross. Unto it were they baptized when they were "made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven." They were baptized into the sufferings and sorrows of the Son of Man, that they might also be partakers of His joys and crown of glory. We would not dry the tears of the young girl who is about to go out into the world to meet its realities, and especially of Mary Grantner; for there is yet a mightier

sorrow before her. She had been in her room more than an hour, when the arrival of her brother was announced; and she would have hasted down to meet him. But, before she could assuage her tears, he clasped her in his arms in her room; and they wept together in joy and sorrow, and mingled their tears in one.

Drawing her to a seat, he said to her: "Mary, I have sad news for you; not, however, so much for you as for myself; but I know that what concerns me, will also concern you." "Oh, brother, do tell me what it is. I hope that my dear sister, whom yet I have never seen, but whom I love for your sake, I hope nothing has happened to her or your sweet little Bessy and Bob. I have been so sad all day, that my heart has been near breaking."

"No, my dear sister, nothing of that sort. Bessy, and Bob, and dear Maggie, all are well. But, Mary, your brother is a ruined man. You know, Mary, that I have never been able to say 'No;' that I have always felt obliged to do all the good that I could; that I could never endure to see one of our friends or relatives stand in need of a helping hand, without stepping forward to his aid. Cousin Robert, you know, was driving a large business in London; and, for the last six years, I have been in the habit of giving him my name and becoming security for him. Robert has failed, and I am penniless. I do not censure him. He is as honest a man as the world can produce. I had, you know, unbounded confidence in him; and my confidence does not swerve a hair's breadth. But, he has failed through the failure of others, and I am a beggar. All my property will not pay half my liabilities for him."

“Brother, this is indeed sad news, but my heart is lightened of a heavy burden. Our happiness does not depend on wealth. We can be as happy in poverty as in wealth. We cannot, indeed, do so much good, but so much will not be required of us.”

“My sweet sister, you are to me like another angel of mercy. My own dear Maggie consoles me in the same way. I know it is right; and I bless God for giving me grace to bear my trial, and for cheering me with two such godly and sympathizing friends and companions as you and my own Maggie. With your sympathy and encouragement, I feel that I can breast the wave. But ah me! how can I stagger through that overwhelming debt, or see the name of old Richard Grantner dishonored in London, where it passes as the sign-manual of all that is upright and honorable.”

“The name of Richard Grantner shall not be dishonored, so long as I have a cent on the earth. I would beg my daily bread first!”

“God bless you, my sister! But it will take every dollar we both are worth, to meet my liabilities for Cousin Robert.”

“Take it, then. And if that will not suffice, here is my jewelry. Never, never shall the name you bear be dishonored, if I can save it. Poverty is no disgrace; and I welcome it, if on such terms it is to come.”

“But ah, my noble sister, I must insist on your not making such a sacrifice. Your property is all secure. And you must not beggar yourself on my account. I can buffet it through the world. But you I can never bear to see brought to so hard a struggle, for my sake.

You have never yet buffeted your way in the rude world. No, sister, I love you too well."

"Ah, you do not know me. It is true, I have never known a want. But, I am a woman; and your name and fame are dearer to me than dollars and cents. Perish the thought! I know it will be a sore trial to us both, to see our dear old homestead and all our father's toils go into the hands of others. But what do you suppose he would do? Ah, I know full well. And if, in Paradise, he can know aught of earth, my deed will have his approbation. No, I can meet all. Fear not for me. If need be, I can come to toil, yea, drudgery and poverty, any thing but disgrace on our father's name. This is the lesson he taught us, when his locks were silvered over; this the milk which we drew from the breasts of our sainted mother; this the loving teaching which, for eight years, I have received beneath this hallowed roof. And I will be true to it. I will not forsake you, brother. Your lot shall be mine. And if you love me, say no more in opposition to my course."

In a twelvemonth, the magnificent estate of the Grantners was gone. The debt of their Cousin Robert was liquidated, and a few hundred pounds remained. In the spring of 18—, Richard Grantner, his wife, two children, and sister Mary, bade farewell to their native isle, and sailed in a packet-ship from Liverpool to the New World of enterprise and activity.

Mary Grantner became the wife of William Wallace, and is the veritable mother of that little Agnes whom we met under the lamp, and whose story has entered into our former pages. We are writing from life. And life, as we have said before, runs often in crooked paths.

And we have seen that Mary Grantner met her pledge. We have not dwelt on all her story. There is a chasm between her marriage and the evening that we found her in that paneless upper story. Over this we pass, as it is not the main part of our design to give her history. But she fulfilled her high pledge to her brother. She met toil, and drudgery, and poverty, without murmuring, believing that it came from God, blessing the hand that sent it, and looking up to Him for strength to bear whatsoever He sent.

A sister's endurance, a mother's love: ah! there is nothing like these on the earth. Treasure them, whoever thou art that hast them. They are jewels, always bright and sparkling, but most so when our days are dark and friends are few. Nobody loves us as our mother. No one sympathizes with us as our sister.

Ah me! I had a sister once, but she is gone; the tall grass waves over her grave; her pure spirit dwells in the Paradise of God. She died, leaving two babes, two innocent little cherubs, but two years apart in age. They never knew their mother. A frail, youthful, and lovely flower: oh, how soon was she nipt by the icy hand of death! And those little babes are now a prattling boy and girl; but they know not their uncle. They water the flowers over their mother's grave; that is all they know of her; she sleeps so quietly there. But they yet shall see her and know her. Yes, in their Father's home above, there will be no more death, no more parting. Train them, Father, in their Spiritual Mother's bosom, and they will not be long separated. They will go to her; and angels shall introduce them to their Mother. Nay, she will know them, for God

hath not given us affections to be forever blighted. No, no, no: "we shall be satisfied, when we awake with His likeness."

I saw her not in death; duty called us into different spheres and fields. The last time I saw her, the parting broke my heart. She clung around my neck, bathing me in tears. I tore myself from her, never more to see her in this life. The white-robed priest, a kind, good brother, knelt at her side, while her pure spirit went to meet its God. "My brother! oh, that I could see my dear brother!" were among her last words. Sleep on, blessed one; thou art in peace, and thy brother is yet struggling on, doing our Master's will. In His own good time we shall meet; and then, the time will have been short: "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

And, then, to be far, far away from home and friends, and receive a mother's letter! Ah! there is a joy in this which all cannot appreciate. Hear how she writes: "Though you are far from me, I must try to be resigned, and commit you all to an all-wise God, who will ever be over those who trust in Him alone; for 'vain is the help of man,' and all things below are unsatisfying. I shall try to write more cheerfully, though it would be unnatural for me not to feel. And that you will admit, and think me more than callous if I could do so; for my thoughts will follow you, not always painting scenes that are brightest. A mother will, as long as life lasts, fondly cling to her children; yea, in death. It is cold, cold here; a snow lies on the ground, while, no doubt, you have spring weather: some beautiful

flowers out, too, I suspect. Dear ——, you must press me the first pretty bunch, and send it in a letter; I will keep it for your sake, and fancy you in the sunny South.

“Half past twelve o’clock. No letters! sad news for me. Still I hope on till to-morrow. But, Sunday intervening seems to speak home to the soul; then all week duties are laid aside. The heart holds even a nearer and more holy communion with its God; then, if possible, far off and absent ones seem brought nearer. When we kneel in prayer, all the loved ones are remembered; memory is set free from all that is earthly; and then we can bear them more fervently to the throne of the Lord in our prayers. Sing, sometimes, the songs you used to sing, dear ——, for me; and, when spring comes, our voices may mingle in the air together. Tell me what you’ll sing at a certain hour of the evening, and I will sing the same, at the same hour; though far away, there can be communion of thought and feeling. You used to love ‘When the swallows homeward fly.’ For your sake I sing it; and I often think of you, and apply many of the words to myself.”

Ah! our dear mother! It may be she may come and see us. Come on, mother, come on!

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD AUNT JUDY'S DEATH. THE COLORED POPULATION OF
THE SOUTH CARED FOR BY THE CHURCH.

PERHAPS, of all his parishioners in Heartfulville, none lamented Mr. Lovegood's departure more than old blind Judy, of whom we have casually spoken. Old Aunt Judy, as she was commonly called, had been a family servant of one of Mr. Lovegood's early friends in Heartfulville, a useful and pious member of the Church, whose eyes, Mr. Lovegood, assisted by Aunt Judy, had closed in death, some ten years prior to the events of which we now speak.

Upon opening the will of the master, it was discovered, that he had given Aunt Judy her freedom, and had also willed her the house and lot on which she resided, and a hundred dollars per annum, as a life annuity. He had also willed his freedom to her grandson Jim, whom she was required to support, until he was old enough to be of service to her. Not many years elapsed after the death of her master, before Aunt Judy was afflicted with blindness. She then became helpless, and Mr. Lovegood added to her annuity such items from the alms of the parish as sufficed for her comfortable maintenance. She was remarkable for good sense, strong attachments, and gratitude; and one of Mr. Lovegood's most delightful employments, was to sit and converse with this humble old woman.

Reader, be not astonished, when I tell you, that this

is not so strange a circumstance as you may imagine. Condition, caste, does not raise a barrier insurmountable between the pastor and those of the colored race, who, at his hands, receive the bread of life. There are numbers of devoted clergymen, throughout the South, who find great pleasure in ministering to the spiritual necessities of the colored race, whose attachments to the Church are very strong, ardent, and sincere, when they understand her true position. And this they are not slow in learning, when the true steps are taken to make them acquainted with the Church.

Old Aunt Judy was a sincere, pious, and sound Churchwoman, for one in her humble life; she loved the Church for Christ's sake, and could take no comfort in any religious service, apart from her own private devotions, that was not sanctified by the Church's order. Hence, when Mr. Lovegood resigned the pastoral charge at Heartfulville, it filled her with sorrow. But she had one consolation: "Massa Lovegood had promised to come back again on a visit, in the sweet month of June, and talk about old times." This was old Aunt Judy's theme, day and night. And as the spring opened, and the birds began to sing, and the flowers to burst into bloom, she seemed almost to grow young again. And day by day was she led down to the deserted study; for she said she could "hear Massa Lovegood's mocking-birds, and she knew they were singing for him to come back again." This was pleasure enough for her; and there she would sit, by the hour, on the steps at the study door. The days seemed long, tedious. Tedious they were to her; for the blind have a monotonous life: nothing but reflection on the

past, and communion with God, is left to them. Time is indeed full enough. But, flesh and the spirit will grow weary. So, day by day, Aunt Judy patiently waited at the study; day by day, the mocking-birds trilled their notes as of old; day by day, the spirit of Aunt Judy grew more and more faint. The children, as they passed to and from school, always had a word for Aunt Judy, and she for them.

“Ah, my child, Aunt Judy knows your voice, but she can't see you. ‘Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name.’ Ah, my child, Massa Lovegood taught me that sweet Psalm, long time ago. You are Massa D.'s daughter. Yes, I know you; the Lord bless you! I knew when your mother was a little girl like you, and her mother used to bring her to see old missus. I could see then! Ah, the old times, the old times!”

And so the time wore away sadly; ah, how sadly, for poor old Aunt Judy! It was now the middle of June, and Mr. Lovegood had not yet made his promised visit to his old parish. One day, as the children passed from school, they called, as usual, to Aunt Judy. There she sat in the same place, leaning against a column of the portico; but she answered not; they opened the wicker-gate, and went softly in, supposing she was asleep; but ah, Aunt Judy was sleeping the sleep of death! She held in her hand a newly-blown rose, which she had plucked from the multiflora that bloomed around her seat. She was gone. She had grown weary of waiting. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. She had doubtless died, imploring blessings on her beloved pastor.

Mr. Lovegood arrived in Heartfulville the next day ; but, he was too late. His old blind alms-pensioner was gone to her last, long sleep. Death waits not ; the aged gather their funeral robes around them, and they are gone. It was a heavy bereavement to Mr. Lovegood ; for he loved old Aunt Judy, and had cherished the anticipations of her cordial greeting. But now he should greet her no more, till he met her in that land where the blind are restored to sight. Then, together they should “ see the King in His beauty ! ” And he wept, as few weep at the death of an humble colored woman. There being yet no Rector supplying his place, Mr. Lovegood on the next day committed her dust to its last resting-place.

His days in that parish, he said, had run through so long a period with that humble servant of the Lord, that he could not refrain from improving the occasion, to hold up her example to the people of his late charge, as one worthy of their imitation. He rejoiced to see so much respect paid to departed worth, in the humblest circumstances of life. It was no ordinary occasion, that had brought such a concourse of young and old, high and low, bond and free, to the Lord’s sanctuary. It was an evidence that Christian virtues were revered in the lowly, as well as in the more exalted ; that the religion of Christ had a moral power and charm about it, which all must cherish, however they may fail in personal sanctity. The example of that humble Christian would live long in the memory of all who knew her. “ The memory of the just is blessed ; ” “ so He giveth His beloved sleep. ” “ I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth bless-

ed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors." Yea, there is no more conflict; no more fear of the enemy; no more strife with the flesh. They are called up higher. The spirit goes forth to participate in the joys and fellowship of the Church Triumphant. There, released from every sorrow and anguish of earth, free from dread of sin and temptation, the soul lives but to enjoy the blessedness of Paradise, awaiting with patient hope the Morning of the Resurrection, and the Day of Judgment, when the history of the conflict between good and evil, and of the triumph of the God-man over all the powers of darkness, will be unfolded, and the dust of the grave shall revive, immortal, and be "clothed upon" with that body which God shall give it, and Paradise shall be thrilled with the gladsome sympathies of an eternal fellowship. "Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD." Think what it is to be with the God-man Mediator; not yet, indeed, admitted into the highest glory which awaits the redeemed, but still enjoying His blessings, and rich foretastes of the final glory which shall be revealed at the last day. Think what it is to hear the melody of the heavenly hosts; yea, to behold, and with the great Hooker, meditate on their "order and beauty," as they sweep their harps before the Throne; to wear the white robes, and await with patience the day which is to reveal the secrets of all hearts, and write up the full history of the world, and the love that rescued man from ruin. Yea, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

"Earth is the spirit's rayless cell;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade

Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell ;

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done ;
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

O not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the ' hoary head,'
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove to fly !
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife ;
O, for its home in the upper life !
When, when will death draw nigh ?'*

* Thatcher.

CHAPTER XV.

CLERICAL TRIALS. CLERICAL PLEASURES. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A CLERGYMAN finds it impossible to please every one. Indeed, if he appreciates aright his office, he will never strive to do so at the sacrifice of truth, or a compromise of principle. He remembers the Lord's warning, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." He knows, that to be popular with all, he must speak things pleasing to all, and must somewhere let go duty, or the distinctive truths of the faith; for, all men will not bear to have their hearts torn open, their spiritual deformities revealed, or the distinctive principles of the Church plainly set forth, and at the same time admire him who thus faithfully discharges his sacred functions.

Disguise it from ourselves as we may, there can be little doubt, that the estimation in which the clerical office is held by the sect spirit, acts in a reflexive way, unfavorably upon the Church. Notwithstanding the sacredness of the holy office, and the authority with which it comes to us from God, and which are taught and recognized by the Church, most fully and distinctly, on the authority of Scripture, there is an under-current of sentiment, borrowed from some of the phases and doings of the denominations around us, pervading the minds of many who profess and call themselves

Churchmen, which clings to and fosters the notion, that the clergy are merely preachers, and preachers, too, of the opinions of those who "hire" them, and pay them their wages : a sentiment which throws the great question of office, work, authority, out of view, or holds it in abeyance, and which measures the man as man, by a factitious rule, that finds its spring in the substitution of a perverted will, for the living truth of the living God.

The fact may be verified, by the current modes of thought and expression that pervade a parish, when a clergyman first enters on the discharge of his sacred functions. Each of his parishioners will have a fancy, and an opinion, or notion, of his own. The poor Rector will be too high, or too low, for Mr. this or Mr. that. Sometimes, he will be too strict or too loose, too fiery or too prosy, too light or too heavy, too energetic or too dull. Sometimes, he will be too pointed and practical, or too airy and fanciful. He visits too much for Mrs. A., or too little for Mrs. B. He has too much voice for Mr. C., or too little for Mr. D.; and Mrs. E. declares it is awful, she can scarcely hear a word, forgetting that she is quite deaf, and that the clergyman cannot give her ears. And if he speak of such things too plainly, he gives offence.

For one party, he is not graceful enough in his delivery, or he is too fast for Mr. Slow, or too slow for Mr. Fast. He has not a pleasant voice to the ear of Mr. Musical. Mr. Hard thinks nothing of a preacher who does not make him feel as though Satan were at the pew-door, and himself screwing up in the opposite corner to keep clear of him; and Mr. Soft cannot

endure that style of sermonizing; he delights in the great outlines of the Gospel, in hearing sin abused, but cannot bear to be made to realize that himself is a sinner. "That suits A., B., or C., but *I* am not in the category." And alas! Mr. Soft and Mr. Hard, could they both be pleased, would remain just the same, they would be not a whit better.

Then, perhaps, the remiss Rector does not pay sufficient court and deference to Mrs. Tallman, or Miss Dasher. He is too ugly for Mrs. P., or too handsome for Mr. Q., who is resolute in the assertion, that all handsome clergymen are caressed until they are spoiled; or, he has preached pointedly against worldliness, mammon-seeking, and subserviency, or warned communicants against taking the world to their bosom, and bowing before its fashionable requirements, in the midnight rout and merry dance, and thereby offended some of the "upper tens;" or, at some time, he has turned his back on the people, and faced the altar, and by some wise Methodistical body has been called by a bad name. Or, after all, and worse than all, he has been ground down by poverty, and a hard, rugged struggle, while his parishioners have lived in luxury, and lavished their thousands on the fashions and follies of a perishing world; or, his little family, growing up around him, will have bodies to be clothed and mouths to be fed, and he cannot help it, and desires a little increase of salary: then, he is parsimonious, and a money-seeker.

Alas! these are unpleasant reflections; they fall not on paper with any degree of pleasure. We know they are true; and the reader knows the same, although neither he nor the writer may have personally experi-

enced them to any great degree. We write from life, from whose book we take our notes ; and we make no apologies.

The reader is already aware of two facts in the thread of our sketch : first, that Mr. Lovegood would find some crooked characters in his new charge ; secondly, that he not only had the faculty of winning the affections of the young, but also of commanding, to a very high degree, their respect and obedience. On the afternoon that he delivered his first sermon to his new congregation, a synopsis of which has already been given, he made his appearance in the Sunday School. He had a word of kindness for all the little boys and girls ; and he called them his children, putting his hand on the head of each in turn, and asking his or her name. He said, he had no doubt they all were good boys and girls. This pleased them very much ; not so much on the score of vanity ; but that it was a manifestation of confidence in them. If you wish to influence children for good, never act towards them as though you expected them to do wrong, but right. This was ever Mr. Lovegood's plan ; and so, on the present occasion, by manifesting this confidence in them, he gained theirs, and won upon their affections.

“ Now, boys,” said he, “ I know you are boys. You can spin a top, make and fly a kite, play marbles and ball, and bandy, and jump, and run, or turn a somerset, like all other boys, can't you ? ” “ O yes, Sir ! ” exclaimed they. “ And you, girls,” continued he, “ can play doll and baby-house. ” “ O yes, Sir,” said the girls. “ Very well,” said he, “ boys and girls who can

do these things, can get good lessons for Sunday School. So you see I shall expect you to be diligent, and always to know your lessons well; to be punctual in your attendance at school, and obedient to your spiritual teachers, pastors, and masters, as you are taught in the Catechism."

The children's eyes sparkled with delight, as they retired from the Sunday School; and their little hearts danced with joy, as they looked forward to meeting Mr. L. on the coming Sunday. There was a bond of sympathy between him and them; they understood each other; he looked into their hearts, and they into his; they loved each other.

But, one little fellow, Tom Jones, unfortunately mistook the point raised by Mr. L.'s remarks about playing ball and turning somersets. When, therefore, the aforesaid Tom reached home, to the infinite amusement of his parents and elder brothers, he deliberately drew a chair to the middle of the floor. Having carefully inspected it on all sides, he stretched himself across it, and gradually let himself down, head foremost, until he stood fairly on his head, holding himself in that position by the rounds of the chair; having satisfied himself with this feat, in a moment he trounced over on his back, making a pretty fair somerset.

"There," says Tom, "I knew I could do it. I told him so." "Tommy, my dear," said his anxious mother, "what are you doing? Are you crazy?" "No, indeed, mother," said Tom, with a grave face. "Mr. Lovegood told me I must turn somersets." "Why, Thomas, are you beside yourself?" "Deed, mother, he did," persisted Tom. "He asked me if I could do

it, and I told him I could. And I am only trying ; for Mr. Lovegood told me it was my lesson for next Sunday, and that all the boys must see how smart they can be."

Mrs. Jones, it is true, had good practical common sense enough to know, that Tommy had in some way misapprehended Mr. Lovegood ; yet it pleased her to see that son her was disposed to be attentive and obedient. But it was too good a joke not to be repeated ; and, as most parents are fond of relating the naïve tricks or smart little things in their children, that throw out in their estimation foreshadowings of a great future, we pardon Mrs. Jones for seeing in this act of the afore-said Thomas, the signs of a great Jones to be. That day, wherever the delighted mother went, Tommy's smart trick, as she termed it, was the theme of her conversation ; and, indeed, it was a pleasant one. But, to Mrs. Jones's credit, we will say, that she had no thought of making any trouble for Mr. Lovegood, or affording for any one a ground of censure against him. She was quite a good, consistent Churchwoman, not given to gossiping nor fault-finding, always ready to esteem her Rector "very highly in love for his work's sake." She saw only Tommy's simple *naïveté*.

Notwithstanding, the poor Rector was not to be free from the vials of wrath. When Mrs. Fastidious heard of it, she exclaimed, "she was positively shocked ! Who ever heard of a clergyman's condescending to such an undignified thing, as to talk nonsense with children ! and she was sure they had all laughed right out in Sunday School. Suppose Tommy had made a little mistake ; it was certain he did not fabricate it.

Something of the kind must have occurred, and it was too undignified to be tolerated. Dear me, what are we coming to? I'll ask Lucinda and Harry what Mr. Lovegood did say; and I vow, if such talk was carried on, I'll send my children to Dr. Riproarer's Sunday School. I'd rather they'd be Presbyterians, than sanction such doings; profanity, I had like to have said!"

Mrs. Fastidious was certainly warm. Harry and Lucinda, when called upon, related exactly what Mr. L. had said, and how he said it. But it was useless; they loved Mr. L., with the rest of the children; but, next Sunday, they were marched off to Dr. Riproarer's Sunday School.

These little cliques generally met to discuss the affairs of the Church and nation at large, at short intervals; not, indeed, by any set appointment, but accidentally, and yet with marked system and promptitude. The several members understood each other, sympathized with each other, and so were sympathetically drawn together.

Mrs. Blemmerton was pretty much of the opinion of Mrs. Fastidious. "But it's the way these Puseyites have," she continued, "of winning upon our children. They get children attached to them by such means, at least Mr. Blemmerton says so; and then it is vain for us even to try to make any thing out of them. Puseyites they are bound to be!"

"Oh, me," said Mrs. Nochurch, "you don't mean to say that Mr. Lovegood is a Puseyite, do you, Mrs. Blemmerton?" Mrs. Blemmerton was not yet fully prepared to pass sentence on that point. "You know,"

continued she, "that *we* are very friendly with Mr. Lovegood, and he has been twice to see us, and is very anxious to get Dele Airmyth to take a class in the Sunday School." "Ah ha! I see," said Mrs. Fastidious; "I see!"

"Never mind. Mr. Lovegood thinks it a good thing to get young ladies interested in the Sunday School; he thinks it a stepping-stone to better things; and I think so, too; and desire Dele to undertake it, very much. But she thinks she can never awake and dress in time to go. But I tell her, that I will have her waked very early. At any rate, I don't suppose that the Sunday School has any thing to do with Puseyism."

"Now I wonder! Do tell!"

"Well, as I said, I do not wish exactly to give an opinion. I do decidedly think that his talking to the boys about such silly things was very reprehensible; but you must be sure not to tell him that I said so. And as to Puseyism, I can tell you only in a whisper, that Mr. Blemmerton did not like his sermon last Sunday morning. We did not go in the afternoon; because you know we never do; it is so decidedly unfashionable. And he said that Mr. Pleasants said, that Mr. Wise said, that Mr. Flanders said, that that sermon was decidedly unevangelical. It was all about 'the ministry,' and 'the Church,' and 'the sacraments, and 'the means of grace,' and the like. I profess to know but little about such things, but Dr. Thunderer, you know, the other night called all this the 'great sacramental system,' which he says is nothing more nor less than Romanism. And Dr. Thunderer is certainly high authority."

The ball, it will be perceived, was fairly in motion. Mr. Lovegood, his sermon, and his doings in the Sunday School, were all duly discussed by this little gossiping party, whose nature it was to complain of any and every thing, if for no other reason, because,—and it was a weighty “because,”—the whole management and control of every thing pertaining to the Church was not vested in them. And there are few parishes that do not, in some shape or form, encounter this portentous evil of gossiping; a pragmatical, officious, intermeddling temper, that perpetually crosses the injunction of the Apostle, “Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.”

We pause, not to dash into an essay on this theme, though it be very prolific. Yet we cannot forego the occasion to say, that a gossiping, intermeddling disposition, is a most dangerous and unhappy one. It is ever prone to press beyond all reasonable bounds, from idle tattling to the overt act of bitter scandalizing. The consequence is, that the possessor of such a disposition is frequently rendered miserable, by the reaction of his or her own acts, and the merited rebuffs that they meet from those whose rights they have violated, or whose usefulness they have impaired. And it is dangerous, because of the many evils that follow in its wake, and especially because the confirmed gossip will ever be on the alert, looking for work in his favorite employment, prone to seek it out, either by inquiry or surmise. And then there ensues all the misery of tattling, and backbiting, and false-accusing, vices pernicious to soundness of faith and Christian morality.

A gossiping disposition is always unsettled, un-

steady, and not apt or adequate to any thing great or noble ; or, if it succeed in developing striking traits or powers in one direction, they will be sure to be obscured or counterbalanced, by something that detracts from them in another. A truly great and well-balanced mind fastens itself upon specific and worthy objects, and to these it devotes all its mighty energies, and consequently develops and accomplishes great things. Boyle, young in years, mastered the whole round of philosophy, enlightened the world with his acquirements, and yet found ample time to discharge his duties to society and his fellow-men. He studied to be quiet, attended strictly to his sphere of duty, did good ; and his almost unbounded charities made glad the hearts of thousands of widows and orphans. Boyle was no gossip.

Bacon, on the other hand, also a master of philosophy, a man whose attainments dispelled the falsities and mysticisms of the philosophy that had swayed the world, was tinctured, we believe, with a pragmatical disposition, and debased his high office by bribery and corruption ; and his great name, with all its honors, descends to posterity with a tarnish upon it.

A gossip is unsafe, and not to be trusted. A gossip cannot hold or keep a secret ; and will therefore be untrue, and not trustworthy. The gossiping spirit is inimical to the Gospel, inimical to growth in grace. Whoever is its possessor, bears about him or her, day by day, a misery and an evil ; a plague through life, that may end in a plague throughout eternity.

But, we opine, that Mrs. Blemmerton never made a greater mistake, than when she said Mr. Lovegood was

anxious to have Deliah Airmyth take a class in Sunday School. No such wish had been excogitated in his brain. The wish and the anxiety were both on the other side. Mrs. Blemmerton had proposed it herself, assuring Mr. Lovegood that she “hoped Dele had a decidedly pious turn, and needed only a little help to be brought to Confirmation; for she had wept the best part of the night, about a week ago, and said, at last, ‘Well, I believe I’ll give up the world.’ Now that was a good sign. And she thought the Sunday School the best training-sphere for a preparation for confirmation. As to herself, she knew she was not good enough to think of such a thing; but she desired to see her children pious, and Dele was at times so seriously inclined, that she was anxious on her account. Julia Jasper was too young; she was not yet quite seventeen. But Dele was older than she looked; and it was quite time for her to assume a character of her own, and take a decided stand. Her brother, had he lived, would now have been thirty-six, and he was Dele’s senior exactly ten years.” This was right good arithmetic, and we suppose Mr. L. knew Miss Deliah’s age.

Mr. Lovegood listened to all this, much as a man would, who was compelled to hear something against his will. Not many days elapsed, before, by mere accident, he heard all about Miss Deliah Airmyth’s night of weeping. There had been a grand ball, to which Miss Deliah was invited; but, unfortunately, a day or so before it came off, she, in running hastily up stairs, accidentally hurt her foot, which immediately swelled, and became very painful; and, refusing to yield to all emollients, and the best of medical skill, it

compelled her to forego her anticipated pleasure. That was to poor Miss Dele a night of weeping, indeed ; but she shed few tears of penitence, we opine, except in so far as she repented of running too hurriedly up stairs.

Mr. Lovegood meditated on these developments ; and, like a discreet parson, he kept his meditations to himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

POLITICAL HUSTINGS. MR. BLEMMERTON BEFORE THE PEOPLE. A SICKNESS WORSE THAN SEA-SICKNESS.

TIME, as it revolves on its great wheel, brings many changes. And still the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is often verified. Mr. John Blemmerton has of late grown wonderfully liberal. Money seems no longer the leading object of his life. Indeed, it is rumored, that of late he has been seen several times to pause in the street, and drop a sixpence into the gaunt hand stretched out for alms. He has been known also, to put a quarter eagle into the bag, at a collection made in Dr. Thunderer's meeting-house, to defray the expenses of Dr. Orator to the World's Temperance Convention, to be held somewhere, perhaps in London. And, indeed, we may say it to his credit, that, although he does not contribute, he no longer grumbles that Mr. Lovegood takes a weekly offertory.

He is found regularly in his pew in St. ——'s Church, on Sunday morning, and is disposed to be quiet, though at the last election for vestrymen his name was dropped. His Sunday evenings, as usual, are devoted to the services of Dr. Thunderer or Dr. Riproarer. And Dr. Riproarer has been heard to boast, that Mr. B. had subscribed five hundred dollars towards the building of his contemplated elegant meeting-house, which, it is rumored, is to be supplied with

an organ of immense power, and to exhibit a gilded cross on the spire. And Dr. Riproarer does not hesitate to publish this act of Mr. B.'s abroad, right-lustily, as one of lasting honor and imperishable fame, and as a token of the liberal, unbigoted principles of the donor.

In truth, take him all in all, in the world's eye, Mr. B. is a decided improvement. It is true, he will not contribute to any of the Church's appeals; has again and again refused demands from the Church, to aid feeble churches and missionary work. He pays his hundred dollars' pew-rent in St. ——'s Church, and that is all. But the Church goes on without him. Outside of the Church, he is decidedly in advance of himself. He talks much about the cause of humanity, temperance, benevolence, and, as we have said, he is right well disposed to assist with his means the popular movements of the day. His name, consequently, has of late figured largely in the papers in the dollar and cent line; and many flattering letters of thanks have appeared in print, to Mr. John Blemmerton, for his noble responses to the calls of philanthropy.

And Mrs. Blemmerton is more profuse than ever, in catering to the demands of fashionable society. Her parties are spoken of, as of the most "superb order," manifesting in their getting up the most perfect non-chalance as to expense. In taste, in beauty, in magnificence, they eclipse the city. In addition to her former magnificent arrangements, she has converted a suite of rooms into a grand dancing-saloon, in whose decorations art, irrespective of cost, has lent her most exquisite touch of elegance and refinement. And when the glittering chandeliers pour out their flood of light, and

the exhilarating music floats over the throng, and the giddy whirl commences, Mrs. B. exults in her success, and receives with delight the plaudits of her guests, as they compliment her taste and judgment.

“Miss Dasher declares that this is equal to the days of Athenian splendor and elegance;” and “Mr. Weak-in-the-Upper-Story thinks, that Mrs. B. has borrowed from the Athenians, and improved upon their pattern.”

Now Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton, withal, were calculating people. They counted the cost; they looked upon all these things as investments, which were to bring back their interest. By them, Mrs. B. purchased and maintained her position in fashionable society. And Mr. B. had of late taken it into his head, that he would not live in the world, without identifying his name with the great men of the age, and handing it down to posterity, with that gracious little contraction “Hon.,” added to it. Both he and Mrs. B. had long since come to the conclusion, that “Hon. John Blemmerton” would read well in print. Mr. B. must go to Congress. And the fact is announced, that, “at the solicitation of numerous friends, Mr. John Blemmerton has been reluctantly induced to allow himself to run for a seat in the next Congress.” The dear people are also told, of what they are undoubtedly already aware, that the aforesaid Mr. B. may be fully relied on as the unflinching friend of the poor man, and the working classes in general.

We beg pardon of Jonathan Heartful, Esquire, for having lost sight of him so long. He is neither dead, nor buried, and therefore, “in the course of human

events," it is rendered necessary that he appear again on the stage. Mr. H. had steadily pursued his profession of the law, in the city of ———, and now stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. He had never sought the popular favor, nor striven to win it, but by a diligent and faithful application to his profession. He had been no whining courtier of the dear people, and the dear people loved him all the more for it; and now he was designated, by almost universal consent, as the proper one to take the field against the new champion, Mr. J. Blemmerton. The candidates are fairly in the field. The reader knows much more than we can tell him, about the doings of an electioneering campaign; and therefore we shall not attempt to particularize. The rival candidates for popular favor had frequently met at the public hustings, and discussed some of the leading political topics. Mr. B. always retired, sorely worsted and chagrined. And it happened, that, at a public meeting a few days before the election, Mr. B., losing all self-control, took occasion to allude, in unmeasured terms of harshness, to the profession of his opponent, and his capabilities for the position which they both sought.

"Lawyers," he said, "had ever had too much to do with the management of our public affairs. It was time, he thought, that business men, who understood the wants of the people, and sympathized with them, who were the friends of the working-classes, had some control in state affairs. We want no more legal men; they are not the working-man's friend. They are the friends of their own pockets, and know how to charge exorbitant fees. Fellow-citizens," said he, in what he

supposed to be an outburst of eloquent indignation, "I would scorn to take an undue advantage of the position of my young friend, who asks your votes for a post of dignity ; yet, as I desire to serve you faithfully, and you expect me to speak the truth, and know that I am your friend, as for long years we have together put our shoulders to the wheel," "Your own wheel!" cried one unruly voice. "To push on the great car of improvement," "Of putting dollars in your pocket!" cried another. "To aid in lifting the working-classes from their degradation," "Rather to grind their faces," whispered another. "I must say, that, looking simply to the profession of our young friend, he presents no claim to your support. If he concocted a law, it would be so full of technicalities, that you would have to fee a lawyer, before you could understand it."

Mr. Heartful deprecated the course Mr. B. had taken. He abhorred canting and hypocritical masquerading before the public. For himself, he had no promises to make, no claims of which to boast. He had not sought the position ; and if he were not elected, he cared not a fig. But, since his opponent had challenged it at his hands, he would show up to the full gaze the fruits of Mr. B.'s great love for the working-man. He here went into a scathing account of the history of his treatment of William Wallace and his family, beneath which Blemmerton paled and trembled. Mr. H. said, that he regretted it ; but, duty to the true cause of man compelled him to silence the pretensions that had that day been put forth. "And this," continued he, "is the poor man's friend ! Alas ! alas ! you say, for such friendship ! Go ask the widow and the orphan ; go ask the

naked and the hungry, spurned from that man's door; then listen to what you have heard to-day, and compare notes."

Mr. B. little dreamed of all this. He was caught in his own trap. That story had come out.

Mr. B. was sick abed until a month or more after the election. The phantom of distinguished honor was much farther off than ever. He could scarcely see its gaunt, skeleton arm, raised in the mist which seemed to envelop it, beckoning him on. He gave up the chase. Jonathan Heartful was elected, as the papers announced, by a "tremendous majority." And we may leave him in Congress, to shift for himself, and sharpen his wits by a conflict with the wits of the great men of the nation.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DEATH-BED AND A DISCOVERY.

MRS. WALLACE had been gradually declining, since her kind friends had provided so amply for her comfort. Mr. Lovegood had long since made her acquaintance; and now was found daily at her bedside, ministering, and deriving instruction and consolation, from communing with the saintly spirit, clothing itself for the world to come. We ever seem to be nearer heaven, when, holding converse with the saintly one, who, drawing near to "the valley of the shadow of death," must soon stand in the Lord's courts. It seems as though we already stood within the hallowed "circle of the redeemed" who "rest from their labors," and partook of their beatific joys. And O, how changed is the aspect of death, when viewed at the dying couch of the humble Christian, from what it is when seen in one who has lived without God in the world, and passes away without Hope beyond! We have, indeed, seen the wretchedly-hardened and wicked die calmly; but, there was no Heaven in that calmness. Stoical indifference, or obtuseness, has no mark of the Cross. It cannot be imposed upon us, for the impress of a sanctified heart and will. It is not the hallowed calm, as of angel-whisperings, foreshadowing rest beyond the tomb.

And we have seen one, whose sanctity was unquestioned, pass through an "awful baptism" of sufferings,

shuddering over the grave, shrinking from death, its cold embrace and icy touch, and piteously lamenting a want of preparation.

It was but a sore temptation of "the evil one;" for that trembling spirit had, for long years, been braced by the Grace of Immanuel. We never knew one more lovely in her Christian character, more watchful, more prayerful, more given to self-examination, more devoted to all charities and good works. She had been a pattern-woman, in all that was beautiful and attractive in Christian excellence; and yet, when the "dread monarch" approached her, the flesh was appalled, and the spirit trembled, as it gazed, with undimmed eye, into the awful profound of eternity.

Never shall we forget that scene. For long, weary hours, did she wrestle with that temptation. She felt as though she were deserted of heaven, and stood alone, without hope and without consolation. We prayed with her, reasoned with her, read to her the most thrilling and cheering promises of her divine Lord; portrayed to her the Cross, and the great redemption thereon wrought, and the mercies by it bestowed, and the mighty hopes and privileges which were hers, as a follower of Christ. And when the temptation was over, she seemed like one who had passed through a great conflict of afflictions. But, the "Sun of righteousness" gilded all the rest of her way to "the dark valley." She partook of the sacred symbols of her Lord's body and blood, and received strength; and, as the clouds rolled away, and the spirit breathed freely again, such a radiant countenance, almost as if transfigured, and such sweet, heavenly musings, we never beheld, never

heard. It seemed, that the very chamber was bathed with light from heaven, and that the spirit of the dying was about to dissolve and pass away, in its kindred element.

It was a glorious evening in Spring, the Sunday next before Easter. The toils of the day being over, Mr. Lovegood was seated in his study, meditating on the services of the day through which he had passed, and the duties and employments of the ensuing Passion Week, and "the great day," to which it is a prelude.

Of all the hours of a clergyman's life, his Sunday evenings are, without doubt, the most pleasurable and happy. 'Tis then, more than at any other period, perhaps, that his heart is free and light and joyous; not that the day's work is done, but that he has added one more effort to the labors of

"The Sundays of man's life,"

that,

"Threaded together on timè's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the Eternal, glorious KING!"*

And his heart, so lately pouring itself out in prayer, at the holy altar, in behalf of his flock, now gushes out in the calm, quiet, hallowed evening hour, with joy and thanksgiving for all the mercies of the day, and the holy message which he hath delivered; and he meditates with delight on that "Sabbath" of rest which is eternal.

Mr. Lovegood is interrupted in his meditations by Mr. Friendly. Mr. F. is always a welcome visitor; but, on this occasion, he brought painful intelligence. He had just paid his usual evening visit to Mrs. Wallace, and

* Herbert.

found her dying. They hurried to the home of the dying woman. Her illness had suddenly increased. And there, on this hallowed eve, did Sarah Wallace partake of her last Communion on earth. Henceforth, she will commune with all saints in Paradise.

The commendatory prayer was said; and the faithful Pastor remained to see the last struggle, and wipe the death-damps that gathered on the brow.

The reader will remember, that, in a former chapter, we spoke of a curiously-wrought antique silver cup, which we saw in a cupboard at Mrs. Wallace's. This cup, on the present occasion, by an apparent accident, having attracted Mr. Lovegood's attention, he took it into his hand, and, after examining it minutely, remarked, "It is singular, very singular; but this cup, in a mysterious way, revives old associations."

He looked first at it, and its initials, and then intently at Mrs. Wallace: "How strange!" exclaimed he. "It is now many years since I have seen any thing like it; but I cannot mistake; the impression is too vivid; it is the very pattern and style of my mother's silver ware!"

The dying woman, in hurried and broken accents, informed him, that it was a gift from her mother, when she was a little girl. The initial "G" stood for her maiden name, Grantner. It was all that she retained which bore any trace of the past, except the weary heart, which was about to find rest. Mr. Lovegood was deeply moved. His eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Wallace continued a brief narrative of her past history, seeming to be braced with almost superhuman strength, in the very grasp of death. She told him all the sacrifices

she had made for her cousin Robert, as already detailed, prior to her removal to this country; and, to render those sacrifices more complete, her brother Richard had died, shortly after reaching the New World. Bereft of every earthly friend, she had shared the lot and life of poverty and hardships of William Wallace. So long as he retained his health, and poverty and disease did not overcast their days, they continued faithful and regular in their attendance on the Church's services, and received the attention of the Rector of the church in which they worshipped; but, the Rector dying, a new clergyman succeeded him, and, his duties increasing, they were gradually lost sight of, until extreme suffering had brought them to the condition in which they were found on that memorable night by Mr. Heartful.

"And your mother," said Mr. Lovegood, "was Mary Gould?" The dying woman fixed her glazed eyes upon him, and gasped for breath, groaning aloud.

"And I, and I," continued he, choked with emotion, "am the son of your mother's sister, Grace Gould, who married Robert Lovegood, your own cousin. O God! wonderful art Thou in all Thy ways! Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour!"

We intrude not upon the sanctity of that scene. When the first gush of feeling, occasioned by the recognition, had subsided, Mr. Lovegood gave her a brief relation of his life in this country. His father had removed hither, when his children were very young, bringing them all with him except the eldest, whom he left to be educated, and to engage in mercantile business; and

he died some years after his arrival, leaving an embarrassed estate and a helpless family. His mother turned the remnant of her property into ready money, and removed to the West. There, meeting with many privations, in a new and rugged country, she had, from the force of circumstances and pressing duties, imperceptibly become weaned from her early associations; and, for a number of years before her death, had ceased to have any communication with her friends in England. Hence he knew nothing of the intervening history of his relatives. All, to him, between the period of his father's death and that hour, pertaining to the history of his family in England, was a blank.

“And,” continued he, “how providential, that that old silver cup should have made such a revelation of the past. Truly, the ways of Providence are mysterious. And this is your dear daughter Agnes. Henceforth, she shall be mine; the object of my care and affections. Come to me, my child. I will be unto you a father, from this hour, and make amends for the past.” “O my soul, be joyful in the Lord!”

Mr. Lovegood cast his eyes upon the bed: the spirit had passed away with that exulting sentence, and gone on angels' wings to Paradise. Death reigned. A heavenly smile played a moment on the lips, which seemed to hallow the scene, and proclaim that all was well.

The Pastor, with a full heart, sunk upon his knees, and poured out his heart in that beautiful prayer of the Church:

“O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered; make us, we beseech

Thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life ; and let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives : that, when we shall have served Thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience ; in the communion of the Catholic Church ; in the confidence of a certain faith ; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope ; in favor with Thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world : All which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

“ O welcome hiding-place, O refuge meet !

For fainting pilgrims in this desert way ;

O kind Conductor of these wandering feet,

Through snares and darkness to the realms of day !

Soon did the Sun of Righteousness display

His healing beams ; each gloomy cloud dispel,

While on the parting mist, in colors gay,

Truth's cheering bow of promise fell,

And Mercy's silver voice soft whisper'd, ' All is well. '

CHAPTER XVIII.

FEMALE EDUCATION. CHRISTIAN NURTURE.

It was not without counting the cost, that Mr. Lovegood had volunteered to pledge himself to the pleasing task of becoming a father unto the fatherless, Agnes Wallace. The ties of consanguinity, which he had just discovered, rendered this a still more delightful duty, for such he felt it to be.

Upon examining the family Bible of his deceased cousin, he found a register, setting forth the date of the birth of Agnes, and also of her baptism by the Rector of ——— Church. And it only remained to him to train her, as “a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.” He was not long in discovering, that her pious mother had been diligent in instructing her in the Catechism; and, with her amiable disposition and gentle manners, softened, if not refined, by the trials through which she had passed, this meek lamb of the flock of the Great Shepherd needed only the fostering hand of diligence and love, to become an ornament to her sex, a gem among the many bright jewels which adorn the “Bride of Christ.”

Nature had lavished upon her, with no sparing hand, the graces of a comely person, now bursting into womanhood, and a mind which only needed cultivation to be expanded for a wide field of action in the sphere of female usefulness.

We condescend not to the trivial office of a mere flatterer of feminine virtues; for we honestly believe, that there is no virtue becoming in the gentler sex, that is not equally so in man. Still we shall hope not to be held to too strict an account, for expressing the opinion, that most of the good to be found in this lower world dwells in the heart of woman, and from thence issues forth on its errand of mercy in the world; smoothing the roughnesses of man's nature, mollifying his heart, and causing light to spring up in the abodes of wretchedness, bringing tears of gratitude and thanksgiving from the hearts of the sorrowing. And woman, in making those around her happy, sows with a liberal hand seeds that are to vegetate and bloom in many hearts, long years after she has been gathered to her reward.

It is Sydney Smith, we believe, that says, "Mankind are always happier for being happy now; you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." And so, a real, true woman, fulfilling her sphere on earth, casting her bread upon the waters, from the full hand of her charities, and the benedictions of her heart, stands in the centre of a vast circle of delights, that ascendeth from the earth up to the throne of God, and descends again, dispensing joy, and pleasant memories, and winged words, and deeds of love, and heavenly blessings.

But, alas! how our modern notions of "fashionable life" have dwarfed her to a mere shred of what she ought to be!

Mr. Lovegood, though not a parent, had weighed the duties of the parental relationship in all their bear-

ings, and resolved to fulfil them faithfully, to the being, of whose training, for time and eternity, he had assumed the responsibility. He had little confidence in what is termed a "fashionable education," in which the deep cravings of the spiritual nature are neglected or overlooked. And even thorough mental training receives but small attention, in comparison with a few surface-work adornments, which meet the demands of the world of pleasure and fashion, such as dancing, waltzing, singing a song, or performing charmingly on the piano. Not that he would discard such accomplishments and graces as adorn woman, but that he would teach her, that her true destiny is to move in a sphere more hallowed and ennobling, than that of the mere devotee of fashion and amusement; that to be great, and good, and wise, and holy, she must learn to do good, thread the needles of charity, make music in all hearts; the hearts of the poor, the outcast, the down-trodden of earth; and so help the angels in their work.

This, he would teach her, becomes her much more than to be a splendid and graceful dancer, or a mere bewitching, captivating enchanter, winning to her side a train of ardent admirers, not by the graces of the heart, but by the often unreal, unsanctified blandishments and adornments that are assumed for the moment, only to be laid aside, as a soiled or useless garment, when she shrinks into her real self.

A "fashionable" education is but a portion of the grand scheme of Mammon. And what does a Churchman want with such an education for his daughter? It is an education devoted to the beguilements of sin and pride, in their multiform modes of compliance with the

“fashion of this world, which passeth away;” which too often teaches our daughters, that to be accomplished, complaisant, and fascinating in a worldly sense; to wear, it may be, a mask beautiful to look upon, but devoid of any sign of the cross, or of the real, whole-souled woman; is, after all, the main object of her existence.

And yet, what but a schooling,—for education it is not,—of this character, do our daughters derive in those “fashionable” schools where the HOLY CHURCH entereth not, with her sanctifying influences, and where her system is not faithfully, fully, and distinctly carried out? Is there any true heart-training in them? Is the spiritual woman cultivated, developed, drawn out, and fitted for a sphere of high and ennobling Christian fellowship and charity? Is it not, at least, a schooling of selfishness, that narrows down, dwarfs, blunts, and often deadens, the spiritual nature, imprinting a lie upon the heart, and setting a weight upon the conscience? Do not our fashionable schools aim, implicitly at least, to make woman a mere gew-gaw, a gilded butterfly, to bask a day in the sunshine of this world’s smile, leaving the IMMORTAL SPIRIT a sickly, drooping thing, unfitted to meet the stern realities of life, or to go out into the world to feel the great throbbing heart of humanity, and sympathize with its pulsations, or to hear the low wail of its voice, as it cries aloud to heaven for succor? They who minister in holy things in times of calamity, know how to look about them for the women of heart and hand, and greatness of soul; who can walk into the pestilence, and banish gloom and despair, as they softly move about the bedside of the sick and dying. But

ah ! how few, in comparison with the numbers of the gay daughters of pleasure and fashion, are thus schooled in works of mercy and love.

And now, will fathers and mothers, who drink at the pure fountains of the Church of the living God, who in Holy Baptism have consecrated their daughters unto the Lord's service, turn their little ones over to the world,—the meager, half-dead, starveling world,—to be educated ? Will they neglect the spiritual culture of the souls whom the Lord will require at their hands ? Will they neglect to expand the little hearts given them of the Lord, to be trained for His honor and glory ? or to teach those feeble hands, which, in their helplessness, are stretched out to them, how to bear the Cross ? or to train those little feet, which, without their loving guidance, must tread on thorns, and mark their pathway with blood, how to walk in “the narrow way that leadeth unto life ?”

Everywhere, north, south, east, west, does the question of Christian nurture force itself upon the Christian consciousness of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, patriots, and philanthropists. The Gospel makes it ever a prominent theme. And the Church-system, which is the Gospel system, looks narrowly to the training of the young. How guarded is our blessed spiritual mother, in the nurture of the lambs of her fold. How closely, and with what tender motherly love, does she press them to her bosom ! First, she brings them to the Font, “the laver of regeneration ;” then, into the Sunday School, where she places them under the eye, and hand, and heart, of the Pastor, as catechumens, to be taught the way of life, and what “holy things” they were

made, and what holy blessings they received in baptism. She calls upon the parents and sponsors, to train them in their high calling and profession, to keep their vows, promises, and privileges, ever before them. Then she calls them to Confirmation, the assumption and ratification of their baptismal vows and promises; and from thence to the Holy Communion, to feast on that heavenly food which the Lord vouchsafes to give for their life. She would never leave them to chance, or the "education of circumstances," but would ever draw them close to her heart, and teach them that they are "Christians," very members of Christ's mystical body, and have them nurtured as Christians, not feeding on the beggarly elements of the world, but on the wholesome nourishment which the Lord gives through the Word, and Ordinances of the Church; so that, like their divine Lord, as they grow in stature, they may also grow in wisdom, and in favor with God and man.

And O how lovely, how sanctified, is this system of the Church, which from the Font never loses sight of the holy privileges which, in the sacrament of Baptism, were made over to our children, even that then they were "made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven."

But, alas! how lamentably is this great Gospel system lost sight of, at this day of Mammon-seeking, by many who stand in "the old paths." And how are we to expect a growth of grace in our offspring, commensurate with their privileges, unless parents earnestly and faithfully perform their duty?*

* Rev. Dr. M. P. Parks.

in Holy Baptism needs cultivation, in order to its growth and development, just as the grain of corn planted in the earth requires the diligent hand of the husbandman, in order to its thrifty growth, and the bringing forth of the full-grown blade and ripened ear. Thus, cultivation must be given by the parent, in the ways of the Church, or, like the poorly cultivated grain of corn, which, though planted in a rich and genial soil, produces but a half-grown, blighted, sickly plant, the youthful "member of Christ" will grow up, bearing the marks of blight, sickly, diseased, and unproductive, in the spiritual life.

And if the child grow up in wickedness, dishonoring its calling, tarnishing its white robes, will any dare say, that no grace was given in baptism, no gift of the Holy Ghost to profit withal? Who censures the grain of corn, or the soil, for failing, when the hand of diligence has neither tilled, nor cut out the rank weeds that choked the grain, and hindered its thrifty growth? Nay, without doubt, the fault lies at the door of the parent, who failed in the Christian nurture of the child. Let parents, then, who would be faithful to their solemn trusts, give their hearts to this subject; let them take an interest in the Sunday School, and, above all, in the strict systematic Parochial School, and higher Church schools and colleges, in which the every-day life of their children is moulded heavenward. Let them watch over their training, by day and by night; see that they are duly instructed in the Catechism, and in all other things that a Christian ought to know, and believe, and do, for his soul's health. Then may we look for the fruits of God's grace and Holy Spirit in Baptism; then may parents

expect to see their children growing up in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord;” to behold them as “polished corners in the Temple” of our God; and see them coming up around them, to fill their places in the Church and the world, when they are gone. In them they shall, as it were, live again; their memory will be embalmed in the lives of their posterity; their names shall not perish from the earth.

Children are the hope of the Church; the gems, and jewels, and treasures of the Gospel; yea, the Lord hath said, “of such is the kingdom of heaven;” the sweet, gentle scions that are coming up around us, to fill our places, to stand before the Lord’s altars, worship in His holy temple, go out on the wings of love to bind up the broken-hearted, to wield the powers of government, to receive from us the civil and religious heritage which we possess, and transmit it to the generations that come after them. And O, if we look into the mighty future, what immense issues and destinies, in the Providence of God, hang upon the training which the rising generation is to receive now, while under tutorage and government. The day is rapidly coming, when the history will be written up, of what we have done, of what we are doing.

What Tacitus says, may be true of the productions of the earth:—“Many things are sown, and brought to maturity with toil and care; yet that which grows from the wild vigor of nature has the most grateful flavor;” but it is not true of the things of divine grace. Our fallen man’s nature, from its “wild vigor,” brings forth that which is ungrateful, unwholesome, and full of rottenness and corruption. But, as we have seen the un-

fruitful vine, transplanted into a more congenial soil, spreading forth its branches, clustering with fruits, lifting its head towards the sun, and living upon the copious showers which fall from heaven; so, our fallen man's nature, taken out of that fallen, unproductive state, and planted in the Lord's vineyard, and there duly trained and cultivated, is made alive and vigorous, and productive of all good fruits, in the fulness of the divine grace, and the care of the blessed Husbandman, and the refreshing waters which flow from the living fountain of Christ's love.

Such, Christian parent, is the condition of your offspring who have, in Baptism, been "planted together in the likeness of Christ's death," if you are faithful at your posts. But, all depends upon that. And the question for you to decide is, whether you will train them in and for Christ and the Church, or leave them to chance.

"The stones which are appointed for that glorious Temple above, are hewn and polished, and prepared for it here, as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountains, for building the Temple at Jerusalem."*

* Leighton ; and Coleridge, Aph. VI.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STOMACHIC CHARACTER. A DISCUSSION ON SINCERITY.
A SHAM COURTSHIP.

WE beg leave here to introduce to the kind indulgence of the reader, Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapientium, as we shall have occasional use for his good services. Ben Slocum, as he was called, was the nephew of Mrs. Blemmerton, and held the responsible post of an under-clerk in the establishment of Mr. John Blemmerton. He wrote a good clerical hand, knew how to cast up accounts, make a close bargain, mark, measure, and fold up domestics, and the like, and sometimes he "did" the marketing; but farther as to the said Ben's mental calibre, this deponent would not like positively to speak.

Public rumor, not, however, always a reliable authority, persisted in saying, that the aforesaid Ben was rather weak in the upper-story, had more stomach than brains, or, as with a nameless scapegrace, perhaps his brains lay in his stomach. Be that as it may, the aforesaid Ben Slocum had never made any stir in the world, nor in any way come into public notice. He sometimes grinned, when addressed, by way of showing that he was conscious of existence, and had a handsome set of teeth, the only thing of which he could boast, except his stomach.

Now, Dr. Riproarer had been preaching every night,

for six successive nights, a "big gun" sermon, with a view of getting up a revival. Ben Slocum had been attending these revival-meetings; and it was but too evident, that upon him an impression had been made, either by the Doctor, or by Miss Sally Fastidious, a young lady whom he took it into his head he was some of these days to marry, and whom he thought he terribly loved, but who, fickle thing, of late received more graciously the attentions of another suitor; and, for the past six nights, Ben had not had the pleasure of waiting on her "to meeting."

This was a sore calamity, quite sufficient to cast a young gentleman of Ben's aspirations into the Slough of Despond. Hood's "Happiest Man in all England," when he plunged into the mud-hole waist deep, was not half so uncomfortable as our unphilosophical young friend, whose surname by no means afforded an ample key to his character. Mud is good, and may be applied to many useful purposes, but not such a slough as that in which Ben now found himself. There was nothing at all good in it as to him. Beat it up, spread it out, mould it into the form of bricks, dry it, burn it, cook it, pound it; it was all the same, good for naught to poor Ben. It was a great misfortune, as I believe my Uncle Toby said about the cataplasm, in its connection with Tristram, Susan, and Dr. Slops. But we cannot mend the matter. Ben was fairly "cut out." The young lady had given him "the sack," or "flat," or whatever else you please to term it. Ben thought it the jumping "fits." Ben was flat enough, that is certain. The age of duelling had not yet dawned upon our world, or perhaps, but for his stomach's sake, Ben might have done

something violent. As it was, "prudence" he deemed "the better part of valor." But, poor Ben became very melancholy; it was more than he could well digest, therefore he talked about "getting religion," "doing better," "mending his ways," "having nothing more to do with women," and a hundred and one other things.

While this unpleasant state of affairs in Ben's history was the theme of discussion at home (he lived with his aunt), Dr. Riproarer paid Mrs. Blemmerton a visit, by way of returning the compliment that she had paid him, in attending his "big-gun" sermons. He understood Ben's case decidedly. He knew that he was "laboring under conviction," to use his own phrase; for he had all the symptoms of it, he said, as he had often seen them developed. He was greatly concerned in Ben's behalf; and hoped that he should have him as "another seal to his ministry."

Query: was it Sally Fastidious, or the eloquence of the Doctor, that had wrought so powerfully on Ben?

After the Doctor's departure, Mrs. Blemmerton sought Ben, and said to him: "Ben, my son," (she always called him her son,) "Ben, my son, what ails you? You seem so low-spirited!" Ben did not know what the difficulty was. Thought, perhaps, that his liver was disordered. Had he said stomach, he would have been nearer the mark. "Ben, my son," continued Mrs. B., "you must be under 'conviction.'" They all were familiar with these phrases, from their frequent attendance on the worship of some one or other of the new lights. You have all the signs of it, as I have heard it described by Dr. Riproarer. Indeed, Dr. Riproarer just said so."

Ben could not tell; he knew that he felt very badly; but he thought Sally Fastidious a fool, to have any thing to do with that red-headed fellow, Bill Jenkins; and he thought it would be a very good thing if he could "get religion." Indeed, he had half a mind to believe, that Sally Fastidious thought so, too.

"Well, Ben, my son, I'll send for Mr. Lovegood, and have him talk with you on the subject."

This was beyond Mr. Slocum's comprehension. He could see neither rhyme nor reason in sending for Mr. Lovegood; and he aroused to the startling effort of asking, with surprise. "Why Mr. Lovegood? why not Dr. Riproarer?"

"Because, Ben, my son, you know we are Episcopalians, and after you 'get religion' you may join what Church you please. If you do not like Mr. Lovegood, but prefer Dr. Riproarer, why you can join his Church. But if you join Dr. Riproarer's Church without saying any thing to Mr. Lovegood beforehand, he will be offended with me, and blame me for it."

Ben persisted, that she need not send for Mr. Lovegood, declaring that if he joined *any* Church, it would be the Presbyterian! He was, he insisted, bound to be a Presbyterian.

Notwithstanding Ben's remonstrances, Mrs. Blemerton insisted on communicating the important intelligence to Mr. Lovegood. There are always wheels within wheels, in this moving world of ours, and they who do not drive, are often found in harness, pulling along, with all their might and main, the great lumbering vehicle, EXPEDIENCY. Or else they are bargaining or bartering for running-gear, and freight to wheel

over the turnpike of UTILITARIANISM. This is a calculating world; and Mrs. Blemmerton lived in a calculating age, and was in fact a calculating woman. She was, though of course, in the present instance, very religiously disinterested as to all personal considerations, apart from the melancholy condition of Mr. Ben Slocum, apt to be found, either driving, or in harness, ready to be driven. Either way, it booted little to her, so that she made a good bargain, a capital hit, or a lucky speculation.

Mr. Lovegood, though with reluctance, obeyed her urgent request, that he would take the earliest moment to see her on business of importance; and in due time he made his appearance, at which time and place the case was duly opened, and Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapientium was placed under his tender pastoral care and guidance.

Here was a case. Was it one of conscience or casuistry? We wot not. Still it was a case as novel as it was rare, and as rare as novel, in the Pastor's experience. There are times and circumstances in a clergyman's life, which baffle, and almost set at defiance, all the rules of experience, and the laws of ecclesiastical usage, and which drive him to such resources as, in an emergency, he may call to his aid.

For awhile, Mr. Lovegood was bewildered. He scarcely knew what to do with such a case; the case of one seeking to make good his calling and election in the Church of God, in the ways, and through the means, employed by the modern "revivalist" school. It must be told, that Mr. Ben Slocum had been baptized in the Church; but alas! for him, he had had no Church-

training. His baptism passed for nothing, in his estimation. According to the notions of some of the sects whose views he had imbibed, or rather picked up, much as a parrot does the chance words that fall upon his ear, he esteemed his baptism only as the customary mode or fashion of adding the left-hand appendage to his name, Benjamin Slocum; after which, like a bird newly plumed, he came out fully dressed, and made up, whole and singular, Benjamin Slocum Sapientium, the latter being derived from his father.

If the reader doubts whether we give a correct account of the view held by some of the Sects on baptism, let him visit the land of musquitoes, sunshine, figs, and flowers, and we will put his hand upon a veritable book, that will enlighten his mind on the subject.

Mr. Ben Slocum knew nothing about the Church. How could he, when all his notions were picked up by chance at some "meeting-house," (and we hope we shall be pardoned for the use of that word "meeting-house;" for, when a boy, we gave fearful offence by calling a "meeting-house" "church;" we came near getting our ears boxed; we promised never to do so irreligious a thing again; and we have endeavored to keep that vow, as sacred as that of an anchorite, in memory of the old lady, who caudleized us,)—or, in and about "Blemmerton House," and of course he knew nothing about his duties and privileges as a member of the Church.

What, then, could Mr. Lovegood do, (and if any one could have done better, we recommend him to do it, should a similar case ever fall across his pathway,) but throw him back upon first principles, refer him to his

baptism and catechism; which, perhaps, he had never read. He also furnished him with some proper books, and otherwise gave him such general instructions as were calculated to prepare him as a candidate for Confirmation. And this was Mr. Lovegood's mode of "getting religion" for a young man. Mr. Ben Slocum thought it a slow and laborious process indeed. Like Naaman, he looked for some great thing to be done,—a labor-saving mode; and lo and behold, there was a pile of books to be read, and two or three pages of an old, obsolete catechism actually to be committed to memory. But Mr. Slocum husbanded his uncomfortable reflections in his own bosom.

"And now, Mr. Sapientium," said Mr. Lovegood, "if I understand your case, you desire to become a candidate for Confirmation, to amend your ways, renounce your sins, live a Christian life, fulfil your baptismal vows and promises, and become a communicant of the Church." "Exactly so, Sir," said Ben. "I am greatly rejoiced to hear of your determination, and heartily bid you God-speed in it. It will be my pleasure, from time to time, to afford you such counsel as may be serviceable to you. It is indeed a beautiful spectacle, one that raises the angelic song of joy in heaven, to behold the young devoting themselves to the Lord's service. I trust you have thought, and will continue to think, on the greatness of the work before you. Read the little books diligently that I have placed in your hands, and make it a point to see me often. 'Be instant in prayer;' for, without earnest prayer, you can make no progress in the divine life; repent of, renounce, and forsake your sins; expect not

to become a full-grown Christian in a moment. Your holy spiritual mother, the Church, when she gave you the baptismal waters, pressed you to her heart as her own child, and henceforth recognized in you a member, child, and servant, of her Lord and Master, who is her Head and Fulness. If you have grown up, as I fear you have, a stranger to her paths and ways, a stranger to your Heavenly Father's house and home, and, like the poor, wretched, prodigal of the Gospel, have taken your goodly portion into a strange service, and wasted it in sinful and riotous living, like him you must repent of your folly, and return to your Father's arms and love, with the plea, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.' St. Luke, xv. 18, 19. He will meet you on the way, embrace you, put upon you the best robe of His house, and restore you to His favor and love.

"The Church knows nothing of the popular, 'accidental' religion of the New Light system. She is sober, sedate, godly, relying rather on 'the fruits of the Spirit,' love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faith, temperance, than on the feverish emotions of excitable temperaments, for the evidences of a right condition before God. She expects you to *grow* in grace, in the faithful use of appointed means. Be not, then, I beseech you, carried away by the 'revival notions' that are prevalent. Seek to be a sober, whole-souled, sound-headed and sound-hearted Christian, in the ways of the Church, which are as old as the Gospel. Be not carried away by an ignis fatuus, but 'hold thee fast' by the true light which burns on the altar of the Church of the living God. We have

no confidence in these systems of human contriving; a religion made easy, like modern spelling-books, and 'done' in haste, meets not the demands of Scripture. Religion is a work of instruction, penitence, and holy living, and prayer, and the subjection of the evil in man's heart. Therefore, I trust that you will not allow yourself to be tampered with, by these systems of a few years' age and growth."

"No, Sir, by no means, Sir!" Mr. Ben Slocum had no idea of such a thing! He had no faith himself in sudden conversions, and as to becoming a Presbyterian, that was quite out of the question. He did not admire Presbyterianism at all.

Just now Mr. Slocum might have been very sincere, although he had made quite a contrary declaration to his aunt. That is, he might, for the moment, have changed his mind, a thing not impossible or improbable in his case; for Ben was unmistakably a man of idiosyncracies. Be this as it may, Mrs. Blemmerton, who had been listening through the key-hole of the door, in an adjoining room, fearing that Ben was occupying a ticklish position, thought it best, at this juncture, to arrest farther proceedings, by making her appearance. Indeed her patience had grown threadbare; for she had other weighty and important matters to bring before Mr. Lovegood. And here the conversation between the Pastor and the candidate for Confirmation came to a close, and Mr. Slocum gladly retired. Nor should we be surprised, if he were found before night, in the predicament of another wight whom we wot of, who, to get up an equilibrium in his stomach, (stomach in the present case filling the place of brains,) lay an

umbrella or a broom-handle across the top of a couple of chairs, and amused himself with jumping over it. This is said to be a charming remedy for gout in the stomach, ennui, blues, or any of their cognates. Jumping is always a wholesome exercise, and especially so for any of the foregoing "ills which flesh is heir to." Fancy such a character as Ben Slocum, on a melting day in August, alone in his room, coatless, hatless, bootless, unstrapped, cravatless, with disheveled hair, puffing, snorting, blowing under such a profitable and edifying exercise.

Mr. Lovegood, who was in no secret, never suspecting either Ben's stomach or liver to be in fault, was really obliged to Mrs. Blemmerton for calling his attention to him.

Mrs. B. was perfectly delighted ; for, though making no pretensions to religion herself, she was very desirous that all her family should be pious, and she really hoped that Ben Slocum would "get through," as Dr. Riproarer said, soon, and "experience religion." She had never "experienced" any thing like "conversion" herself, or even "conviction ;" if she had, she certainly would have improved it ; but she supposed her time had not yet come. But from all she had heard Dr. Riproarer and others say on the subject, she doubted not that the aforesaid Ben was in a fair way.

Mr. Lovegood expressed surprise and pain at finding one who called herself a Churchwoman, adopting the phrases and notions of the Revivalists. "The Church," said he, "knows nothing of such dogmas ; at best, they only divert the mind from the very essence of true religion, aim to develop a system of 'religion made

easy,' and throw out of view practical, working faith, by substituting a flimsy shadow. It is my duty to speak thus to you, Madam, though it be painful. Were my position towards you any other than that of a Pastor, I might withhold my sentiments, perhaps without any breach of duty; for, in a merely conventional point of view, there is a spell, which mankind fear to break, resting over their social intercourse and friendships, and the heart is ever loth to trespass, where every transgression is pregnant with humiliation, pain, and grief. But my office raises me above such considerations, and compels me to be instant in season or out of season."

This went decidedly against the grain; but Mrs. Blemmerton determined to maintain the equanimity of her temper, and therefore contented herself with the observation: "You know we are liberal, Mr. Lovegood. And there is Dr. Skyrocket, one of the most popular and eloquent divines we have. He preaches for the Presbyterians and Methodists very often, and would, if he were allowed, I have understood, have their preachers in his pulpit, and surely he cannot think their notions so exceedingly wrong. Indeed I have known him to attend their 'revival meetings;' and, really, I think he enjoyed them as much as any one, and looked as happy. And for our part we think it matters not so much what one believes, or how they 'get religion,' so that they get it, and are sincere. This is the opinion of Dr. Riproarer, who is, you are aware, a very learned man; and I think Dr. Skyrocket must entertain the same opinion. People will differ, you know, Sir. All cannot think alike."

Mr. Lovegood could not answer for the opinion of either of the learned Doctors; they were neither his teachers nor Mrs. Blemmerton's. The Doctors are not infallible, and they would be the first to deny infallibility, even to the Church; *ergo*, they could not claim it for themselves. And yet, with all due deference to their "learned opinions," he was certain that the Church teaches no such notion; moreover, he was clearly of the opinion, to say the least, that the Church is nearer infallibility than the Doctors, and, consequently, less liable to err.

"But aside from this, Mrs. Blemmerton," continued he, "is that proposition true? You say you are liberal? Liberal with what? You have a right, and are required, to be liberal with your purse! But where do you learn in Holy Scripture, that you are to liberalize God's immutable Truth, according to your understanding of that proposition? If man made his own religion, then might he liberalize it as he pleased, alter, amend, or dispense with it, at his own discretion. But, religion comes from God, 'the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' Christianity descended from heaven, is divinely revealed: what then has man to do, but receive it just as it is given? It was not given to exercise man's ingenuity, in moulding, or amending, or altering, or adapting it to his own predilections, but to exercise his faith, and train him for the world to come. And he is required to receive, hold, live upon, the Faith, as Christ hath revealed it to His Church, and not on his own terms,—and he is to be liberal in aiding to dispense it abroad over the world, not in granting indulgences, ac-

knowledging error, heresy, or schism, to be the Truth?

“And if what you say is true, that it matters not what a man believes, so that he is sincere; then if he be sincere in error, his error becomes to him the truth; and by parity of reasoning, on the same principle, it will not matter whether he believes any thing. Is this the Gospel Faith? Is this what the Apostle means, when he charges us to ‘contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered unto the Saints?’ It cannot be. I doubt not, that there have been good and pious men, in all ages of the world, who were associated with some shade or type of religious error. But will the *piety* or *sincerity* of the man make his *error* the *truth*? It cannot, any more than holding the truth intellectually will make the man holy and pious. Suppose a man walks into your parlor to-morrow, seizes a valuable article, and is about to bear it off, even before your eyes, would you not say to him, ‘Sir, that is my property, you cannot take possession of it?’ And suppose he answers, ‘Madam, I *sincerely* believe it is my right and duty to take this article!’ what would you argue his sincerity to be worth, in contrast with the question of right?”

Mrs. Blemmerton shrugged her shoulders at this, and looked wistfully around on the beautiful ornaments and costly gewgaws that decorated her magnificent parlor. The Pastor had evidently struck a rich and profitable vein.

He proceeded:—“We republicans hold monarchy to be wrong and tyrannical; but it does not necessarily follow, that all monarchs are either impious or tyran-

nical. And so in the case before us, we deal with erroneous systems, not so much with men. And we say the man may be a good man, and yet the religious system to which he may be attached, may be very erroneous, very unsound, in either one or both of two sins, heresy and schism. Does it follow, that he should not renounce his false system, or that we should not condemn it? By no means. Truth, justice, charity, require it at our hands, making it our imperative duty, to endeavor to release him from his error.

“It were indeed, then, strange, to say that it matters not what a man believes, when he is required to believe the Truth, and it is the Truth alone that is to make him altogether free. Otherwise, what *gain* we by being Christians? Would you say we had as well be Mohammedans or Mormons? You dare not, and yet your proposition leads exactly to such a conclusion!

“It is clear, then, Mrs. B., that it *does* matter *what we believe*; that a man may be very sincere, and very honest, and yet be in perilous religious error, teaching heresy, and living in schism. And it no more follows, that he should not renounce his system, and its errors, or that we should not condemn it, and endeavor to lead him into the embrace of the truth, than that you should not denounce the man who would rob you of your property, because he sincerely thinks he ought to take it, or that we should not condemn monarchy, because all monarchs are not impious and tyrannical.

“And see, too, to what this dogma of sincerity, and ‘it matters not what a man believes,’ as the sole guide to the truth, has led, based, as it is, on the broadest ground of the Latitudinarian Private Judgment sys-

tem, every man interpreting the Bible as he pleases. Has it not resulted in a multitude of jarring and discordant sects, each boasting, it is true, of its sincerity, which we do not care to question, and yet each opposed to the others, in a greater or less degree, on some vital question of Christian doctrine; each going in a different path; each holding a different faith in some particular; and yet, stranger still, each holding your views of an enlarged liberality, each clinging to this doctrine of sincerity, as the talisman of truth. Your theory, then, must be wrong, or else there is a great amount of insincerity among the multitude of jarring sects. For truth is, and must in its own nature be, a unit; and if SINCERITY is the only test of truth, then it follows, that multitudes must have failed in sincerity; in other words, must have become wofully insincere, to have produced such an array of opposing and conflicting doctrines.

“And what tower of strength can these contradictory elements raise against any type of heresy or schism, when its founders shall hurl back upon them this doctrine of sincerity, and inform them, that they have only acted upon their example, done as they have done, interpreted the Bible as they pleased, formed a system after their own heart’s liking, and claim to be just as sincere? Upon these contradictions and discrepancies in professed Christian teachers, does Infidelity plant its foot; and the hoarse laugh of man’s great enemy rings through the earth in triumph. For, what is the infidel’s prominent argument? Does he not point to the mummeries of the Romish Church, and the discordant, opposing, and fragmentary elements into which the doc-

trine of SINCERITY has developed, and ask, in apparent triumph, Are these the signs of a Divine Revelation? Does he not tell you, that professed Christians do not agree, as to what Christianity is, do not agree about the interpretation of the Bible? and will they ask him to embrace the teachings of a Book, about which they are so fully disagreed among themselves? One sect, he says, tells him one thing; another, quite the contrary. He knows that contraries cannot be true. He knows not which, who, or what to believe, and therefore he ends in believing none, and so nothing! He has no conception of the truth; makes no effort to ascertain whether there is a mode by which the truth may be elicited. Taught by the latitudinarian school, he discards the idea of the Church; and, seeing before him nothing but a conflicting array of "churches," he simply discards and rejects the whole, pleading in extenuation the discrepancies between the various religious sects. And hence, we think, are demonstrated two great facts; that both Rome and Sectarianism are aiding, unwittingly doubtless, in disseminating or fostering infidelity, and that we who stand between these two great extremes of Christendom, afflicted, tossed, and agitated, by many contentions, should the more 'earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.' Jude, 3."

Byron said he wished that Coleridge would "explain his Explanation;" and perhaps Mrs. Blemmerton, after listening to this dissertation, stood in need of a similar process.

She begged to be excused. She was no theologian. She supposed that Mr. L. was right, and understood

such matters better than she did. This was at least modest. And she would not dispute the point with him. But she wished to talk with him about Agnes Wallace. She understood that Mr. Lovegood had adopted her; or, at least, taken her in charge, and desired to send her at once to a boarding-school. She was really delighted, that the poor girl had fallen into such excellent hands. From all that she heard, Agnes must be a very promising girl. “*We* have been much pleased with her; Mr. Blemmerton especially. But, Mr. Lovegood, it would be much better for you to get married; for then you could keep Agnes at home, and send her to Madame Fanciful’s school, where Deliah Airmyth and Julia Jasper were educated. Madame Fanciful is a grand hand to educate girls. She makes them so accomplished; and that, you know, is a thing greatly to be desired. It makes girls attractive in society, and enables them to marry to advantage. And in the case of Agnes this will be highly desirable, since, poor thing, she will have nothing to recommend her in the marriage-market, unless she be accomplished.”

Mr. Lovegood never thought about her marrying; and wondered whether girls were made for nothing but to *get married*.

“Now,” continued Mrs. B., “there is Deliah Airmyth: she has already had a number of fine offers; but we did not exactly fancy any of them. The truth is, Mr. L., we think Dele cut out for something above the common walks of life. Moreover, you know, she has no occasion to seek a match for wealth: that is a great comfort; for, her father is ready to give her two hundred thousand dollars the day she is married. All

she needs is the right one. And I tell Dele the right one will come along after a while; for, I believe certain people are made for each other, as my mother, who always spoke Bible truth, used to tell me, 'Matches are made in Heaven.'"

Two hundred thousand dollars,—a pretty round sum; quite comfortable in "hard times;" pretty good that, too, for a poor clergyman. Wonder whether Mr. Lovegood was dumb? How many poor clergymen would be made happy with the two-hundredth part of it per annum.

"While I think of it," said the benevolent lady, "I will just show you a piece of work, Mr. Lovegood, that Dele has made for you, as a New Year's gift,"—laying a very significant stress on "you."

It was a velvet sermon holder, with a handsome cross in gold beads, and a wreath beautifully wrought about it on each side. Bringing it in, she continued: "Dele is a girl of taste and judgment; and we are highly pleased to see her take an interest in such matters, and especially in the Parson. We think it always a token of good taste, to see the young folks take an interest in the clergyman, especially one who is unmarried, for he has no one to prepare such pretty little things for him." Mr. Lovegood thought the thing much too fine for him. He did not know what he would do with it.

Smile, if you please! But what better could he have said?

"O dear, Mr. Lovegood, you must not say so. Dele would cry her eyes out. She thinks nothing fine enough for you. Poor thing, she would sit up all night, and work her fingers to the quick, to make it ten times finer,

if she could. We never had a Pastor that Dele—ah! well!—thought so much of as she does of Mr. Lovegood.”

About this time, we should not be surprised, if Mr. L. got a little alarmed. Two hundred thousand dollars, a splendid sermon-holder to come at New Year's,—up all night, fingers worked to the quick, so highly esteemed, too; enough, all this, to turn the head of any ordinary bachelor.

Mr. Lovegood was a bachelor; not, however, we opine, so high and dry as to be past cure. By no means; he was a man just bordering on his fortieth year. Think of it; and we have been calling him an old bachelor. We ask his pardon, and Mrs. Blemmerton's too, for undervaluing her better judgment and acumen.

CHAPTER XX.

DUCK-SHOOTING. A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, IN WHICH DR.
RIPROARER WILL PLAY A PART.

A WILD-GOOSE chase! Pshaw, what of it? One half of the world is engaged in just such a chase; and the other half is either looking on, or helping!

But, we opine, it is not half so pleasant as duck-shooting or angling. We never tried a wild-goose chase but once, unless it was when we undertook this quondam work of writing Life Experiences, and then only got terribly scratched and torn with briers, and had a summary "ducking" for our pains.

But the most pleasant thing in which we ever engaged, was duck-shooting. When we were quite a boy, our father resided near a beautiful, poetic sheet of water; one of those charming rivers which tide up from the noble Chesapeake. This little river sweeps through one of the most productive, highly improved, and attractive districts of Maryland. It is a beautiful, winding stream, whose banks are trimmed with majestic oaks, and numerous other forest trees; and ever and anon, as you sail over it, or "glide along in the light canoe," you behold a fine old mansion, standing off in its stateliness, upon some commanding eminence, in full view of the river, with its time-worn locusts or tall Lombardy poplars, standing around, as so many guards on duty, looking down with apparent disdain on the

humbler shrubbery and fruit-trees, which dot the yard, or, in rows, stretch off to the margin of the river.

Many a pleasant summer's evening have I sat in my father's bateau, with a company of three or four more anglers, under the shadow of some spreading oak, which was cast over the water, seemingly to protect us from the scorching rays of the sun; and there, for hours, have enjoyed the sport which was so congenial to good old Izaak Walton, of blessed "piscatory memory."

Ah, I remember those days of my boyhood, with mingled emotions of sadness and pleasure. They can never return. They are gone; and the light-hearted boy, who used to linger about thy waters, noble, placid little river! he, too, is gone, far, far away. There is but one scene that surpasses, in my estimation, the charms of this noble little river,—the striking beauties of the Hudson. The Hudson is indeed grander, more majestic and awe-inspiring, but not so charmingly simple and modest.

Who has ever passed up the noble Hudson, borne along upon one of her splendid steam-palaces, with heart so callous to the enchanting beauties of nature and art, as not to feel the inspiration of the majestic scenery which, on all sides, greets the eye? The beautiful village, the exquisite cottage, the granite hill, the mimic and picturesque mountain, the blue outline of the Catskill, towering in the distance, and almost seeming to kiss the sky, the elegant summer residence, with its sloping lawn carpeted in green, dropping down to the water's edge, and ending in the bewitching bower, where oft at twilight the gentle zephyr, as it comes, playfully in its frolic over the water, laden with cool-

ness and balm, from mountain, shrub, or flower, fans the brow of beauty, or listens to the tale of love : these, one by one, as they are passed by the admiring, enraptured stranger, present a scene, for variety, picturesqueness, and hallowing meditations, of surpassing loveliness.

To be appreciated, however, its scenery must be enjoyed, in the full blooming and gushing spring-time, when the icy grasp of winter is relaxed, and Nature has robed herself in her most beautiful garments of greensward and of flower. It is then that the heart, keenly alive to the charms of creation, will feel the inspiration of nature, as on all sides it beholds the tokens of Infinite Love, the foot-print of the All-wise, "Who hath so done His marvellous works, that through them He speaketh."

Second only to this, art thou, modest, beautiful little river of my childhood ! Would that I could greet thee again, with a cheerful song of loves !

I will not say to thee farewell !
 My faint heart could not bear it well ;
 Its wonted use the tongue withholds,
 The eye thy beauties still beholds,
 And fondly yearning o'er the past,
 I hope to greet thee at the last !
 When life's poor thread is waxing weak,
 Thy glowing beauties let me seek,
 And still, as in the days gone by,
 On thy bosom let me lie ;
 And then, life's journey being o'er,
 Let me find the heavenly shore !

Poetizing, eh ? what has this to do with duck-shooting ? Forgive me, ye sympathetic ones ! These shadows

o'er the heart will arise. The cloud will pass away, and the sunshine come again. Well, duck-shooting! There were four of us, who all were good shots "on the wing." Our fathers and grandfathers used to crawl about in ambush along the river's bank, endeavoring to steal upon the ducks of their day. But, in course of time, in a progressive age, ducks, like men, grew in wisdom, and were not to be caught in that way. And we younger ones imitated them; and what our forefathers never dreamed of, any more than they did of the steam-horse or telegraphic wires, we brought to perfection.

About four o'clock, on a sharp, wintry morning, Sam, the colored boy, who enjoyed the employment fully as much as any of us, would "hamp" the old mule, Jake, and hitch him to the cart, (sleigh, if there happened to be snow enough;) and, fully provided with ham, bread, coffee, sugar, a frying-pan, and a coffee-boiler, we jumped in, with guns, ammunition, etc., not forgetting the tinder-box,—for mankind had not then grown wise enough to make lucifer matches,—(a bad name, by the by,) and a supply of provender for old Jake, away we drove for the river.

We always made for the neighborhood of a fine spring, on a creek; a little way in the woods, we stopped our mule and cart, and, leaving them in the care of Sam, by daylight we had our posts, on some convenient point or bar, past which the ducks must fly, to enter the creek, in pursuit of their morning meal. Alas! I think of it now with sadness; for, it seems cruel to have thus circumvented the innocent creatures, in their lawful and necessary pursuits. Still it was no worse

than the mean, skulking plan of our forefathers ; and this is some consolation. Moreover, there is little doubt that ducks were made to be eaten, and are not to be caught alive ; if they were, eating them alive or raw would not have been exceedingly pleasant. So we salve our consciences, on the score of many palpable offences ; and why not on that of duck-shooting ? O, ye simpering philosophers, you may eat as many things alive and raw as ye list ; but, give us ducks well baked and roasted, if you please, with the feathers off.

Presently, bang—bang ! You would hear the sharp report of a gun or two ; and down would tumble into the water as many ducks,—for we rarely missed. Old Towser would swim in and bring them out. O, how he enjoyed it ! It was to him and Sam, who would often be pressing through the bushes, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

By the time we could re-load our pieces, the process would be repeated. And now the breakfast hour arrives. By this time, Sam has a fine fire sparkling and crackling in the morning frost ; we retire to it, thaw our frozen fingers, (*unthaw*, as Sam always would say,) lay our ducks away in the cart, fry our ham, make our coffee, and take breakfast.

Breakfast over, then for the ducks again. But, by this time, taking advantage of our absence, the creek above us is pretty full, and very few are flying in. This renders it necessary to change the process. Accordingly, Sam is started up the creek ; and presently you hear him screaming at the top of his voice, and threshing the bushes as lustily as if he had found a den of grizzly bears, and were endeavoring to frighten

them off. And why not frighten bears by such a process? Periander, of Corinth, one of the Seven Sages of Greece, according to ancient story, "scowled back the advance of a leopard!" and, for aught that we know, screamed at him. A similar story is told of the whole Seven. And had our Sam met a gang of bears, at this time, we think they would have retreated right lustily. The ducks did. Up they bounced, and away they flew, as fast as wings could carry them; but, not too fast for our shot; bang—bang—bang—as they passed us, and down they tumbled! When their fright was over, they began to fly in again; and then the process is repeated, until dinner-time. Then we pause. Sam goes out in a canoe; and, with a pair of oyster-rakes, soon secures a few bushels of fine oysters. These are roasted on the fire; and we make a sumptuous dinner. So the day is passed. Towards night, we have a large supply of mallards, red-heads, canvas-backs, and as many oysters as we desired, stowed away in the cart: and then for home. This is duck-shooting in the mediæval periods of our life. How it is now, we wot not. In an age of steam, there have been, perhaps, many remarkable improvements. Man is a wonderful being, always making improvements and discoveries. And we understand, that our plan has been improved upon, like many other things; ducks are baited and caught in a net.

But what of the wild-geese chase? Ask your pardon! James Fastidious had been on one for a year past; for, he had been just that long chasing down to Dr. Riproarer's Sunday-School. You remember, that the mother of the aforesaid James persisted in taking

him from the Sunday-School of the Church, because, forsooth, Mr. Lovegood had crossed her notions of clerical propriety.

Now James had never been pleased with this arrangement; (who would be?) and, having grown a year older, and a year nearer his own mastership, possessed, too, perhaps, of a sprinkle more of the spirit of "Young America," he had determined to bring about a change, and take himself back to his old quarters. It must be named, also, as we pass along, that through the interference of several malcontents, some twenty other boys had been taken from the Sunday-School of the Church, and sent to Dr. Riproarer's.

Now, about a year after the occurrence of these events, a remarkable thing occurred one Sunday morning, which filled Dr. Riproarer, and all the good members of his Sunday-School, with dismay.

A fashion had grown up among the boys about town,—boys are progressive, you know, and change their modes of enjoyment and amusement very often, one week we have marbles, then ball, then bandy, then cricket, and kites, etc.—of forming mimic military companies. Every Saturday, they assembled in the suburbs of the city, and passed through the evolutions and exercises of a military drill. And it must be said, to their credit, however we may disapprove of the principle or practice, that they performed their parts, in a highly creditable and soldier-like manner.

It happened, that James Fastidious was the captain of one of these juvenile military companies, which was composed, in part, of the twenty boys, who, against their wishes, had been sent to (as they persisted in call-

ing him) Dr. Rip's school. On the Sunday morning alluded to above, to Dr. Rip's consternation, as he drew near his meeting-house, what should he behold, but James Fastidious, and his twenty little soldiers, all marshalled in order, on the pavement before the door.

"What *can* it mean!" ejaculated Dr. Rip. "Are these boys crazy?" "Right about! face!—single file! forward! march!" says Captain Fastidious; and away they go, in the direction of St. ——'s Church. And poor Dr. Rip trots after them, in painful suspense, and breathless anxiety. "Boys! boys!" exclaimed he, "what is the matter? This is the Lord's-Day. You can't march to-day. You'll bring disgrace on my Sunday-School." "Halt!" says Captain Fastidious.

"With all due respect for you, Dr. Riproarer, we must say to you, that we are 'soldiers of Christ,' and are only marching to our headquarters, our spiritual mother's home; and we know not that it is any more sinful to go there in a body, than singly; we are only walking. Baptized into the folds of the Church, we think we have a right to her teaching, training, and the blessed privileges of our baptism. It is in the Lord's service that we are engaged, therefore you will please excuse us. Forward! march!" And so they did march directly to St. ——'s Sunday-School.

"Well, well," quoth Dr. Riproarer, "what's the world coming to? Either to an end, or to the Millennium."

Mrs. Fastidious, as might have been anticipated, was highly incensed, and censured Mr. Lovegood for the whole transaction. But, as in numerous other cases, he was unjustly censured or accused. His first intelligence

of the proceeding, was when the boys presented themselves at the door of the Sunday-School, for admission. And then he informed them, that their parents must be consulted. On Mrs. Nochurch it had the effect to produce a fainting-fit. Mrs. Blemmerton thought, that those children had been badly "raised," and could never come to any good end. Mr. Blemmerton thought it high time to be looking after boys; there was too much of "Young America" in it for him. Mrs. Presbyterian thought it a disgrace, and exceedingly uncharitable, and illiberal, and bigoted. Aunt Sally Milk-and-water declared, that children did not behave, now-a-days, as they did when she was young.

Notwithstanding all the hard speeches and remonstrances which so remarkable a transaction produced, the boys maintained their ground; the fathers and mothers acquiesced, not very graciously to be sure; and these unseemly scape-goats, as so many considered them, grew up under Mr. Lovegood's pastorate; and, at the present day, many of them are adorning the Christian life and character: one is in the Church's ministry, a faithful and efficient man; and the rest, grown to man's estate, are filling honorable positions in the world, and performing a noble part, in their several spheres, as laymen in the Church.

CHAPTER XXI.

KITE-FLYING. A FLASH-SCHOOL.

KITES! I never knew how to *make* a kite, though I have *flown* them often. Kites are of various kinds. Some have wings; and some have none. Some have tails, but are wingless. Some have neither tails nor wings; and on these last there "hangs a tale." There is a kite of the bird tribe: this is a kite of prey. There is a kite made of paper; this is of the flying tribe, but has no wings, while it boasts of a long tail. And there is the kite *written* on paper; these are men's kites, and are of the utilitarian tribe.

To give you an idea of this last genus of the kite tribe, take the following as an illustration. A. is pressed for the wherewithal to pay his note in bank, and draws through his bank, at sight, on B., in a neighboring city, and sends him, per mail, a check back on the bank that negotiated his draft on B. B. pays A.'s draft with this check when it is presented, which in due time is returned to A.'s bank, by which time A. has the money there to meet it. This system of operating gives A. some six or eight more days in which to provide the money.

This is a kite of the banking genus; and there is a good deal of utility in it. Banks are useful things. At least A. thinks so. Some call this style of kiting sky-rocketing; but we believe that we have given it the best

name,—kiting. It is a high-flying affair. And often a good “wind” is required to keep it up. This may be taken as one illustration of “raising the wind.”

Now there are many kites of this kind flown. The advertising columns of newspapers are, for the most part, filled with just such kites; high-flying productions, that cannot float without wind. Gas, indeed, is good for some of them. Indeed, in an “age of steam,” kites and gas seem to be necessary.

The world is full of kite-flyers. Men and women are only children on a larger scale; and, while boys fly kites for amusement, they do it for profit. In the former case, for the most part, it is an innocent pastime; not always, or even often, in the latter. The man or woman who sets out in life in pursuit of a phantom, and who sacrifices the principles of right, and duty, and truth, to the exacting service of the god of this world, is unquestionably a kite-flyer. Nor do we ever read of what “Poor Richard” said about paying “too much for the whistle,” without having our mind duly impressed with its universal application to all modes of kite-flying.”

The Blemmertons had been, all their lives, engaged in this (to them) agreeable employment. Even Mr. Ben Slocum Sapientium had strung his kite with a very long tail; and now standing out in a stiff breeze, holding only the peg at the end of the string, it is no wonder if, occasionally, he was lifted from the earth, and borne up and down, as the fitful currents of wind, with accumulated force, struck the little flying creature that floated high above him, and writhed its wiry tail in defiance at him.

In Mr. Lovegood's day, not far from the city of —, there lived a portrait painter, whose name was Jeremy Kiteflyer; an excellent name, and apropos at that day; for, the flying of kites was just then coming into vogue. And Jeremy, having spent a large amount of money in paints and oils to no profit, not to speak of labor, giving up in despair, determined to try another mode of kite-flying. Indeed, it was said by some of the spiteful ones, of whom the world is full, shame on them, that the aforesaid Jeremy had missed his occupation, or, rather, like Othello, had lost it; for his paintings did not take. They were always overwrought or underwrought; they flew too high, or too low. Now, who does not know, that a painting cannot fly, not having wings? But when a lady, possessed, in her own estimation, or otherwise, of a beautiful aquiline nose, sat under Jeremy's pencil, and came out all over a regular "pug," who could blame her for "flying into a temper," and declaring that he was better fitted for flying kites than painting likenesses.

Poor Jeremy! he was in an "evil case," and found it impossible to please every body. "Madam, it is an exact and charming likeness. Just look at the charming expression of countenance. See that lip, Madam, and eye; how they disclose the glowing thoughts of the mind and heart!" "La! Sir,—take the ugly daub away: I can't endure it. Look at that pug nose, Sir, if you please, and say, was I ever as ugly as that? Away with it, Sir! Charming eye, indeed! a half-open, squinting, blearing thing; and lips, as though they had been burnt by a hot coal of fire, and were drawn asunder by the process."

Perhaps the ladies were at fault, and only desired Jeremy to "flatter them," as a very charming little feminine daguerreotypist once said to your ugly scribe: "How do you like it, Sir?" "O, Madam, it is much too good looking! The thing is over-done." "O, Sir, I beg your pardon; we are true to nature. We never flatter." And this, with all the grace of a Venus. She was a regular kite-flyer: so you would say, if you should ever see the likeness and the original. But, for aught that we know, this was a thing that Jeremy was too conscientious to do. His glorious Art was at stake; and that he could never think of sacrificing to "the whimsies of the fair sex," as he used to say. At all events, Jeremy came to the conclusion, that the world would never appreciate his talents in that line. And he was not alone; for did not an ungrateful world serve the great Haydon in the same way, who all his life devoted his almost inspired genius to grand historical paintings, without being appreciated? Let this comfort the memory of poor Jeremy Kiteflyer.

But Jeremy was a man of resources; and not to be outdone by a few "captious women," as he called them. He would yet make his mark on the world; hand his name down to posterity; and what was denied him in life, he would, like that great model, Haydon, receive in death.

Accordingly, in a mammoth-sheet at that day, you might have perused the following announcement, done up in a multitude of flourishes and exclamation marks:

MAMMOTH SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES!!!!
KITE-FLYING HOUSE!!!

Jeremy Kiteflyer, A. M., Principal, Professor of Drawing, Painting, etc., etc.

KNOW all MEN and LADIES, by these presents, having DAUGHTERS to be educated, throughout "the wide world," that the great undertaking has at last been entered upon! Professor Jeremy Kiteflyer, A. M., has the pleasure of announcing that, at a vast expense, he has fitted up, and opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, of the highest possible order, at that world-wide celebrated place, Kiteflying Village!!

Every thing will be taught at this school that is of service to mankind in general, or womankind in particular: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, Chaldaic, African, Hottentot, Chinese, Timbooctan, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Norwegian, Latin, Greek, Irish, Scotch, etc., etc.! Also, all styles of Painting, Drawing, Dancing, Singing, and Instrumental Music, Organ, Piano, Guitar, Harp, Cymbal, Flute, Fife, Fiddle, Tamborine, Banjo, Hand-Organ, Jew's-harp, Whistling, etc., etc. And also all the sciences, from the composition of the most delicate colorings in a butterfly's wing, to the most abstruse calculations in logarithms!

Parents may rely upon it, that now is the time for them to give their daughters an accomplished education, never before heard of in this country or any other.

The Faculty will be composed of the best Professors the whole globe can produce. No pains will be spared, to accomplish much more than we promise.

A happy feature in this school, and one well calculated to make it popular, is, that the Principal, having in view the well-being of his pupils, has rented pews in all the principal churches in the village; and they will enjoy the privilege of hearing some of the most eloquent and popular preachers of the day. And what is better, they can attend what "Church" they please. Being an Episcopalian himself, he makes a loud appeal to all other Episcopalians, to aid him in this laudable design of conducting a thorough Church School.

Moreover, the Principal has been at the extraordinary expense, (a thing never before heard of in any school,) of securing an ample supply of all the celebrated mineral spring waters in this country, for the use of his pupils, etc., etc.

Poor innocent girls! Ye were indeed liberally provided for, in the days of Mr. Jeremy Kiteflyer. We have no such schools now: more's the pity. This is a meager, money-making age; its spirit is too dwarfish, to launch out on such a magnificent scale. Poor innocent girls! did ye not need mineral water, to brace the nerves, when ye got into Hottentot? So the world went, in Jeremy's day!

Mrs. Inquisitive,—bless her pestiferous soul, who had known Jeremy all the days of his life,—opined, that he never had the honor of receiving a collegiate degree;

and she desired very much to know, how he got that significant handle A. M. fastened on, or "tacked on," as she said, to his name.

"It's just like them," quoth Jeremy; "they gave me no peace when I was painting portraits; and I suppose they never will. Bless the pestiferous woman! Madam, is not PAINTING *one* of the Arts; aye, one of the *fine* Arts? And am not I a painter? (as the great Correggio or Michael Angelo once exclaimed, 'I also am a painter!') And does not that, Madam, constitute me a MASTER OF ARTS?"

Whew! Jeremy! what a mighty kite you are flying! See how it sails up in the ether. Admire its long, comet-like tail. See how boldly and grandly it floats above. That tail is dangerous. What would become of this terrestrial globe should it strike it?

Flying high, flying low,
Sailing through the air!
Wind and storm make it go;
Blow on, ye breezes, blow;
Jerry's plan is fair;
Jerry's plan is rare;
Sailing through the air!

Jerry's school was a liberal Church School; very liberal indeed! It was magnanimous!

And when his card duly made its appearance in the papers, the thoughtful Mrs. Blemmerton declared, (Jeremy was a distant relative of hers, and whatever other acts of benevolence the lady performed, she had the good trait of always being on the look-out for her poor relatives; for she said, she did not want them to come upon her purse; she had otherwise as many

charities as she could attend to,) having before her eyes the future prospects of Agnes Wallace, "That if Mr. Lovegood was not just now ready to *marry*, the *next* best thing he could do with dear little Agnes, would be to send her forthwith to Jeremy Kiteflyer's school, until such time as he *did* marry, when he could bring her home, and send her to Madame Fanciful to finish off."

One of those customary Mulligatawny meetings discussed the question. Mrs. Fastidious thought it just the thing. Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Nochurch, "and the rest," as Mrs. Blemmerton termed them, agreed to the very letter. Aunt Sally wished, from the bottom of her heart, there had been such a school in her younger days. Had there been, she was sure she would never have married Mr. Milk-and-water. As it was, she came very near marrying General Crookedlegs,—she was a great belle in her younger days,—only, and it was a great pity, she was not enough "educated!"

Mr. Lovegood was duly waited upon, and his attention called to the aforesaid grandiloquent advertisement. The committee of ladies thought it quite the thing. "It was to be a good, liberal, Christian school; every thing in general in religion was to be taught, nothing in particular." And, best of all, Mr. and Mrs. Kiteflyer were both Episcopalians; and they doubted not Mr. Lovegood would prefer an Episcopal school for Agnes. Therefore they had resolved, that it was their duty to confer upon him the favor of calling his attention to Mr. Kiteflyer's card.

Mr. Lovegood glanced his eyes over the exclamation marks, and quietly handed it back to the presenter, Mrs. Fastidious, with the remark, "That's no school for

me, Ladies. I could never be induced to recognize that as a Church School. I see not the first element of the Church in it. I call the whole thing, from beginning to end, a cool humbug."

Mr. Lovegood was plain-spoken, that must be granted.

Dear me! Mrs. Fastidious thought it so strange! All the ladies were similarly afflicted with amazement. They took great interest in poor little Agnes. Here was a school of the first class. It was an age of improvement; and here was an improved school, combining all the wisdom of past ages, and the improvements of the present. How they wished they had daughters young enough to send! But, they supposed they must yield. They hoped, however, that Mr. Lovegood would not send the poor little thing to an "old foggy" school. It would be such an immense pity.

Mr. Lovegood, with all his heart, wished that some people had brains sufficient, at least, to attend to their own business, and leave him in the enjoyment of the same delightful privilege.

But, one would have supposed that, after his long experience, he would ere this have learned the salutary and becoming lesson, that he was not a free man, that his business was not his own. What right had he to do any thing, without the consent and approbation of all his flock? Was he not hired by them? Did they not support him? Did not Mr. Blemmerton pay one hundred dollars, to get a pew among "the upper tens?" And did not Mrs. Fastidious and Mrs. Nochurch each pay fifty dollars, to get one only a notch lower? Was it not with their money, that he was going to pay for the schooling of Agnes? And had they not the right

to say where she should be sent? How preposterous was it, then, that these ladies should be deprived of the just and equitable privilege of directing the future of young Agnes's life! How preposterous, for Mr. Lovegood to think of having every thing his own way!

It all came of his being a pesty-testy, high and dry, self-willed old bachelor. You might as well undertake to control a wild mustang. The thing is impossible. You have first to noose him, then give him the rope, and let him play around till he is fairly broken down; then you have gently to approach him, holding out the tempting morsel of grass,—corn will not answer, for he does not know what it is; then, when he gets a taste of it, you are to coax him; then, if you can get near enough, you are to stroke him, and pat him easily and tenderly on the shoulder,—take care! stand off! he kicks, as we may suppose old Sisyphus did when his stone rolled down the hill in spite of him!—and then, if you can, you are to throw a blanket on him; and then mount him if you can; and then,—look out for your neck! It all comes of being an old bachelor.

As Aunt Sally would say, in one of her happiest soliloquies: “It takes all sorts of people to make a world; and a great many sorts to make an assortment!”

And Mr. Lovegood was doubtless one of these. The ladies could neither tame, nor manage, nor guide him. What he did, will be seen in due time. Meantime, we invite your attention to another scene, which will be charmingly agreeable, provided it be a hot day; if otherwise, you will enjoy it in prospect.

But, first, we will look in upon a CHURCH SCHOOL; not a pretension.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHURCH-SCHOOL. HAPPY GIRLS. PLEASANT SCENES.

It is summer; charming, beautiful summer! The heart leaps up, and delights to be alone, to revel in its musings, to meditate with Isaac at eventide; or, to note the parting rays of the setting sun, painting, as it were, the robes of Jehovah, in the evening cloud, or writing His glory across the sky.

You must go into the country, if you would see the beauties of summer: the birds, twittering in the forest; the cattle, "winding o'er the lea;" the insects, chirping in the grass; the waving fields of corn; the flowers leaping into life; all Nature, pouring forth her tribute to man and beast, and glorifying Nature's God. Ah! these are the sights that make man's heart laugh, and sing, and give thanks.

Go with us then, reader, if you delight in the innocent, the enchanting, the beautiful, into the free open country.

In a beautiful rolling district, far removed from the whirl and bustle of a great city and the thunder even of the steam-horse, there stood upon a commanding eminence, at the period of which we write, in its solemn quietude, embowered amid its spreading shade-trees, a nurturing home for the daughters of the Church; a school of the truest, highest type of what a "Church-school" ought to be.

It was a charming spot ; and as sanctified as beautiful. Wealth, industry, and refined taste had united to render the surrounding country one of the most flourishing and attractive anywhere to be seen !* The grounds attached to the seminary buildings were ample, well laid off, and adorned with choice shrubbery ; consequently, they were admirably calculated for two important elements in the proper conduct of such an institution : exercise, and mental and spiritual improvement.

We all know something of the influence of the beautiful in nature, in forming the taste of the young, and ennobling the mind. The little flowers blooming at our feet, and regaling the air we breathe, are so many full-voiced messengers from heaven, teaching us lessons of gentleness, purity, and love.

The young imbibe these lessons with ease ; it is in harmony with their nature, which loves to look upon the beautiful ; and, if aptly trained, the lessons so imbibed will be developed in that glowing piety, which, in every bursting bud and opening flower, seeth the hand divine which lavisheth beauty on all things here below.

The discipline and management of this school, were of the highest order. HOME and SCHOOL were so happily blended, that the joyous, sanctified HOME FEELING was fully preserved, while the mind of the pupil was imbued with that mental and religious training, which fitted her for time and eternity.

* The writer has, in this small sketch, drawn a few thoughts from an article of his in "The Banner of the Cross," Feb. 15, 1851.

Mrs. Densmore, the Principal of the Institution, had had great experience in training and developing the youthful mind and heart. Possessing, as she did, to a very high degree, those qualifications which adorn the headship of such a work, she was eminently worthy of the confidence and patronage of the Church. And if to her rare gifts as a teacher and conductor of such a school, we add those of the thorough, faithful, devoted Churchwoman, of richly cultivated mind, of grace, piety, and sterling Christian worth, manifested, not in the way of a sickly, morbid sentimentality, which promises without doing, but, in the quiet, sober, steady, yet deep, practical way of the Gospel, fully apprehended and meekly received, as the Church hath gathered the same out of Holy Writ, and embodied it in her teachings in the Prayer-Book, we certainly have all that can reasonably be desired, in one who is to train the daughters of the Church for their sphere on earth, and for that higher and holier sphere, in which they are to move when earth and earthly things shall be no more. Here, the influence of the Church was constantly brought to bear on the pupils. They were trained indeed for the Church; Church teaching formed a prominent part of their daily instruction. No girl left Mrs. Densmore, without understanding, appreciating, and loving her spiritual mother.

A worthy and efficient chaplain, a beautiful Gothic chapel, lifting toward heaven its humble tower; with its rich, chaste, emblematic chancel window, as perfect a gem in architecture as that period produces; the mellow-toned organ, the daily service of prayer and praise: these all united in training the young hearts commit-

ted to Mrs. Densmore, for the glories of the Church triumphant.

It was a home, in which heart and mind were duly cultivated, by a course of education embracing the godly, the solid, and the refined. Indeed, there was a directness, practicalness, and reality about every thing at this school, that captivated, not only the pupils, but the friends of sound Church education everywhere. And this, because it was ruled by love. There were no noisy pretensions; there was no kite-flying; nothing was done by halves; it was what it professed to be, a real "Church School."

On a pleasant evening in June, 18—, had you, about twilight, passed this quiet nursing-school of the young, you would have heard soft enchanting music from happy voices, accompanying the piano at which Mother Densmore, as the girls all called her, presided, floating on the still air. These are the words of the happy glee-song that you would have heard :

O we are happy, we are bright,
 And now we sing; our hearts are light,
 Toil is o'er, the task is done;
 Of care and sorrow we have none.
 Come one, come all, and join our glee,
 We'll merry all the evening be,
 And sing, and laugh, and romp, and play,
 And books forget till break of day.
 The bell will ring, and up we'll spring,
 And with the lark at dawn we'll sing;
 And then to books we'll speed straightway,
 And study well through all the day.
 Then merrily we'll sing to-night,
 Because our hearts are very light.

Our Mother fond will join our song,
For she has watched us all day long;
And now all care we'll cast aside,
And spend a happy eventide.
And when in prayer we bend us low,
Up to heaven our plea shall go,
That our dear Mother may be blest,
With cheerful days and nights of rest.
And when our schooling days are ended,
All our odds and ills are mended,
When the parting word is given,
Still we'll pray to meet in Heaven.

Every evening, after tea, the girls assembled in the long recitation-room, and sang, while Mrs. Densmore played, this cheerful little song, before they entered upon the evening's recreation and amusement. Mrs. Densmore was always touched to tears, when she heard that little song bursting out from the happy, innocent hearts of her pupils. O, it was a happy scene!

Each pupil, as she passed out into the promenade ground, received a kiss and a blessing from "Mother," and then the merry laugh and shout told of joy and happiness in all hearts.

There you behold a pair of loving girls, arm in arm, or clasping each other around the waist, lightly tripping along the gravel-walk. Some are nursing the flowers, or admiring their branches, or making a bouquet for "Mother;" others are making a wreath of roses and jasmine, for they say their dear "Mother" shall be crowned a Queen that night; others are festooning the portico, and trimming the honeysuckle, that embowered it, with lights; some are arranging a platform, and a large armchair for the Throne. They are

bent on a frolic. Others are in the great swing, bounding up and down, as light of heart as innocence itself; one is at the piano, trilling soft notes; two little girls, in a room above, have stolen to the window, and are now looking sadly out upon the happy scene. Their little hearts are almost breaking. A slip of paper falls; a little girl, glad to do her companions a kindness, picks it up, and runs in to "Mother" with it.

"If our dear, dear Mother will forgive us this time, we will not misbehave again. We know we have been naughty. But, dear Mother, please forgive us."

That is enough. Mother cannot withstand that touching plea. And she runs up stairs, embraces the little penitents; for a moment, they mingle their tears together, Mother and daughters: all is forgiven, and the little recreants run down stairs, almost tumbling one over the other.

The Throne is ready; the wreath is prepared; the lights are lit. While the Queen Mother is arrayed, and led out to the Throne, forty happy voices break out into this merry little song:

Our Mother shall be Queen to-night,
 A very dear Mother is she,
 We'll crown her with flowers all as bright
 As ever bright can be.
 We'll wreathe her in roses woven well,
 And she shall look so fair,
 A Faery Queen, we'll own her spell,
 With jewels we'll deck her hair.
 And then on a throne she shall sit,
 And we to her will sing.
 See the bower! it's brightly lit.
 And now our Mother we bring:

Ha, ha, ha! it is all done,
Our Mother dear is a Queen alone.

A Faery Queen is she,
As fair as Queen can be.

Sing we merrily!

Merrily!

Merrily!

Happy Mother! Happy girls! Ye are a world unto yourselves!

On the evening in June, 18—, on which we supposed the reader to be passing this nursing-home, all the while these little songs were singing, and this innocent hilarity proceeding, a gentleman with a girl of about fifteen had remained, unobserved, in his carriage, at the outer-gate, listening to the song of the light-hearted girls.

A silent tear trickled down the cheek of the girl. Her heart throbbed with inexpressible emotions. Never before, had she heard such happy voices. Never before, had such thrilling music fallen upon her heart, except when her dear departed mother sang some psalm or hymn, which told of redeeming love, and a brighter world on high, from the blessed old Prayer-Book, which she bore in her hand, and which now, with her old Bible, she pressed to her heart, and kissed in rapturous joy, as the gifts which she received with her mother's dying blessing.

"MOTHER! DEAR MOTHER!" O how these words turned "her heart's blood" into tears! O blessed Mother's love, still linger about us on our way. Still cheer us to the tomb.

"And will she be a MOTHER to me? O, will she be

a MOTHER to me?" she involuntarily exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the gentleman at her side, who had hitherto been absorbed in his own meditations, as he witnessed the beautiful and touching scene before him. "Yes, she will," said he, "my dear Agnes;" for it was Mr. Lovegood and Agnes Wallace. And tears welled up from his heart, and chased each other down his manly cheek. "Yes, she will. I know she will. This, my daughter,—for so now I shall ever call you,—is to be your future home, at least for four years. It will be a happy home for you. God bless you, my daughter. O could your poor, dear mother, now in Paradise, have witnessed this scene, and heard those happy voices!"

Here, for the present, we must leave Agnes.

If hitherto she had known sorrow, and grief had left its furrows on her young brow, let us trust that there is a brighter future in store for her; that flowers, "bright flowers," may yet be strewn along the pathway of the poor orphan.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOSSIPING. PICTURES FROM LIFE. HOW TO GET MONEY
FOR CHURCH PURPOSES, FROM THE BLEMMERTONS.

Time was, when scarcely a day rolled away, without bringing some startling event to pass, in the great city of ——. But, strange to tell, nothing startling had occurred, in the usual routine of events amongst St. ——'s congregation, since the time that the juvenile Captain Fastidious had marched the boys to the Sunday-School.

If the reader will form one of our company, we will stroll into one of those magnificent saloons, for which the city of —— was so justly celebrated.

The dog-days have come; it is almost too hot for gossiping; yet, thanks to a plate of frozen cream and a glass of ice-water, we can endure a sprinkle of it. Perhaps, while enjoying our delectables from the frozen regions, it may suffice to remind us that summer is yet on hand.

It is now the hour of dusk; the pleasantest period of a hot day in the city. While enjoying our cream à-la-mode, tête-à-tête, a couple of ladies enter, sweep gracefully up the saloon, and take their seats at a table opposite to ours. It is unmannerly, we know, to listen; but if ladies will take seats near us, and will persist in speaking loud enough to be heard, we know not that we are bound to change our seats; and certainly we deem it no point of our duty to become deaf!

There is a modern society called "Know-Nothings;" a very apt title. These ladies belonged to a numerous society, whom, for want of a better title, we shall style "Like-Nothings." The Like-Nothings are a peculiar race, much given to fault-finding and intermeddling. Nothing is right, unless they do it themselves. And yet, alas! they never bless the world by doing any thing.

The secret of their success consists in undoing. But, we must permit them to speak for themselves.

"Well, indeed, Mrs. Nochurch," said Mrs. Fussy, "Mr. Lovegood seems to me to be a strange man. When he was at my house the other day, he scarcely had any thing to say; so, I thought I would try and draw him out, by praising his last sermon: there was, for a wonder, you know, nothing in it about 'the Church,' and the like. And what do you think he said? Would you believe that he would not hear a word of it, but just cut me short, by saying he hoped I would profit by it!"

"Did you ever! It's so unlike Dr. Riproarer. I should not wonder if it is that that prevents him from getting the D. D. I do declare, I don't believe I can ever think much of a clergyman who is not a D. D. It is so much pleasanter to say Doctor than Mr. so-and-so, forever. I think all who are not D. D.'s must be deficient in some respect. Now Dr. Riproarer seems always under so many obligations, when one speaks well of his sermons, that it does one good to oblige him in that way."

"And what do you think," continued Mrs. Fussy, "my Jane said to me the other day. Jane, you know,

is a [Roman] Catholic, and they all are bad enough, but I don't believe Jane will lie!"

"O dear, what?" hurriedly and vehemently asked the lady, dropping her plate of frozen ice, as if it had been a hot iron.

"Well, day before yesterday, Jane says, she saw Mr. Lovegood come round the corner, go down the alley behind the house, and enter that low, brawling groggery kept by Pat O'Ryman!" "O shame! You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Nochurch, threatening to fall into a swoon, or spasm of horror and amazement. "True! and Jane says she watched until he came out, and it was nearly an hour!" "Did you, in all your life, ever hear the like! What is the world coming to? A clergyman in a groggery! Only think of it! You may depend there was something wrong going on!" "I don't know; but Jane said, when he came out he looked queer! His head hung down, and he looked as though he feared some one would see him. He walked hurriedly out of the alley, and went on up the street!"

"Now I do declare," said Mrs. Nochurch, "that reminds me of what my John told me. My John was coming home one night about midnight, a few evenings ago,—he had been at the theatre,—and whom should he meet right at that corner, but Mr. Lovegood! I told John not to speak of it; but it's too late now! How strange!"

The ladies exchange a knowing look, and heave each a heavy sigh. But be not startled; be quiet, keep your seat!

It was no trifling matter, that Mr. Lovegood had been seen to enter a groggery, and also at or near the same

place, by another party, at the solemn hour of midnight. It never entered the generous mind of either of them, that he was doing any thing good. Charity might perhaps have whispered thus much. But Charity has nothing to do with a clergyman who enters a groggery; nor could she, in the minds of our two ladies, find any mantle to cover such a sin.

Had "Jane" been properly employed in her culinary engagements, and Master John Nochurch sound asleep in his bed, instead of visiting that gateway to eternal death, the theatre, this wicked piece of gossip and bitter scandalizing had never come to light. But so the idle and the wicked have eyes, ears, and hearts, for every thing but what is good and praiseworthy.

After that knowing look had subsided into composure, Mrs. Nochurch continued the conversation. "O dear, what will Dele Blemmerton think of that when she hears it!"

"Dele Blemmerton! La me, what has she to do with it?" "A great deal! I reckon they are engaged to be married, or near it!" This last was spoken in an under-tone, and intended as a qualifying clause. "It can't be so! It's impossible!" said Mrs. Fussy. "Don't everybody know that Dele Blemmerton is engaged to be married to Mr. Slopill!" "Well, I don't speak positively, mind you! But Mrs. Blemmerton told me, the other day, that she thought things 'looked' that way! And I'm sure she meant something!"

"Mrs. Blemmerton! Well, I do declare! People are so strange now-a-days! Why Mrs. Blemmerton has all along been opposed to Mr. Lovegood in the Church. They never liked him; never wanted him here! O,

it's too bad, after hearing her say all that I have heard!"

"I had rather not speak of it, but I know Mr. Lovegood has been there a great deal of late, and Jenny McMeddlesome told me, that Dele told her, that she had given Mr. Lovegood a piece of poetry and a beautiful rose-bud! And I know, that she bought, at Roundelay's store, a few days ago, a splendid velvet sermon-holder, which she intended as a present to Mr. Lovegood. And I'd like to know, if all this does not mean something? I know Mr. Lovegood says he goes there to see Ben Slocum about confirmation, but that won't do to tell every body."

"Do tell! Really, between us, I'm losing all confidence in Mrs. Blemmerton. She is actually deceitful; I do declare she is!"

"Well you know, as old aunt Sally says, 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world.' For my part, I'd rather not say all I know. But if it is a match, Mrs. Blemmerton, you may depend, has made it up herself. Dear me, she is so crafty, so cunning, so managing! But hush! I do believe she is coming! Yes, if here ain't Dele, too!"

"Dear me, Mrs. Blemmerton, I'm so glad to see you! and you, too, Dele!" and the ladies kiss all around. "La! We were just talking about you, and good too!" "I thought so," exclaimed Mrs. Blemmerton, "my right ear burnt so!" "And where, Mrs. Blemmerton, have you kept yourself? I haven't seen you for a week!" "Ben Slocum's poor cousin Richard, you know, has been very ill for a week, and this kept us confined at home; and, poor fellow, after all that we

could do he died yesterday, and we are just returning from his funeral ! Poor fellow, he is gone !”

“ Dear !” exclaimed both the ladies, “ We never heard a word of it. Why did you not let us know ?”

“ Well, you know, it’s a very busy time ; our expenses just now are very heavy ; and Mr. Blemmerton did not think it worth while to have much of a funeral. He said it would do poor Richard no good. But O, such a sermon we heard, by the Reverend Simon Cobblecanting, who was a dear friend to Richard. O, you ought to have heard it, and the eloquent prayer, and the praises bestowed on Mr. Cobblecanting. It was preached in the New Jerusalem Church. It’s many a day since I heard such a sermon !”

That reminds us of “ spouting.” Mr. Cobblecanting was a decided “ spouter !” This is a “ spouting” age, and the world is full of “ spouting.” Lord so-and-so made a great speech in Parliament the other day, on the question of the length of Punch’s ears. Hon. Mr. Longsides contended, that Punch has no ears at all. Lord so-and-so contends, that he is a decided ass. It’s a great question, and the papers ring out the labored speeches. The clash of arms is heard across the broad Atlantic ; and we are wonderfully edified.

Mr. Such-a-one died in England, three hundred years ago. Mr. Such-a one was a very good man, no one doubts or questions it. Out comes a “ spouting” piece in the papers, calling upon all good Christians to contribute freely to the erection of a great monument, or something else, to the memory of Mr. Such-a-one. Mr. Such-a-one lives in the memory of the Church or nation ; he has a fame as far above stone or brass as

heaven is above earth. And if he could speak from the dead, he would say, "You had better rouse the people and teach them to devote their means to the spreading abroad of the Gospel of life and salvation!"

Look at the heathen millions in idolatry, crying aloud for the bread of life! Look at home upon the broad domain unclaimed by the Church; hear the voice that cries, day by day, to heaven, "Thy Kingdom come!" "O send us the Church, with her healing waters, her words of love and bread of life!" Hear the wail of the suffering Missionary, alone in the wilderness, as he stretches out his hands for help, and groans aloud in his agony of soul.

But O, they are not dead! While there's life, there's hope! If they die we'll "spout;" they are glorious Christians; they died in harness: we'll build them monuments; we'll sing requiems o'er their grave.

It's all "spouting;" spout, spout, spout; speech, speech, speech! It amounts to nothing! It is "empty, destitute, and void," as Hooker would say, of any real good to the world or the Church. We are full of speechifying congratulations, sounding of big guns. Weightier issues are cast into the shade.

Is it not time to take up practicals? Is it not time to begin to "spout" to some purpose?

Let us draw one or two little pictures.

Picture 1st. "If we waited for the Episcopal Church to bring them (*i. e.*, the blessings of the Church) to us, several generations might grow up and die in heathenish ignorance."*

* New-York Churchman, August 5, 1854.

We take this paragraph from one of our Church papers. It was the remark made by a Churchman, with regard to the tardiness of the Church in claiming the wide field opened unto her in the great Southwest. It is a sore rebuke. Where does it fall? Upon the children of the Church! And for them we write. They do not supply the means, to enable the Church to claim her own, and do her Lord's work.

Picture 2d. The Church papers make an appeal, on behalf of a College in Canada, and a Missionary work there. The appeal is handsomely responded to; and the next thing we hear is, that twelve thousand dollars, or more, are liberally contributed to those objects. This is all highly gratifying. As a daughter, the Church in the United States owes much to her good old mother, the Church of England; and it really does the heart good, to see the daughter and her children so generously disposed to recognize the filial duty of honoring her parent, and returning into her bosom and that of her children, (for we all are one family in Christ, and we rejoice in it,) even a small portion of the fostering love that for so many years she derived from her.

“Honor thy father and thy mother,” is the first commandment with promise.—And it is just as true, without doubt, of our spiritual mother as of our natural, for there is no tie closer than that which exists between the family of Christ, the communion of saints! And it is cheering, to see the generous-hearted children of the Church, thus fulfilling the sacred duty of cementing the bonds of union between mother and daughter, and spreading abroad the Messiah's Kingdom.

But she who is a daughter has also grown to be a

mother; and, with the spirit and genius of our common country, her children have gone out, seeking their own fortunes, have spread themselves abroad over this wide domain, and, here and there, from every wilderness, every hamlet, town, and village, there is a cry coming up, "Sirs, we be brethren! Help us as the Lord hath prospered you! Send us Missionaries; assist us in sustaining them! Help us to build sanctuaries; help us to found colleges; help us to make this fair wilderness blossom as the rose!" Our children are growing up, without the baptismal covenant; our "young men and maidens" are joining the ranks of heresy or schism; our old men and women, our fathers and mothers, are sinking into the grave, without the cheering voice of the Priest of the Church, without the comforting message of love, without the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God! Ye who are wealthy, ye whom the Lord hath put in possession of the abundance of the isles and the seas, and so hath made stewards in his vineyard, hear our call! We ask you not to bestow on any less; but do not quite forget us! Turn us not away empty, when we call upon you!

Picture 3d. Mrs. Fastidious is very busy, arranging a great clerical dinner to be given to Dr. Riproarer. The noise of the whitewasher and scrubber is heard in the streets; the windows are naked; the rich tapestry curtains, which cost several hundred dollars each, and which flash their brilliancy from their gold and silver figures, are down; and the paint-brush is busy on the sash and frames; the velvet carpets are all removed; the brass is rubbed; the chandeliers are decorated: every thing, from the attic to the cellar, is in commo-

tion. Mrs. Fastidious in her chamber, is being measured and fitted with a magnificent velvet dress, while on her head rests a gorgeous head-dress, in which she is to appear at dinner, and which sparkles with costly jewels, which, so soon as the chandeliers are lit, will throw her light far and near around her. She is determined to shine by her own light, and not her husband's, as the old law used to read. "It is very becoming, Ma'am! A beautiful thing, indeed!" And Mrs. Fastidious smiles very graciously. A ring at the bell! "Dear me, who would interrupt me now? I do wish people would—"

"Mrs. Rector, from the country, wants to see you, Ma'am!" "Ah, yes! Tell her I'm busy; beg to be excused! I'm fixing for company; a dinner to Dr. Riproarer; can't possibly see her now!"

Mrs. Rector departs, not, however, without sad reflections. She has come to town to call, instead of her husband, on a few wealthy Church ladies, soliciting a few dollars for the building of his little chapel.

She is an indefatigable woman, not easily discouraged; therefore she determines to seek Mr. Fastidious at his office. He is very wealthy, and will certainly give her something very handsome!

"No, Madam, I'm not able. I have to give so much at home. Remember, I had to pay a tax of two hundred and fifty dollars, six months ago, towards liquidating our Church debt.

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Fastidious think themselves good Christians. Their money is their own. Dr. Riproarer's dinner-party cost upwards of two thousand dollars. What of that? It made Mr. and Mrs. F.

popular, gave them eclat in the world; while fifty dollars to the little church would never have been heard of in this world. There would have been no "spouting" about it.

Now, we could have told Mrs. Rector how to gain access to the pocket of Mr. and Mrs. Fastidious. How? Get up a "spouting," a popular demonstration; popularize the thing; sound a trumpet; get up a sympathetic meeting, with reporters, etc.; catch them in the crowd, and then the money will come! There's nothing for such gentry like "spouting!" If you do not popularize the thing, so far as they are concerned, you might as well give it up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW IDEA. A CASE OF CASUISTRY. MR. STRAGGLER, THE
MISSIONARY FROM THE WEST. SOME DISCLOSURES.

WE should, ere this, have announced the fact, that Mrs. Fussy delivered the truth, when she with indignation informed Mrs. Nochurch, that Miss Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton was engaged to be married to one Mr. Slopill. This betrothment had existed for the year past. Mr. Slopill was said to be a man of some talent in his line; kept a pretty large bacon and feed store; dealt in eatables in general; and was celebrated for good wines and cigars, and patent quack medicines. But he lacked energy, and was what would be called a "slow coach;" it took time and perseverance to move him.

When called behind his counter, by the hasty rapping of a penny in the hand of an urchin, for a cent's worth of snuff, or a plug of tobacco, though it were a case of life or death depending on the promptitude of his movements, he would always take time, in the "office," as, par excellence, he termed a little private room in his store, to comb his whiskers, which were quite luxuriant, brush his hair and teeth, and otherwise make his toilette. He was never known to be in a hurry but once, and that was when he was running away from an anxious creditor.

It was amusing to watch the little begrimed urchins,

holding aloft the mighty penny, and ever and anon slapping it down with considerable irritability on the counter,—whack, whack, whack! as if the wheels of the world stood still, while they were unserved, and they were anxious to start them. Whack, whack, whack! “Oh me, mammy is in a hurry; I’ll git whipped! I do wish—” “Be there in a moment!” cries a voice from before the looking-glass in the office. “Soon as he’s done his whiskers!” says another urchin. Out walks the veritable gentleman, all done up, elegantly combed, brushed, sleeked, and powdered.

“And what’ll you hev?” “And please, Sir, a penny’s worth o’ snuff. And mammy’s in a hurry; and I’ll get whipped!” “’Spose your mammy won’t die for it in so short a time! You made noise enough to hev ben a purchaser to the amount of a thousand dollars!” says whiskers, rather testily. “And you,” says Young America, retiring with the snuff, “took as long to comb your head, as my daddy would take to barbarize a *dozen* monkeys.” And away ran Young America, singing Yankee-Doodle.

Poor Mr. Slopill had to bear it. “A fig on all children!” said he, gritting his teeth, “children and babies are humbugs; I really wish they’d keep away from here. Babies do nothing but whine, and screech, and cry, the puling things; and as soon as they are old enough to talk, they are chock full of all evil and abominable wickedness. That fellow’s head hasn’t been combed since the hair grew upon it. A humbug they are, every one of them. I don’t know what they are made for, except to give trouble.” And so Mr. Slopill would continue to scold at the whole race of juveniles,

until he soothed his irritated feelings, and avenged his insulted dignity. If he was not a *misogamist*, he was, while in one of these pets, a confirmed *child-hater*.

But, withal, Mr. Slopill was rather an agreeable and gentlemanly man; a good deal given to dandyism, but quite free from another failing, an over-stock of good common sense. Yet, somehow, calculating mammas and papas did not altogether fancy him as a brilliant match for their daughters: they thought him too inert; a mere seeker of a wealthy matrimonial alliance. While, therefore, he was quite a favorite, with some of the young ladies who admired a handsome pair of whiskers, a sleek head, trim-fitting kids, boots, and a handsome cane, he was far from being popular with the older heads.

Mr. Blemmerton did not fancy him at all; because, when he was a lad serving his apprenticeship at the grocery business, he refused to carry a middling of bacon home in his hand to a customer. A man or boy who was above his business, was not the one for Mr. Blemmerton. And we give Mr. B. due credit for such a decision. He was right, for once in his life, all demurrers to the contrary, notwithstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Blemmerton were therefore opposed to Mr. Slopill's addresses; he was not the man for them. Mr. B. had no money to spend in trimming and training whiskers, buying scented soaps, ivory combs, gold-headed canes, and the like. And when matters came to a crisis, Mr. Slopill was forbidden the house; and, so far as the parents were concerned, the whole affair was dissolved into thin air.

Not so with Miss Deliah Airmyth and Mr. Slopill.

Miss Deliah having not been trained in the strict school of parental obedience, possessed too of a touch of the romantic in her composition, determined to counteract the determination and advice of her parents, and continue the betrothment, trusting to time and chance for future developments: hence, a clandestine correspondence was kept up between the parties; and they met occasionally, by *accident*, as they would have it supposed, at the house of some mutual friend or acquaintance.

And here for the present we must leave them, with the remark, that in thus acting upon the principles of duplicity, Miss Deliah was only developing the elements of the false education she had received.

It happened on a certain day, memorable in the history of that portion of the citizens of the city of —— who composed the congregation of St. ——'s church, that Mr. Lovegood was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Nochurch; and that, but a few days before the noted discovery, made by Mr. John Nochurch and Mrs. Fussy's servant girl Jane, of Mr. Lovegood's entry into the groggery of Pat O'Ryman. There was quite an assemblage; and, among the number, the Blemmerton family, all except Mr. Ben Slocum Sapientium. As usual on such occasions, the conversation was chiefly of a general character. Mr. Lovegood threw in a word occasionally, that savored of soundness of speech and wholesome doctrine, or otherwise cheered the day by enlivening and instructive conversation. Mr. Blemmerton and Mr. Nochurch discoursed of stocks, trade, the tightness of the money-market, the latest news in the commercial world, and Mr. Heartful's late speech in

Congress, which Mr. Blemmerton thought a decided failure, and threatened to discontinue one of his papers, on account of its laudations of the speech aforesaid. The elderly ladies discussed Mrs. Friendly's new carriage: one thought it a very clumsy affair; another thought that it would do for *her*. They also laid plans for the latest styles of furniture, and the new furnishing of their several establishments. Mr. Blemmerton inquired very particularly respecting Agnes Wallace, Mr. Lovegood's charming little protégée. The young ladies discussed the last ball, the forth-coming lectures, operas, etc.; and their several prospects in the matrimonial market.

Mrs. Presbyterian started the only question in casuistry. Speaking in strong terms of condemnation of Mrs. Friendly and Mrs. Hopeful, she said she thought they had better conceal their faults; they were so very faulty in many respects, that it was really shameful.

Miss Julia Jasper for the first time heard these ladies condemned. She believed, that, if they had faults, they were of a very trifling character; for her part, she thought them faultless; still, if they had faults, she was clearly of the opinion that they should not endeavor to cloak them, and pretend to be what they were not; *that* she thought would be hypocritical. On this question the ladies kept up a spirited conversation; one espousing one side, another the other; one thought it dutiful to conceal one's faults, another contended for the contrary. It involved a casuistical inquiry which baffled the ladies; at last they appealed to Mr. Lovegood, and opened the whole case to him, requesting his judgment in the premises.

“Ladies,” said he, “I will endeavor to solve your question in the fewest possible words. It is best, if we can possibly have it so, not to have faults either to conceal or expose.” Answer the question better, if you can. It satisfied the ladies, at least it brought the discussion to a close. And it must not be disguised, that several of them about that time looked half-innocent, half-guilty, as though they suspected him of having some hidden meaning in his solution. Whether he had or not, is not material. The proposition is a good one; but not so easily carried out to the very letter.

The day passed quietly away, with but a single interruption; the call of a Missionary from the great West, soliciting means to aid in building a church. Mrs. No-church invited him into a private parlor, informed him that she had company, which was, of course, a gentle hint that he should make his stay as short as possible, profiting by which (on the principle, *verbum sap.*) the good Missionary, like a prompt business man, without a long preface, came to the point at once. He was ministering in a new country, in a very promising field; but, as in almost all the new countries, the people did not fully appreciate the Church. Besides, they were but recently settled, just getting under way, and their means were limited; yet, as far as they were able, they were willing to help themselves along, and had done so with a liberal hand. Still, after almost superhuman efforts at home, they lacked a thousand dollars, to complete their cherished sanctuary; and his vestry had requested him to call on a number of the wealthy and influential Churchmen in that city, to solicit their kind offices. He felt assured, that few more worthy objects

could be presented to her kindly and charitable consideration. His church was in the chief city in that new and flourishing country ; and its influence was destined to be felt, not only at home, but all over that vast region ; and, therefore, he could not doubt, that, wherever he went, he should meet with a generous response.

Mrs. Nochurch took the Missionary's subscription-book ; and rapidly conning it, reading every name and the amount subscribed by each, returned it to him with the remark : " I'm sorry, Sir, that we can do nothing for you. We are poor, Mr. Straggler, and have little to give, beyond our charities at home. Indeed, we have to pay so much for pew-rent here, that we are able to do very little more. Fifty dollars pew-rent, Sir, per annum, is a great deal for one family to pay for a pew. Mr. Lovegood's salary is put at so high a mark, that it strains us all very much ; and, indeed, it is whispered that, in these hard times, it must be increased ; if so, I know not what we are to do.

" I know it is said, Sir, that we are rich ; but, indeed, it is a grave mistake. We have, it is true, just received a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars, and had, prior to that, about sixty thousand dollars worth of property ; but this is very far from being a fortune. Many of our friends say, that they will account us poor till we are worth a million.

" And yet, notwithstanding our poverty, we are very charitable. I pay my milliner two hundred dollars per annum ; my mantua-maker I pay four hundred ; my washer-woman, two hundred ; and then the upholsterer, shoemaker, hair-dresser, confectioner, these all come in for a large portion of our charities. On the score of

charity, then, after paying fifty dollars pew-rent, we feel entirely clear, and *certainly are clear.*"

The good Missionary thought that these expenditures could not be classed fairly amongst charitable dispensations: they were rather involved in the necessary expenses of a large family and of numerous entertainments. They were expenditures for services rendered, value received, and therefore, not to be classed among charitable distributions.

Mrs. Nochurch begged leave to differ from him in opinion, very essentially. They *were charities*; for they could, if they would, curtail nearly *three-fourths* of them; therefore he must grant that three-fourths of them, or near it, were charities. For her part, she did not know what such dependants would do, should all the people in the "best society" curtail their expenses. They would certainly starve; and, therefore, she thought it would be sinful in them to do so. And it was as much on that account as any other, that she disbursed her means so bountifully among them.

The poor Missionary had never met a case like this before. It was a novelty of a rare order. "Ah, Madam," said he, smiling at the happy thought, "my great country opens her rich bosom to all such 'dependants' as those of whom you speak. If they should be deprived of the means of subsistence, by the cutting-off of their bread here, in the loss of 'the charities' of which you speak, it would be to them a real blessing, if it turned their feet to that mighty region toward the going down of the sun, which is ready to open its treasures of abundance and pour them into their laps. And then, too, perchance, Madam, a portion of that

three-fourths of the whole expenditures of the wealthy, that now flow out in such 'charities' as pamper lust, and pride, and fashion, might flow in the channels of the Church, and become real blessings to the world. I have, I must tell you frankly, Madam, but little faith in 'charities' of the class named by you. They spring not, I dare avouch, from any love of the poor artisan, but from a love of the world, and the pleasures of a pampered heart, doating on its own fond hankerings after display in the world."

Here the good Missionary, seeing his prospects slender, with a sad heart takes his hat, and is about to make a graceful exit, when the lady requests him to be seated a moment, saying that a very wealthy lady, a millionaire, is in the house, who is known to be very liberal, whom she will ask to see him.

In a few moments Mrs. Blemmerton is introduced to the Missionary. She receives his story very graciously; informs him that she has nothing with her, but gives him the street and number of her residence, and requests him to call in the evening, when Mr. Blemmerton would be at home, and they would likely respond favorably to his call.

Prospects were brightening. Hope is full of comfort. Hope is a golden pillar, set around with jewels, bright and sparkling, and flashing in their own light. Hope contends with despair, chases away despondency, buckles on the armor of perseverance, surmounts difficulties, lives in bright prospects and on bright smiles, sees through the clouds, looks in to the sunshine. With many thanks, and a cheerful smile, the Missionary took his departure.

The ladies returned to the drawing-room, and were joined by the gentlemen in a few moments; all of them, at least, except Mr. Lovegood, who, wrapped in his own meditations, sat in the back portico, thinking about Heartfulville, his pleasant study, the wrens and the mockings, the elms and the roses.

“La! Mrs. Blemmerton,” said Mrs. Nochurch, “did you read that list of subscribers?” “No, I did not.” “Well, it was a curiosity. Would you believe, that Mr. Friendly’s name is down for two hundred dollars?” “I want to know! That man is certainly destined for the almshouse. He’s scarcely worth fifty thousand dollars; doing a small business: only making ten thousand dollars a year. Yesterday, a new carriage and a pair of horses that did not cost less than eight hundred dollars, though it’s a plain, common thing; and to-day, two hundred dollars to go away off to that outlandish country.”

“And then,” continued Mrs. Nochurch, “Mrs. Church’s name is down for a hundred dollars; and you know she is very poor. Mr. Happy, Mrs. Charitas, Mrs. Hopeful, and Mr. Goodall are each down for seventy-five dollars. Now, if Mr. Lovegood’s salary is to be increased, as they say it is, how much more becoming would it have been in them, to give it to the vestry for that purpose. But I suppose their money is their own: still, it’s certainly very foolish for people to be so lavish of their means. They may come to want themselves; and then, if I’m not mistaken, they’ll learn a lesson.”

Mr. Blemmerton thought, truly, it did not concern them. “A fool and his pence,” said he, “soon part

company. As to Mr. Friendly, he had long since known that he did not know the worth of money. But, he was a peculiar man; denied himself almost the common necessities of life, that he might give his money away to every snivelling beggar that came along; built fine houses to rent to mechanics, that made them above themselves, and scarcely paid him five per cent. on the investment. But it was no concern of theirs; they need not trouble themselves about it."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." This was an investment that never crossed the speculative path of Mr. John Blemmerton. His lifetime charities were confined to the brief period when he was silly enough to allow his own pride to run him as a candidate for Congress. He was now fully satisfied, that mankind were ungrateful. This was his hobby: he had no faith in humanity; a man's charities were not appreciated. He had no more favors to ask, none to grant. He was safe for this world, as he thought; as to the next, he would leave it to take care of itself. Alas! that mankind should so trifle with their immortal destinies.

We have somewhere read a thrilling incident of a party of pleasure, in a boat on the coast of Norway, who ventured out to the outer circle of the eddy of the Maelstrom. It was a daring and perilous enterprise; and perhaps its very peril was the incentive to the trial. Having made every preparation, away they dash, a merry company of young men and maidens, through the foaming sea. They approach the outer circle of the Maelstrom: there all is calm and serene. They glide into the enchanted circle, withdraw their oars, and give

themselves up to its revolving tide. Round they go; slowly, leisurely, delightfully. All are joyous; all happy. The merry laugh rings over the deep, blue wave. They will enjoy the exciting scene awhile, ply their oars, and escape from their impending doom. But time passes on; round they go, circle after circle, each faster than the other, each approaching nearer to the awful vortex.

The waters now begin to be slightly agitated; they grow a little uneasy, but it is time enough yet to escape. A few more intoxicating rounds, and then they will ply their oars. Suddenly there is an awful pause; the merry laugh has ceased; pale fear sits on every countenance; the cold sweat-drops gather on the brow. The waters begin to foam and lash; and lo! there is the portentous roar of the dreaded vortex! They are approaching that gulf from which there is no return. And now the oars fly out, and stalwart arms strike for life. But, alas! too late. That mighty tide is stronger than they. That weak boat trembles, in every timber and every joint. Each heart is petrified. Each eye is set in the glare of death. The revolving tide rages, and foams, and roars, and lashes itself in its fury, sending up its hoarse laugh in mockery of the wail of its victims. They must measure the depths of that awful Maelstrom, and be cast away in the wide ocean of eternity.

And how many, alas! of the children of this world are revolving on that tide of destruction! How many of the characters whom we have introduced to the reader, are rapidly approaching the dreaded vortex! Remonstrance is in vain. They will not hear the

warning voice. A little more pleasure of this world, a little more saving to the flesh; they will close their ears against the ominous sounds that fall upon them. Round they go; it is time enough yet; it is so delightful; I will bask awhile in the billows,—play in the foam,—but, alas! all on a sudden, they are gone! One long, low wail, and all is over!

“O, set me up on the Rock that is higher than I.” Ps. lxi. 3. Ah, place yourself in the position of that wild party of pleasure; and then fancy, that before you rises a bold rock in its majesty, against which that revolving tide lashes its waves and spends its fury in vain. It is a haven of security, if you can only reach it. Upon its proud, defiant pinnacle, if once you can but plant your feet, you may rest, and laugh at the mighty waves that roll beneath you.

Oh, how those trembling, defenceless maidens in that maddened whirlpool would have cried out to the stronger arms, “O, set me up upon the Rock, that is higher than I!”

And this is what we all have, in the great Maelstrom of the world. There is a mighty Rock set there in the midst of its troubled waves, defying all their furious lashings and roarings; and, throughout the wide world, there is a voice crying day by day, and day by day does the prayer of the Church Militant ascend to heaven, “O, set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I.”*

This is the Rock of our Salvation, even Jesus Christ. Grounded upon Him as He pervades and fills the

* See the beautiful paraphrase of Bishop Horne.

Church with grace and glory, through faith in His Atonement and exaltation in the use of the means of His own vouchsafement, we may look out upon the waves around us, as from the mighty rock in the Maelstrom, and laugh in our security, as they dash themselves to pieces beneath us.

But, alas! the children of this world are slow in realizing so momentous a truth. They spend all the day on the giddy whirlpool; and, when the night cometh, there is a thick darkness, and they cannot see the Rock: and then they cry, perchance, "O set me upon the Rock!" But ah, late,—too late we fear; the mists are growing thicker; the lights are too feeble; the day is gone and past; there is a thick darkness; who can say that the Rock will be found? It may be, indeed,—'tis possible with God. But who will hang his destiny upon so slender a thread! Nay, nay; cry while the day lasts; work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when no work may be done. Work when the sun shines, and the glow of youth and life is fresh; work while the voice calls, Come,—O my children, come!

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. NOCHURCH'S DONATION TO MR. STRAGGLER. MR. FRIENDLY'S HOSPITALITIES. GOD'S PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED. MR. STRAGGLER'S PRACTICAL CONVERSATION WITH MR. BLEMMERTON.

MR. NOCHURCH listened, with evident concern, to the last-named conversation between his wife and his guests, but observed a profound silence. He was revolving in his mind a plan, which, had he dared to speak of it, he would have named to his wife; moreover, he would have expressed his deep regret, that she did not inform him when Mr. Straggler was present. It struck him very forcibly, that persons who could afford to give so many handsome dinners and other entertainments as they did, could, or ought to, afford to assist so worthy a cause as that presented by the Missionary. Though not a thoroughly instructed Churchman, nor a communicant, Mr. Nochurch was a man of good intentions, and, when rightly approached, of warm and kindly sympathies; and with a proper help-mate, he would, long ere this, have been a consistent Christian, a really pious and useful man.

His wife managed, for the most part, affairs at home; and, unless an application of the kind presented itself at his place of business, he rarely heard any thing of it. He was pained, and deeply mortified, that such a Missionary as Mr. Straggler, of whose good report he had

often heard, should be sent away from his door empty; and that, too, on an occasion when they were liberally spending a very handsome sum in playing the agreeable with their friends and neighbors.

His conscience was ill at ease; yet he knew how hopeless a task it would be to say aught to his wife.* He treasured in his heart a portion of Mr. Lovegood's sermon, the Sunday before, on the character of Lot; that portion, especially, in which he dwelt on the duty of entertaining strangers, and ministering to their necessities, in which he said, that in so doing, "we often entertain angels unawares," who are sent out by our heavenly Father to minister blessings unto us. Mr. Nochurch meditated long and earnestly on these thoughts; and the more he meditated, the more distinctly did the path of duty appear marked out before him. Who knows, mused he to himself, but that the Missionary was an angel of mercy and love, commissioned to bless my house. Woe is me, if he hath shaken off the dust of his feet as a testimony against us!

The afternoon had worn pretty well away; the lengthened shadows of the neighboring houses gave token of the approach of night, when Mr. Blemmerton begged

* The writer is giving sketches of character. Such a character as that of Mrs. Nochurch, he rejoices, is rare. He also rejoices in the acknowledgment, that to woman belongs every noble and generous impulse; and he thinks that in this work he has given to her the meed of just and honorable praise. On that score he has nothing to fear. But the rule is not without exceptions; and it must be acknowledged, that, now and then, such as Mrs. Nochurch are found, as well as, among men, such as Mr. Blemmerton. We promised to blend the two sides of life in one picture, but disclaim any thing more. We aim at no classes or creeds in particular.

to be excused, to go to his business. Mr. Nochurch, who for some time had been a little restive, accompanied him to the street; and, after a walk of a few squares, they parted, Mr. Blemmerton for his counting-room, Mr. Nochurch on an errand that will do him credit.

In the eyes of the "upper-tens," Mr. Friendly was not a wealthy man; but he always had enough, and something to spare for any worthy cause that presented itself. If not rich in money, he was rich in faith. His charities for the year past had been very large; for it had been a year of extraordinary trials to the poor, and indeed to all classes. He had almost entirely supported Mrs. Wallace, till the day of her death; the cholera had raged with terrible destruction, desolating the hearths and homes of thousands, sweeping off numbers of his tenants, leaving helpless widows and sorrowing orphans, to all of whom he had relinquished their rents, and besides had contributed unsparingly to their necessities. No mouth went unfed, no body unclothed, of all who came under the broad mantle of his charities.

These extraordinary outgoings had indeed absorbed every dollar of ready money that could be spared from his business. And in addition to all this, his own dear wife had been brought to the brink of the grave, by an attack of cholera, which had left her exceedingly prostrated, in very delicate health, which threatened to terminate in consumption. At the instance of her physician, he had been induced to purchase a carriage and a pair of horses, that every suitable afternoon she might enjoy a ride in the pure country air. This had added largely to his expenditures. It had also been agreed,

that Mrs. Friendly should take a trip to the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia. Every arrangement had been made; and she was bringing her preparations for the departure to a close.

The day before that on which he called on Mrs. No-church, the Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Straggler, had called and presented his claim to Mr. Friendly at his office. Mr. Friendly invited him to call at his residence, at two o'clock, and take dinner, at which time he would make such a response as he found himself able to do. Hurrying home an hour earlier than usual, he presented the case to his wife. To him it was one of difficult solution. He had only two hundred dollars at command, for any purpose; and this he had been husbanding for Mrs. Friendly's trip to the Springs. With him, it was sacred; he could not touch a dollar of it. And yet how should he deny that faithful and self-forgetting Missionary?—a man who had severed himself from all the ties of home and kindred, to preach the glad tidings of salvation in a far-off land, amidst trials of ill-health, poverty, hardships, and self-denial! On the other hand, the claims of his sick wife twined about his heart; they anticipated such beneficial results from the use of the sulphur water, that he had it not in his heart, to offer to deprive her of such a benefit.

“My dear,” said the amiable and pious wife, “give yourself no uneasiness on my account; this is a call from God. Do not hesitate a moment, as to what you are to do with that money; the silver and the gold are the Lord's; give it unto Him; His blessing is more to be desired than all else. Were I to refuse that poor Missionary, I should feel that I had refused the Saviour,

slighted His cause; and then how could I ask his blessing? No, my husband, let me never, in my own wants, forget the wants of others; let me never, in contributing to my own comfort, forget the cause and the glory of Him, who, for my sake, became poor, and humbled, and despised on the earth." "That is like my dear, good wife!" exclaimed Mr. Friendly, as the tears welled up in his eyes, and he pressed her to his heart, imprinting a kiss on her wan, but smiling cheek.

The missionary was cordially received, kindly entertained, and urged to make that his home during his stay in the city; nor did he ever know the self-denial that that happy family made, to cheer his heart, and set forward the Redeemer's Kingdom.

Had the little dinner party of the next day known all, they would likely have been more profuse in their comments on the folly of Mr. Friendly and his excellent wife. But the Lord knoweth how to reward them that are true of heart; and no good thing will He withhold from them that love Him. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire. By an apparent freak in the business world, which is by no means uncommon, a sudden rise in a particular article in Mr. Friendly's business, placed him in possession of a surplus of six hundred dollars.

As usual, he was greeted by his wife, at night, with a bright and cheerful smile; and he pressed her to his bosom, his whole frame trembling with emotions of joy: "You were right, my dear. The Lord will provide. You shall go to the Springs, and, better than all, your dear husband will now accompany you." Never did any give up any thing unto the Lord, without find-

ing a reward. 'The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear Him; and His righteousness upon children's children; even upon such as keep His covenant, and think upon His commandments, to do them,' Ps. ciii. 17, 18. And so they did go to the Springs, where they spent two months; and they returned in the Autumn, with the blessing of restored health to the grateful wife.

But it is time to return to the dinner party. After Mr. Blemmerton and Mr. Nochurch retired, the ladies called Mr. Lovegood from his meditations, and scolded him a little, for so long depriving them of his company. He made due apologies, excusing himself on a score of a lack of gallantry; he knew his deficiencies in that respect, and anticipated an easy and merciful verdict. At this the ladies seemed to be particularly amused, especially because, as one of them remarked, Mr. Lovegood was a gentleman of such rare, diversified talents, that he could not, if he tried, fail to make himself remarkably agreeable everywhere.

The remainder of the afternoon wore along, as pleasantly as might have been anticipated. Mr. Lovegood was a little fidgety. Being out of his element, he longed to be in his study with his books; but he knew not how to excuse himself at so early an hour. The ladies played and sang a few tunes; Miss Dele, with a good deal of feeling, sang the "Happy Wife," and "Home, sweet Home." Mrs. Nochurch often went to the window, and cast her eye down the street; returning, she would give a knowing wink to Miss Dele, who seemed to be altogether innocent of its meaning. At last it had

been repeated so often, that some one of the company asked her whom she expected.

With a very bland, but significant smile, and winking again at Miss Dele, she remarked, in a negligent way, that she did not know, but she thought Mr. Slopill might possibly call in. She knew that Mr. Slopill would not think of such a thing while Mrs. Blemmerton was present, for they were not "on terms."

Miss Dele desired to know why Mrs. Nochurch looked at *her*. "Now, Dele!" exclaimed the lady, "are you not ashamed?" "No, indeed I'm not," said she, with affected indignation. "And it's high time that old stale story had come to an end. Mr. Slopill is nothing whatever to me."

Mr. Lovegood, being a matter-of-fact man, was somewhat surprised to hear this, as he had heard the current gossip, that Miss Dele and Mr. Slopill were betrothed. It baffled him, notwithstanding he understood the conceded prerogative of young ladies to deny such stories; because it comported not with the character of a serious person, as Mrs. Blemmerton had represented her daughter to be,—a candidate for the honorable post of a Sunday-school teacher, and one ardently desirous of becoming a candidate for confirmation. Therefore, with some surprise, and in a tone manifesting a strong presumption of doubt, he said, "I am surprised, Miss Blemmerton, to hear you speak thus; and I must say, that, notwithstanding the prerogative conceded to young ladies in such topics, it is better in some instances to be silent, than to commit one's self—"

What he would have added, we know not; for Miss

Dele cut the conversation short, with the observation,—
“Indeed, Mr. Lovegood, you are greatly mistaken. In serious earnestness, and I hope you believe me, and shall be offended if you do not, there is no betrothment now between me and Mr. Slopill; and mother knows it!” Mr. Lovegood was gallant enough not to disbelieve the solemn asseveration of a lady; and there the matter rested. A little while after, a suitable time having arrived, he was glad of an excuse to retire. And in due time the company all dispersed.

“What a *strange moment* will that be,
My soul, how full of curiosity,
When winged and ready for thy eternal flight,
On the utmost verges of thy tottering clay
Hovering, and wishing longer stay,
Thou shalt advance, and have eternity in sight!
When just about to try that unknown sea,
What a strange moment shall that be!”

NORRIS of Bemerton: quoted from *Burnet's Lives*.

And now, if you follow Mr. Nochurch, from the moment that he parted company with Mr. Blemmerton, you will find him going from hotel to hotel, in search of the Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Straggler, diligently examining all the registers, in pursuit of his stopping-place. He has already inquired at a dozen of the principal hotels, without success. There is but one more he thinks it necessary to inquire at; thither he bends his steps, opens the register, finds the name, but written after it in pencil, “Gone to Mr. Friendly’s.” On inquiring, he found that Mr. Straggler had that day removed to Mr. Friendly’s. He returned to his office, and penned a brief line to the Missionary:

“REV. SIR:—Please find enclosed \$25, in aid of your work.

“I regret not meeting you, when you called at my house to-day ; but hope it is not too late to do good.

“Very faithfully, etc.

“REV. MR. STRAGGLER.

W. NOCHURCH.”

Mr. Straggler was surprised, when he opened the note, to find so liberal a donation from that house, and rightly surmised that Mr. Nochurch had not approbated the course of his wife. With his pencil he marked the donation in his book, and after tea repaired to Mr. Blemmerton's.

Here a very different reception awaited him. Mrs. Blemmerton, who appeared so fascinatingly gracious and condescending in the morning, did not show herself at all. And Mr. Blemmerton, appearing to be in a particularly bad humor, informed him that he had been very unfortunate that day. He had entered into a contract to furnish a large quantity of a certain article, at a specified price ; and, while dining out, intelligence had been received in the city, which caused a sudden advance in it, and being obliged to buy at the advanced price and sell by his contract, he had lost by the operation about six hundred dollars, which had gone into the pockets of old Mr. Friendly,—a man to whom it would be of no service, as he did not know the worth of money. “So much,” continued he, “for a man's not being always at his post ; for, had I been at my counting-room, I could as easily as not have made the purchase of Friendly, before he got intelligence of the rise. But it serves me right, I doubt not.

“And you are begging for a church in —, are you? Yes, I heard all about it. But, Sir, I must beg to be excused for not contributing to such an object. There are so many beggars now-a-days, that one can scarcely keep a dollar in one’s pocket. I gave away five thousand dollars last year, and got no thanks for it. And as to giving money to build a church in —, it is quite out of the question. I might as well throw it away at once. What do they want with a church in —? It is, I understand, filled up with horse-thieves, cut-throats, and robbers; and what do they care about the gospel? It is certainly useless, to send the gospel to such people.”

“Beg your pardon, Sir,” said Mr. Straggler, with becoming dignity, “I did not suppose I should be quite accounted a beggar, in calling on wealthy Churchmen to aid a weak and struggling parish, to build a house unto the Lord. With that, however, I am content, if so be, I may but succeed. It is no disgrace nor disparagement to me, to share in the lot of Him who was poor, despised, and homeless on the earth.

“But you must stand corrected, Mr. Blemmerton, in one respect. — is not made up, as you suppose, of the vile of the earth. That there are bad men in my State, I will not deny; and I am sorry to say they abound everywhere. I doubt whether your great city can boast exemption from them. We have, however, one consolation; the bad men in our State were not reared there; they came from the older States; even your own State, Sir, produced not a few of them. But, take our citizens as a whole, there is not a more intelligent, active, industrious, law-abiding people in this country.

“And yet, Sir, suppose I could admit the truth of

your proposition, that the citizens composing my State are a set of thieves, cut-throats, and renegades, would it not prove the reverse of your assertion? Would it not be so much the more my duty, to preach the gospel of glad tidings among them; and yours, to contribute unto its dissemination, that peradventure they might be brought unto repentance and a better mind, and reclaimed from their wickedness? For, remember, our blessed Lord came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. And His gracious invitation is, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ”

“Ha! ha! ha! that is a pretty ’cute argument of yours, Mr. Straggler; a good argument, Sir! and I’ll give you three dollars for it, for it’s worth every penny of it.” So saying, Mr. Blemmerton walked into an adjoining room, brought out the three dollars, which, handing to the Missionary, he took out his subscription book and was about to enter it, when Mr. B. requested permission to examine it.

“Mr. Nochurch, twenty-five dollars!” exclaimed he; “after the conversation to-day! so strange, so wonderful! Some people will always be fools! Do not put my name down, Sir. No, Sir, I have no such vanity; besides, I rarely give in this way. I wait for the plate to come round in church. That I think the legitimate way to give; and then I always contribute. Don’t put my name down, Sir; enter it cash. I didn’t care for any one to know what I give. And bear in mind, if you please, that I give the three dollars as a reward to your acuteness, and not because I think that much of the people of your State. I have heard some curious sto-

ries from that country. It is a great place for seeing elephants, mustangs, grizzly bears, wolves, and the like, I believe; and you like it, do you, Sir?" "Yes, Sir; because, I suppose, according to your estimate of it, I like misery!"

"Pray, Sir, tell me whether I am not right in my recollections of reading some of the Journals of your Diocesan Conventions, some years ago, in which there appeared some very amusing parochial reports. One, if I remember aright, read somehow in these words: 'Matters are proceeding as usual in my parish; every thing is prosperous, and we have a good hope for the future. Of the two communicants last reported, one has died and the other removed.' Another: 'After six years of indefatigable toil and anxiety, we have at last succeeded in raising a vestry, and now we are fully organized, signs are brightening wonderfully, and we trust now to move on with rapid strides.' I see little utility, Sir, as I said before, in sending money to build churches among such a people. It won't pay, Sir, you may depend; I had better contribute to some of the needy charities nearer home."

"It is well, Sir, for you to look at home, and I hope you will liberally carry out that view. But, Sir, your jests fail of point, since they have no application in the Diocese to which I belong. You never read them in its parochial reports; you may have found them in the journals of some of the older dioceses. The Church in my diocese is weak; but, one soul is of more worth than all the wealth and magnificence of your great city combined, and I would cheerfully labor all the days of my life in —, to save one soul from eternal ruin.

And now, Mr. Blemmerton, do you think you have yet received the worth of your three dollars? If not, I will remain until you take it all out in such wares."

"O yes, Sir! I gave it freely, Sir, but would be pleased to have a little more of your company. Your people are very hospitable, are they not, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, such is their general character, and I believe they deserve it. Hospitality is indicative of a good heart; and no people I think can be ranked in so low a scale of humanity, as you are disposed to class the people of my State, who live in the daily exercise of such a virtue." "Could you give me an illustration, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, and a contrast if you like. A number of years ago, duty obliged me to take a journey, by stage, of about one hundred and fifty miles, to the capital of my State. The first day, we made about fifty miles, and lodged all night at a hotel on the road. Early in the morning, we got off; and, after proceeding about thirty miles, I discovered that I had left my gold watch, the valuable and valued gift of a very dear friend, under my pillow at the hotel where I had lodged. In an hour's ride, we reached the next hotel on the road. As we approached, I saw in a field a few rods off, a gentleman whom I had never met, and with whom I had no personal acquaintance, who was engaged with his hands in his farming operations. While we tarried for dinner, he walked over to the hotel and I made his acquaintance. In the course of conversation, I informed him of my misfortune; just then, the return stage drove up. He called a servant from his plough in the field, told him my story, 'And now,' said he, 'Bill, do you

take the stage, and go back to Gunter's, and get this gentleman's watch.' I protested that it was too much for him to do, but it was useless; neither would he permit me to pay Bill's fare, nor even make him a present; he did all this himself.

"After dinner, we proceeded on our journey. I reached my destination. The Legislature was in session. On the third day after my arrival, I was standing, about midday, in the hall of the State House, looking down the avenue that led to it, when I beheld the gentleman walking up, my big watch-seal dangling at his side. Think of it, Sir. He had sent his servant a journey, at a heavy expense, and now had taken one himself, all out of kindness to a stranger."

"But what has that to do with hospitality?" "Hear me out, Sir. 'Sir, I am under very many obligations to you; how can I sufficiently show my gratitude? What am I to pay, Sir? Surely, you will permit me to pay Bill's expenses, Sir?'

"'No, Sir, not one cent. But I have a charge to make against you, Sir.' 'O, Sir, do say what it is; I shall be too glad to comply with it if in my power.' '*That you call on your return homeward, and spend three months with me!*'"

"And did you do it, Sir?" exclaimed Mr. Blemmerton. "He excused me with *three weeks*; and I never spent so pleasant a time, in my life; and when it expired, he sent me home in his own carriage. This will give you an idea of the hospitality of my State."

"And what of the contrast, Sir?" "Ah! I can give you a couple of them, if you wish. Take the least first.

I was on a visit to a friend ; in what part of the world I need not name. About night, a carriage drove up, and a very intelligent lady and gentleman alighted, who proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Tighter, from a village some fifty miles off. They were exceedingly delighted, once more to see their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hearty, with whom I was staying. Mr. and Mrs. Hearty received them very kindly, and entertained them hospitably. They had not met before, for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Tighter were taking something of a pleasure trip, and going on a visit to some distant relatives, and had taken Mr. and Mrs. Hearty's home in the way. It was pleasant for old acquaintances thus to meet ; and our hosts played the agreeable, very handsomely. The carriage was put away, the horse cared for, and our friends passed a delightful evening. After breakfast the next morning, several bandboxes were brought in, and Mrs. Tighter opened one and displayed several handsome bonnets. She had just taken them along, she said, on sale. She thought some of her friends might want a handsome bonnet, and it would assist in paying expenses ; she asked but a very small profit. Mrs. Hearty of course had to buy a bonnet for sake of 'auld lang syne,' paying therefor a dollar more than she could have procured it for in the nearest village."

Mr. Blemmerton is getting a little fidgety. "The trade being over," continued the Missionary, "the carriage drove up, Mr. and Mrs. Tighter took a hearty leave, urging Mr. and Mrs. Hearty to pay them a visit. 'Tighterville,' said Mrs. Tighter, 'is, as you know, a most charming place,—indeed the most charming you ever saw ; and I can assure you, that there is one of the

best hotels there the country can produce. O you would spend such a delightful time; do come."

Mr. Blemmerton gives the Missionary an icy look.

He continues, "A friend of mine returned to his native land to get married. Of course he put up at the village hotel, whose proprietor, it seems, had married the sister of his intended wife. This gentleman was very wealthy, had amassed a fortune by hotel-keeping. My friend remained at the hotel, until the day of marriage, paid his bill, and removed his baggage to his father-in-law's. After spending a week or so, the time arrived for him to take his bride to her new home. The carriage was at the door, the baggage lashed on behind, the bride and groom in, the whip cracks, and they are about to drive off, when the brother-in-law, the hotel-keeper, in breathless anxiety came running up, 'Stop! stop! stop!' exclaimed he; 'here, Mr. —, a little mistake, a slight omission, I forgot it in your bill, *eighteen pence for washing three shirts.*'"

By this time, Mr. Blemmerton was properly roasting with his own choler. The Missionary, thinking that he had given him the worth of his money, retired; and we opine, that Mr. John Blemmerton dislikes all missionaries. Nor are we surprised at it; his three dollars gone, foiled in his witticisms, and cut adrift, on his own uncomfortable reflections. All this was quite sufficient to render him taciturn, peevish, and unhappy.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOWING AGNES' PROGRESS AT MRS. DENSMORE'S. SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MR. BEN SLOCUM, DR. RIPROARER, AND DR. SKYROCKET.

WE have paused to give neither day nor date as we have proceeded. The events already related cover a series of years. Agnes Wallace has been upwards of two years at Mrs. Densmore's school; has made rapid progress; and has become a universal favorite with the household. Mrs. Densmore's monthly reports to Mr. Lovegood, of her progress, are highly gratifying; every thing in St. ——'s congregation appears to be quiet and prosperous. Mr. Lovegood remains in total ignorance of the disgraceful reports that are floating about town, in regard to himself.

It has for a long time been rumored, that he and Dele Blemmerton are to be married. She denied it, on all occasions; but the knowing ones did not give her credit for speaking the truth. Every body said it was so; and what every body says must be true.

The ugly alley matter, too, has eked out, which is corroborated by John Fussy's story. These reports gained strength and received additions, as they passed from one to another; and they were fast gathering into a portentous cloud, which threatened to create a deluge. Each of the busy-bodies added to the original story, until it was magnified beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the original inventors.

Mr. Lovegood, it was said by one, had been seen coming from the theatre at midnight; had been seen standing at a suspicious corner; coming out of an alley; going into a groggery. Some were not sure that he had not been seen lying in a gutter; others were quite certain, that he had been seen in a state of intoxication. Some, of course, glad to get any thing against a clergyman, believed, or pretended to do so, all these reports; others treated them as they deserved, giving them no credit whatever.

Poor Mr. Lovegood was certainly getting into an uncomfortable predicament; but he was as profoundly ignorant of it all as an infant. He was about to be married, without his knowledge or consent; his gown was about to be taken off, on account of his drunkenness and a hundred other offences, of which he was just as innocent.

We pause not to draw a full picture of all that was said or done; how inquiries were made, surmises founded, reports corroborated. The great Book of Life's Experiences has many a dark and darkened page, written in gall and tears of blood, and blotched all over with venom on such topics: let that suffice.

The Blemmertons, as it appeared to suit their interests, observed a profound silence; if they took sides at all, it was thought they rather favored Mr. Lovegood. Mrs. Blemmerton gave Mrs. Fussy a hint, that if these reports were true, Mr. Lovegood could never marry Deliah Airmyth; that was a settled point. But she could not believe they were true, although it looked suspicious: there was so much smoke, she feared there must be some fire.

And here we must take up the thread of the history of Mr. Ben Slocum Sapientium. After the conversation, recorded in a former chapter, between him and Mr. Lovegood, in which, it will be remembered, he placed himself under Mr. Lovegood's guidance as a candidate for confirmation, Mr. Ben Slocum threw himself in the way of a Presbyterian Elder, at whose house Sally Fastidious was a frequent visitor, and reported to him the purport, as well as he could, of the conference between himself and Mr. Lovegood. The elder rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight. It was the sweetest nut he had cracked for many weary years.

He readily gained Ben's consent, to bring the matter to the notice of Dr. Riproarer; and it was agreed, that an appointment should be made for him to meet Dr. Riproarer, at the house of the elder that evening, at which time and place Mr. Slocum was to make an exhibit of all the books that had been placed in his hands by Mr. Lovegood. True to the appointment, Dr. Riproarer was in place; and Ben appeared with his books. Dr. Rip examines them, one by one.

"Just as I expected," said he, "all on the uncharitable, unchurching order. Beaven's Help to Catechising. Well, I don't know much about that. Wilson on Confirmation. Ah, ha! *the* Church system!—Confirmation, eh?—what flummery! Ha! Percival on the Apostolic Succession. Hobart's Apology. Ho, humph! All pretty books to make a man a Christian. Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapientium, I must say to you in all charity, that if you read these detestable books, you might as well go and be a "Catholic" at once. For

Confirmation and the Apostolic Succession both are held by the Catholics; and if you are going to be a Catholic, go and join them at once. Away with such trash! You have been attending my church ever since you were a little boy, and you have never heard any thing about such stuff."

Dr. Riproarer never uttered a more sublime truism in his life, than that last sentence. Mr. Slocum had never heard any thing about such "stuff," from his pulpit. But we opine, if he could work up a little more of such "stuff" as he calls it, in his system, he would be able to draw a distinction between Romanism and Catholicism, and it would savor a little more of the true Catholic and Apostolic Doctrines. If Dr. Rip's argument, that Apostolic Succession and Confirmation ought to be rejected, because Rome holds them, be good, for consistency's sake, he ought also to reject the Bible, and Prayer, and Praise, and the Sacraments, and Preaching, because Rome holds them.

But this was not the only "stuff" Mr. Slocum had failed to hear from Dr. Rip's pulpit; or, if he ever had heard it, he had not the mind to grasp it. Dr. Rip's high-toned Calvinism, absolute, unconditional predestination to eternal life or death; had he heard it, and possessed ordinary powers of ratiocination, he would never have sought such a guide in spiritual things, on the principle that if he were (according to the supralapsarian, before the fall, or according to the sublapsarian, after the fall) predestinated either to salvation or damnation, he need give himself little concern about

it, since nothing that he could do would alter the case, one way or the other.*

“Now, Mr. Ben Slocum,” continued the Doctor, “I hope you will read none of these books. To speak plainly, they are little better than spiritual poison. All that you have to do, Sir, is to ‘get religion.’ And to aid you in this work, here is a charming and precious little book, which I will place in your hands. And to show you my unbiased judgment, and unbounded liberality, you may see from the title-page it is by an *Episcopal clergyman*, the Rev. Dr. Skyrocket, a man of extensive learning and piety, an ornament to his Church, a Christian in the true sense of the word, whom I will endorse any and every where. I do not ask you to read Presbyterian books; read *that* book, Sir, an *Episcopal* book; it will open your eyes, and you will see what all this pretension about the Apostolic Succession, etc., is worth.

“Dr. Skyrocket, like a good Christian, and a liberal-minded, intelligent man, acknowledges our Church and orders to be as valid as his. He prefers Episcopacy, not because it is of divine appointment, but because he likes it best. I prefer Presbyterianism; and so I hope you do, Mr. Ben Slocum.”

* The Presbyterians of the present day affect to derive great comfort from our 17th Article of Religion. Strange, that they should be willing to look in this direction for comfort! How far they are privileged to derive comfort from the aforesaid Article, may be gathered from the opposition which it met at the hands of the Calvinistic party, at the period it was first proposed. See Hardwick's Lambeth Articles. His. : Ant: pp. 152 and 157.

And we opine from Dr. Skyrocket's book, that he would have found more sympathy and congeniality in the bosom of Presbyterianism than he found in the Church. His sympathies were all with them; and his works, from time to time, had been of very great service to Presbyterianism, since, in all such cases as that of Mr. Ben Slocum, they had been extensively used, in proselyting weak, unstable, and uninstructed members of the Church into that system. We will, however, do Dr. Skyrocket the justice to say, that that was not his *intention*. He was a *sincere* man, aiming merely to disseminate his principles of liberality, and manifest his freedom from every taint of "bigotry" and "uncharitableness." These he considered weaknesses, beneath the dignity of a man of spirit and independence; to be tied up to forms and creeds was abhorrent to his feelings. His theological acquirements were very limited; he had never sounded the depths of theological learning; he had never breathed a thorough Church atmosphere; and therefore it was not to be expected of him, that he should recognize the Church as a great Institution set up in the world by her divine Lord for the salvation of sinners.

Like numbers who tampered with Rome, until they were carried into her arms or crushed beneath her serpent-like coils, he had tampered with Sectarianism, until he was completely under its control. And the praises and high-sounding eulogies of his sectarian friends, had a fascination, whose chain, had he so desired, he could not have broken.

Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapiientium read the flaming book of Dr. Skyrocket. Perhaps, he did. We do not

assert the fact ; we rather doubt, whether Ben ever read much of any thing. But the result was just as certain ; all his protestations to Mr. Lovegood vanished, and, of course, he came out, a drilled, decided, and triumphant Presbyterian. How much "religion he got," we undertake not to answer. This we know : it was duly announced, that the new convert would be received into connection with the Presbyterian meeting, on the following Sunday. Of course, it was a great and thrilling event, in the history of Dr. Riproarer's ministry ; nor did he and his congregation fail to improve it, to the full extent. It was a decided and magnificent triumph ; and will doubtless be recorded with due honor and prominence in the history of Presbyterianism, as it is handed down to posterity. *Requiescat in pace.* No ! Emblazon it on the banner and give it to the breeze ! It is a trophy that Dr. Riproarer can well afford to exult in : he is welcome to it, we envy him not. All this while, Mr. Lovegood has been kept in profound ignorance of these manœuvres. He has often met and conversed with Ben Slocum ; but never the slightest hint of this piece of wire-working has he received, either from him or his aunt, who was privy to it.

Now here was a capital hit for Dr. Riproarer ; a reprisal from Mr. Lovegood's flock ; a member of the Blemmerton family, who, all their lives, had been identified with that "mummery," Episcopacy ! Presbyterianism was looking up. Dr. Riproarer could certainly afford to lift his hat and make a respectful bow for such a favor,—“Knock-heads,” as the Chinese say. It booted nothing to him, that poor Ben knew not enough about the Church to have enabled him to answer the first

question in the Catechism. We ask his pardon; perhaps had the direct question, "What is your name?" been propounded to him, he might have answered, "Benjamin Slocum." But he never could have answered the second question. And this, it is true, was not so much his fault, as that of his uncle and aunt, by whom he had been brought up. Still, it robs Presbyterianism of all ground of exultation, since Mr. Slocum had no idea of discriminating between truth and falsehood. He was about to become a Presbyterian; because policy dictated it, not because he thought Presbyterianism, *par excellence*, the truth. So far as he had been trained at all, religiously, he had been reared in the school of indifferentism; and now he was led entirely by what he supposed to be his interests. Sally Fastidious attended Dr. Rip's services altogether. It was a great reprisal; a "big-gun" affair, and the most was to be made of it.

Dr. Riproarer undoubtedly understood the whole matter; but, thankful for small favors, few and far between as they were, he joyed, as Pythagoras did, when he discovered his great geometrical problem; and, for aught that we know, had he possessed them, he would have sacrificed as many oxen; or as Archimedes did, when he discovered the specific gravity of metals. And had he, like the philosopher, been bathing, he would have rushed out of the bath, exclaiming, "I have found it! I have found it!"

Found what, Sir? "Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapientium, the nephew of Mr. John Blemmerton, is a Presbyterian." Whew! you have found a "mare's nest," indeed. It was a capital hit, we say, for Dr. Riproarer;

and he improved it, having in mind, no doubt, an awful consideration of all the gossip floating about to Mr. Lovegood's prejudice. The next Sunday night, the fact was duly announced, that Mr. Ben Slocum had made a happy exit, after a searching examination and many painful mental struggles, from the errors of Episcopacy; and had been duly received into union with the Presbyterian meeting.

The Doctor put on his happiest expression, while making the announcement; congratulated his young friend on his triumphant conversion, and urged him to persevere,—a thing that he knew, according to his system, he would do. The evening's service wound up with a "scorching sermon," as Mr. Nochurch characterized it, on the pretensions of some bigoted, uncharitable Episcopalians, in which the Rev. Doctor did not omit to dwell, with a scathing burst of indignant eloquence, on the shamefulness of clerical delinquencies in general; and especially on the use of the smallest amount of ardent spirits by a clergyman, except in cases of sickness,—an exception which the doctor often needed for his personal benefit. In truth, he was bold to say, that he had no confidence in any clergyman who did not belong to a temperance society.

"A fine hit, that!" declared Aunt Sally Milk-and-water, who had gone with the crowd, on this memorable occasion; "a fine hit, that! A sorry set all preachers must have been, before temperance societies were introduced!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISCOVERY. AN IRISH ROW. A MORSEL OF CHARITY.

“LA! if there be’int a funeral,” ejaculated Mrs. Fussy’s girl Jane, as she loitered at the back-gate of her premises one afternoon, a few weeks later than the groggery story started. She ran in to inform Mrs. Fussy, that a funeral procession was moving out from the residence of Pat O’Ryman. “And sure enough, if Mr. Lovegood be’int at the head of it.”

The hearse moved slowly out of the alley, followed by a few Irishmen and women, and proceeded to the burial-ground. “Why, Jane, who is dead?” inquired Mrs. Fussy, with evident concern. “I don’t know, Marm; may be it’s Miss O’Ryman; I’ll run over and see.”

Mrs. O’Ryman was dead. She had lived within a stone’s throw of Mrs. Fussy, for a number of years, and now had been gradually sinking to the grave, for the last six months, under the slow lingering tortures of a cancer; and though she was ill so long, and so long residing near her; a partaker with her, too, at the same altar; a co-worshipper in the same sanctuary; Mrs. Fussy scarcely knew that such a being existed; through all her sickness, she had never sent a kind inquiry after her, nor proffered the slightest token of Christian sympathy. Alas! that we should have to record so painful a reminiscence.

But true, too true is it, that the heavenly doctrine of the Communion of Saints, the great Brotherhood of the Church, has been painfully lost sight of, or merged into the over-mastering aims, ends, and interests of the present life. We know that it has been nobly urged, that the Church possesses all the elements that are required, for a display of the most active charity towards the world at large, and her own children in particular; and hence some, whose opinions we venerate, have taken a stand of opposition to Church Brotherhoods, on the true ground that the whole Church is a Brotherhood, and that it is only necessary to use and develop the means in hand, to carry out the glowing and glorious charities of the Gospel.

In the abstract, this is a glorious truth. But, if the Church has failed in her organic capacity, in any respect, to meet the demands of poor trembling humanity; or, if her children have failed to strengthen her hands, may not poor humanity cry aloud for succor, and reach forth her feeble hand to grasp the next best thing that proffers relief or comfort?

The writer has but an humble opinion to offer, and he offers it with fear and trembling; but he believes it to be the true view. The Church is a great Brotherhood; the greater contains the less; let the less go on, to accomplish what it can; its influence will enlarge, until all shall be absorbed in the greater. It is, we reverently believe, a movement in the right direction,—a curative of a great evil. We think its grand effect is, to be a fuller and more appreciative recognition of the great Brotherhood.

Small Brotherhoods, of activity, within the circle of

a great Brotherhood, long too inactive ! Is there any contradiction involved herein ? No more, we apprehend, than there is in the working of each independent parish, in subjection to the federative principle of all the parishes, in a Diocese ; or of each independent Diocese, in subjection to the federative principle of the whole Church.

The Church possesses all necessary elements, but it must be granted that they are inactive, at least for all the purposes that are required. Where are we to begin to effect the cure ? Certainly we must aim at the seat of the disease. The disease lies in the Church's children ; her children, then, must be exercised ; and this is the work proposed by the lesser Brotherhoods, working within the circle of the greater. " All true remedy," Leighton says, " must begin at the heart ; otherwise, it will be but a mountebank cure, a false imagined conquest."

Another thing must be granted, that the Church, in her organic capacity, has failed in duty ; for, she bears towards her children the authority of a loving spiritual mother, which authority she has not fully carried out in a wholesome and loving discipline. She has, from time to time, here and there, allowed too much of the spirit of independency, too much of the spirit of individualizing Christianity. It is her province to define and enforce terms of membership ; and in all respects to carry out and develop the primary laws of the Gospel.

The only terms of membership are Baptism ; this she has clearly defined. But she has not so clearly defined the duties springing out of that membership ; or, at

least, she does allow, in her individual pastors, in many instances, too meagre a performance of them. She must take a more decided stand against worldliness. Worldliness has continued to usurp, until it has well-nigh eked out her powers of life, and powers of discipline. This must be remedied, by a return to something like the primitive rule, of laying apart on the first day of the week. It involves a weekly offertory, which the Church, in her organic capacity, ought to enforce, as she clearly has the right to enforce; *i. e.*, so far as the opportunity to give is concerned; she can constrain the clergy to do their part of it.

Again: when it is seen that numbers of her children, and those, we mean, who are partakers at her altar of the "Bread of Life," are devoted, soul and body, to the world, what are we to expect but meagre charities? charities that mock the poor, and put a scandal on the Gospel. And is the Church, in her organic capacity, not relax here? Has she no power of discipline to remedy such an evil? How comports it with the duty of communicants of the Church, to contribute fifty cents, or a mere mite, to the great charities of the Gospel, when, the next day, perhaps, they spend a thousand dollars in a ball or party, to meet the demands of fashion? And yet, dare we blind our eyes to such facts as are daily staring us in the face? And has the Church no remedial power? She has. She has discipline: and it should be well defined. She should speak out, in her organic strength, against such evils; and they who would not be willing, in some good measure, to yield them, should at least be made to take their right posi-

tion within her folds. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Let the Church enforce it more fully, distinctly, and determinedly upon their children. Until this is done, we say, All Hail the Brotherhoods, as the best thing we can have. It is but the big heart of the Church, yearning and throbbing through the hearts of her children. What the many will not accomplish, the few will; and we bid them God-speed, until the whole Brotherhood, in its strength, shall be aroused into a life-breathing activity.

But, to return to our story. The residence of Pat O'Ryman was a dilapidated old building, which stood in an alley, just in the rear of Mrs. Fussy's princely mansion, and had but two rooms, and one entrance. There was an attic, but it was merely a receptacle for old lumber and rubbish.

The front room is occupied as a "Bar-room," in which Pat O'Ryman deals out the liquid fire to his customers; a set of low filthy Irishmen, who spend with him, in drunken brawls, every penny they can rake and scrape together. And when they are penniless, and can succeed in getting Pat half drunk, he "thrusts them for the sake o' the ould counthry."

Just before the door, inside, stands the necessary appendage to a groggery, a painted lattice-work screen, which serves to save the passer-by from many an unseemly, unsightly carousal. Were you to enter that wretched place, you would find a few rickety chairs, an old bespittled stove, a sanded floor, covered with tobacco juice and relics of the quid; a few empty whiskey barrels, scattered promiscuously about; a small counter, at which the glass is served; and, behind it, a row

or two of shelves, holding the labelled bottles, which contain the fire-water.

Pat O'Ryman is, himself, a perfect specimen of an Irish groggery-keeper; a pock-fretted face; a red nose, that looks as though it were half roasted; one eye a little red and blood-shotten, the other slightly blackened; shaggy hair; a full florid face. The landlord stands behind his "Bar,"—which means, we suppose, that it "bars" all intruders from the delectable labelled bottles,—in his red flannel shirt, the sleeves of which are rolled up to the armpit, exhibiting the marks of indelible ink wrought into the skin in the shape of an anchor and a sprig of shamrock. He is mixing glasses for two or three Irishmen, who lazily hang on the counter in a state of anxious waiting, while half a dozen more of the same kidney lounge about the room,—some on the rickety chairs, some on the empty barrels, smoking their pipes, sipping their toddy, and singing their Irish bacchanalian songs. One fellow, having indulged a little too freely in potations of the "crather," has slipped from his barrel, and lies by it on the floor, a rather forbidding specimen of humanity.

How long, O Lord, holy and true, shall humanity be inflicted with such gateways to Hell!

In the back room, there is what must pass for a bed, on which reclines the sick wife of Pat O'Ryman. There also hangs from the wall a dingy looking-glass, that has the appearance of having displayed the beauties of the O'Ryman family for many generations. There is also an old chest or two about the room, on the top of which burns a lamp, which emits a dull, dingy, smoky light.

Pat O'Ryman was himself a Romanist, and felt that all he needed was "extreme unction" at the last moment; but his wife had been brought up in the United Church of England and Ireland, and notwithstanding the threats of Pat, and the anathemas of Father Donneghan, had remained true to the Faith. When she was taken sick, Pat insisted on sending for Father Donneghan, but she as strenuously refused to have his services. And so matters stood, until Mr. Lovegood, missing her from the Communion, called one day to ascertain the cause of her absence, and found her as we have described.

Mr. Lovegood had never had an assistant; and now he found his hands full of parochial duty, visiting the sick, ministering to the needy and the afflicted, inasmuch that he was frequently on duty all night, at the bedside of the sick or dying, in the lordly palace, or the wretched hovel. About ten o'clock, on the night when Master John Fussy saw him come out of the alley, the faithful pastor had entered the groggery of Pat O'Ryman. As we have stated before, there was but one entrance; and he was obliged to pass through the crowd of half drunken Irishmen, to enter the room of the sick woman. And we must say, to their credit, that, as soon as they looked upon him, and learned the nature of his mission, they became silent, gave him a respectful bow, and opened a way for him to pass into the back room. There he found the sick woman suffering great pain, bearing unmistakable marks of neglect, worn out with the incessant fumes of whiskey and the pipe from the tap-room, and the horrible oaths and imprecations that ever and anon jarred upon her ear. We

can scarcely picture to ourselves a more wretched and pitiable condition, for one who needed quiet for the body's sake, and the consolations of religion for the preparation of the soul for its passage into the Spirit-land.

How awful a type of the wretchedness of lost spirits in that world of woe, where the sunlight of God's countenance cometh not! Oaths, imprecations, blasphemies, rendered all the night horrible, making a hell upon earth.

O, what a comfort to the afflicted and dying woman, was the presence of the man of God! Even the impious blasphemer was silent before him; the besotted, brutal bacchanalian ceased his horrid oaths; and, for the first time during many weary nights, did that den of darkness, filth, and wickedness, fail to resound with its horrible and maddening orgies.

But quiet was destined not long to remain. There had long been a feud brewing, between Pat O'Ryman and Tim Limpkins, his brother-in-law, who kept a grog-gery in a neighboring alley, about some bedding, a frying-pan, a tea-kettle, and a few other articles, the property of the mother of their respective wives, who had recently immigrated to this country, and gone to live with Tim Limpkins. This, it seems, had given Pat offence, since, as he alleged, the mother had taken all her property to Tim's; whereas, he contended, it ought to have been divided equally between the two daughters. Many angry and insulting messages had passed between them; and, a few days before, they met in the street, and would have come to blows, but were separated by mutual friends.

On the night mentioned, and a few moments after Mr. Lovegood entered, Tim Limpkins, in a drunken frolic, backed by two or three "ready boys," came round to Pat's, and attacked him in his "Bar-room." A terrible fight ensued, in which nearly all took part. Chairs, empty bottles, barrels, pokers, every available article, flew about the room, making havoc of heads, arms, legs, eyes, noses. In vain did one of the better disposed shout aloud: "Pace, men! pace, men! the sick crather! the sick crather! the dying crather will be kilt! Be asey, be asey, the minisher ist in the room. Bad luck to ye, bad luck to ye." The blows were dealt the faster, thicker, and harder; skulls rattled, decanters were smashed, windows flew. Pat, at last, seizing an empty beer bottle, struck his antagonist a terrible blow on the head, which felled him, and ended the fight.

Mr. Lovegood rushed into the room; and oh, horrors! what a sight! The room presented the spectacle of a perfect wreck. Here lay a fellow groaning with a broken arm; there, another with both eyes knocked out; another bitterly cried: "Och, my head ist sphlit, my head ist sphlit; wide open, wide open. O, Biddy, my darlent, where ist ye? where ist ye?"

The unlucky Tim lay entirely insensible, apparently dead, the blood streaming from his temple. By this time, Tim's wife and mother-in-law had got wind of the row; and the wives of several others of the wounded, who all rushed into the room, and set up the most awful wail that ever greeted the ear of mortal.

"O, my Tim, and ist ye gone!" piteously exclaimed the wife; "gone, gone, my Tim. Yis, yis, my Tim ist.

Ah! my Tim, he was a good boy; yis, he was my Tim. Oh, ye crathur, ye baste, ye vile varmint of desthruccion. Yis, ye did it. Ye know'd the man was dhrunk; and ye ha' kilt him. Och, ye baste of a murdhurur. Ans if I wa' a man. But oh, mine Tim, mine Tim! Yis, there's a God above; yis, yis, oh, my Tim, my Tim!"

All this time, Mr. Lovegood stood by, feeling the pulse of the wounded man. The pulsations were feeble; but he was not dead, life had not fled. He sent for a physician; meantime, bathing the wounded man in cold water, spirits of ether, and camphor, stopped the flow of blood; and, in two hours, Tim had so far recovered, that he could be removed in a cart to his own home.

"Och, and may the Holy Mither bliss ye!" said Biddy, as Mr. Lovegood took his departure. "Hiretic, or not, as Father Donneghan sis ye be, ye be the blissed of the Lörd! Mony's the time Biddy'll think on ye, for the likes o' ye ist not seen ivery day. No, no; that's a thruth!"

Horrible as was this episode in a clergyman's life, who would not have preferred it to the authorship of the vile and abominable slanders that had grown out of it?

Weeks rolled round; the sick woman grew daily worse; but Mr. Lovegood was faithfully found at her bedside. And if John Fussy and "Jane" had watched him a little more narrowly, they would have seen on his arm, or on the arm of Mr. or Mrs. Friendly, one of whom often accompanied him every day or night that he visited the groggery, a little basket, with a clean white napkin drawn over it, filled with knick-knacks and little comforts for the sick woman.

And when the humble, but solemn funeral train was seen slowly wending down the alley, following the man of God in his snow-white surplice, charity whispered, even to "Jane's" heart, that, may be, after all, Mr. Lovegood had been to see the sick woman.

Mrs. Fussy, as she gazed at the funeral train, bearing to their last resting-place the remains of her sister in the Church of God, whom she had never known nor comforted, hung her head, for she felt conscience-stricken. The voice within cried against her, and held the lash. Let us trust, that she retired from the back porch a better woman. God only knows; with Him are the secrets of all hearts.

Ah! CHARITY, thou art a jewel, growing brighter and brighter on earth, only to have thy full brilliancy, when thou shalt reflect the glorious light that beams from the gems that irradiate the crown of Immanuel, in the blaze of eternal day.

Ah! thou gossiping tongue, thou art filled with the poison of asps; and thy breath shall be the fuel of the flame of the abodes of darkness, whose smoke, as the smoke of a furnace, shall ascend forever and ever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. JONATHAN HEARTFUL AGAIN. A NEW STORY ON MR. LOVEGOOD, AND THE TERRIBLE BURSTING OF A VOLCANO.

JONATHAN HEARTFUL has returned from Congress, having distinguished himself, and won golden honors, in combating with the intellectual giants of his day. And he has now quietly settled down again in the pursuit of his profession, and takes an active part in the affairs of the Church.

He has visited the Blemmertons three or four times; and it is reported, no one knows how, and no one cares, that he is about to address Miss Julia Jasper. And we will say for Miss Julia, that, in proper hands, she would have made an excellent wife. Her character, truly, was very defective, from the effects of the false training through which she had passed; but there was in it much of latent good, that needed only a helping hand for its development. She was naturally of a frank and open disposition, warped, indeed, by a supercilious and selfish spirit; but, she had few concealments, and appeared for little more than she was really worth. Therefore, her's would have been a hopeful case, could she have been placed beyond the reach of the influences which had ever been thrown around her at home. She had been reared in a school of unreality, surrounded with mists, through which she gazed at the real world, catching but faint glimpses of it, as the mariner nearing

the coast pierces with his keen eye through the thick fog, and gains an occasional glimpse of land.

For aught that we know, Mr. Heartful had discrimination enough to form a correct estimate of Miss Julia's character; and, perhaps, had she been free from such powerful coadjutors as her mother, Miss Deliah Airmyth, Mrs. Fussy, and a few others, the report at some time or another might have been verified. But, as the case stood, it was hopeless. Agnes's time had nearly expired at Mrs. Densmore's, and Mr. Lovegood had been twice to see her within the last six months. This gives occasion to no small amount of impatience, and numberless surmises. Mrs. Nochurch and the Blemmertons are found frequently together, speculating on the phenomenon. They are baffled. What can it mean? Can Mr. Lovegood think of marrying Agnes himself? It must be so. This is all the ladies can make of it; and yet how preposterous! A man of forty, and he a clergyman, to think of marrying a girl not quite eighteen! And she even dependent upon him for her education! Yea, more, a barefooted beggar urchin, who, four years ago, had been prowling about the streets, ragged, dirty, bareheaded, picking up old rags, and begging pennies! O! the thing was unbearable! Really, if it came to pass, they would give Mr. Lovegood up, and go to Dr. Riproarer's Church.

The rumor of the marriage of Mr. Lovegood and Deliah Airmyth had for some time partially died away; nor had the groggery story been heard of, since the funeral of Mrs. O'Ryman. That seemed to give each a quietus.

Mr. Benjamin Slocum Sapientium is yet a Presbyte-

rian, in no way changed from what he always was. His rapid, triumphant, and remarkable conversion has effected nothing, except to give him a little more brass.

When Mr. Lovegood accosted him, after uniting with the Presbyterians, he told him, that Dr. Skyrocket's book had converted him; and, inasmuch as it was placed in his hands by Dr. Riproarer, he felt in honor bound to join the Presbyterians. Mr. Lovegood thought Ben's principles of honor, after all that had occurred, rather shallow, not worth discussing; so, he permitted him to pass, with the simple remark, that he hoped he was a sincere penitent, and, while repenting, would not forget his tergiversating, and the awful sin of schism he had committed, in tearing himself away from the body of Christ.

Upon the whole, matters stood in a passable state of equilibrium with all the parties whom we have introduced to the reader. Aunt Sally Milk-and-water, who of late had grown somewhat more relentful and charitable towards the good Rector, thought it well that it was so; for she said they had handled Mr. Lovegood pretty roughly. He had been to see her the day before, and seemed to know nothing of the stories that had been reported about him. Only he told her he had received a "hinonymous" letter about going to the theatre. She did not know what a "hinonymous" letter was, but she was sure it was something dreadful. "And, la me! what do you think he said? That he was never in a theatre in his life; and laughed outright. I reckon it's more than many of us can say. And, what's more, I went right to Pat O'Ryman's myself, and asked him if Mr. Lovegood drank any thing

at his house; and what do you think he said? ‘Och, bliss his riverince’s heart, he dthruunk not so much as a glass o’ cowld wather; an’ if thir’s any sich sthories out, it’s Pat O’Ryman’s the man as what’ll say it’s a lie; an’ he’s the boy what knows it’s all sprung from a ’oman, who, as Father Donnaghan sis, hasn’t followed the tixt about kaping at home!’ ”

Although a partial quiet reigned over affairs in —, there were the smouldering remains of these old stories and gossipings, which were occasionally fanned by some of the party, to keep them alive. And as in a fire long pent up, there often is needed but a gentle breeze to cause it to burst out with fury, carrying destruction before it; so, in these elements of confusion, jealousy, evil-speaking, and evil-surmising, there was needed but a breath, a whisper, to cause them to rage with renewed power of destruction.

When Mrs. Blemmerton had made the sage discovery, that Mr. Lovegood visited Mrs. Densmore’s school for the purpose of addressing his “daughter,” (as he called her; but his “dependent,” as the Blemmertons termed her,) she was fairly at her wit’s end, and cast about for new resources. The case had a desperate look. Something must be done, to bring matters to a crisis. Mr. Lovegood had continued his pastoral visits to the Blemmertons, with the hope of benefiting them spiritually, and because it was his duty. These visits were, of course, the occasion of keeping alive the impression with some, that the old story was true. It was, therefore, no difficult matter, to cause it to become again the prominent topic of conversation.

Mr. Slopill had, for a long time, been very uneasy

about these reports ; for he brooked not the thought of losing the prospective dollars and cents. He had frequently upbraided Miss Dele, with giving Mr. Lovegood more attention than was his due, all things considered. About this time, meeting her one evening at Mrs. Nochurch's, he took upon him to broach the sore subject again. Miss Dele gave him to understand, that, for aught she knew, Mr. Lovegood had serious intentions towards her.

Now, heretofore, Miss Dele had always strenuously denied all these reports to Mr. Slopill. Alas ! what now remained to him ! He now taxed her with encouraging Mr. Lovegood, with the presentation of the sermon-holder, the rosebud, and the piece of poetry ; all of which he had picked up from the current gossip. Not a word of all did she deny ; but she rather intimated that she was a free woman, and that, if Mr. Lovegood addressed her, she should claim the prerogative of doing as she pleased. Think of this, ye sympathetic ones, and weep with Mr. Slopill. And had it come to that ? She would give him no satisfaction. Mr. Slopill walked home faster that evening than he ever walked before, except on the memorable occasion heretofore related.

Boiling over with rage, the next morning he hurried to Mr. Lovegood's study. On the way, he met Mrs. Fussy, with whom he paused a moment for a little chat ; suppressing, as much as possible, the fiery indignation which burned in his bosom towards the good pastor.

"Good morning, Mr. Slopill." "Good morning, Madam. Hope I see you well, Madam ?" "Quite well, Sir ; but not so comfortable. Think they haven't

got out another story about Mr. Lovegood?" "What is that, Madam?" "Why, that he's going to marry that girl, Agnes Wallace, that he took up off the street, and sent to Mrs. Densmore's school." "I wish him good luck, Madam," said Mr. Slopill, whose countenance brightened up. "Ah, yes, Mr. Slopill; but for a *clergyman* to have two strings to his bow, is to me perfectly amazing!" By this time Mr. Slopill could scarcely stand on his feet. That struck a tender spring. "Good morning, Madam. I'm in a hurry."

And on he went, to the Rector's study. Mr. Lovegood was at his desk, writing a sermon for the next Sunday, on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Mr. Slopill was dreadfully agitated; the pastor perfectly calm and collected; not one care, sorrow, nor anxiety ruffled his benign countenance. "I am very happy to see you, Mr. Slopill. This is, I believe, the first time you have done me the honor to call." "And it's the last," replied Mr. Slopill, very snappishly. "O, I hope not, Sir," said Mr. Lovegood, in a good-humored tone. "I hope nothing of an unpleasant nature has occurred." "There has, Sir," exclaimed Mr. Slopill, raising his voice several notes higher. "I have to accuse you, Sir, of endeavoring to supplant me in the affections of Miss Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton!" "Never, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lovegood, dropping his pen, and, for the first time, gaining as it were a glimpse of the position in which affairs stood. "Never, Sir. Such a thought, or wish, has never crossed my breast; nor is there the slightest foundation for such a surmise."

Mr. Slopill was amazed. He stood as dumb and mute as a statue, before the serene countenance that

beamed upon him. "And have you, Sir, not addressed Miss Blemmerton?" "I have answered you, Sir." "Have you not given her to understand that you would do so?" "I have answered you, Sir." "Did not Miss Blemmerton present you with a sermon-holder, Sir?" "I have answered you, Sir."

"Are you not aware that this story has been in circulation a long time? And what if the young lady in question confirm it, Sir?" "That, Sir, she will scarcely be able to do; for, not so much as a word has ever passed between us on such a subject. As to the gossip that may have floated about with regard to myself, I consider it too insignificant to be worthy of notice. But, you will please bear in mind, Mr. Slopill, that I have answered you once for all. This whole affair is to me a profound enigma; nor shall I submit to any more categorical exercises about what passes between me and my parishioners. It is a humiliation, to which I do not feel called upon to condescend. And, Sir, had I been disposed to address Miss Blemmerton, I should have had no conception of your standing in the way; for I heard her declare, in open company, that no betrothment existed between you. So, under any circumstances, your charges would signally have failed. I have nothing more to do with the question, Sir."

Worse and worse. Poor Mr. Slopill! Here was a disclosure, for which he was totally unprepared. He was maddened. The whole truth flashed upon him like an electric spark.

Whereunto would the pathway on which he had entered lead him? Would it conduct to the delectable

mountains of matrimony and gold; or the dark valley of the Celebate, where no gold grows? Could it be so? Mr. Slopill hurried to his bacon and lard establishment; and, after combing his whiskers, despatched a tart note to Miss Deliah Airmyth, about which we shall hear more hereafter. For the present, we invoke for him rest through the day, and quiet slumbers and pleasant dreams at night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GLANCE AT MR. LOVEGOOD'S SERMON ON DIVES AND LAZARUS. ONE OF ITS RESULTS. A TICKLISH CASE IN THE NOCHURCH FAMILY. REV. MR. HARDWORKER AND HIS INIMITABLE PSALMODY. CHURCH MUSIC. SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DEBT OF GRATITUDE DUE BY THE CHURCH TO MR. HARDWORKER, FOR ITS IMPROVEMENT.

AFTER Mr. Slopill left Mr. Lovegood, the Rector continued and brought to a conclusion his sermon on Dives and Lazarus, and on the following Sunday morning he preached it. We give merely a brief extract from it for the reader's benefit.

"This rich man," said he, "was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. Was he unlike the common run of worldly rich men; rich men who take the world for their portion, and in it alone find their reward? Cast your eyes over this great city; stand mute before the gorgeous splendor of its magnificence and wealth. Behold its prodigality and luxuriousness, and the thousands lavished by the hand of wealth upon the lusts of a pampered body, soon to rot in the tomb. Behold the thousands of poor, struggling on, scarcely breathing, crying aloud for the charities of life, spurned from the doors of the rich; aye, look upon the thousands of Diveses and Lazaruses all over this voluptuous city; and methinks you will have no occasion to conclude, that *this* rich man's case

is so unlike the ways of the world and the age in which we live.

“His, alas! is a character familiar to us. That he was rich, may not be charged as an offence, unless his riches were acquired fraudulently or dishonestly. That he was clothed in purple and fine linen, was perchance only in keeping with his station in life. All men are equal in God’s sight; *souls* are measured by the Eternal; and yet, for the well-being of society, as a means of probation, and the government of mankind and the stability of governments, families, and communities, Providence has allotted various stations and relative positions among men, as of the governor and the governed, the parent and the child, the possessor of wealth and the diligent laborer: all, in some way, dependent upon each other; each laboring in his place and sphere for the good of the whole; and each accountable for the faithful discharge of his stewardship. We see not, therefore, that this rich man sinned, by clothing himself in keeping with his position in life.

“Doubtless, we gather from the whole, he was a voluptuary; in that his sin consisted. And he is a type of numbers in almost every Christian community. He is not represented as one given to fraud or rapine; he was not a homicide, nor guilty of any heinous crime as a violator of the decalogue. At least, he is not charged with it. Banish, then, from your minds the thought, that there was something peculiarly black in this man’s character, differing from and altogether above the ordinary course of worldliness. Nay, he may have been quite a good man as the world counts goodness. Upon the whole, he may have been a clever citizen, ‘a good

fellow,' as the world says. 'He harmed nobody.' And he may have been liked, if not for his social qualities, at least for his sumptuous entertainments, and the favors that now and then fell from his hands upon the few who paid him court.

"Just as we see it now, such and such are called clever men; they entertain luxuriously; live in fine style; are not niggardly in the world's service; are honest, and, upon the whole, so far as the world sees, are moral; therefore, they are accounted good citizens, and are lamented when they die. But, turn to the account of the world to come; turn to the page that reveals the future; and all is a blank: there is no record there revealing the cross; none disclosing the words of love and deeds of mercy that made angels shout; charity wept not over their memory when they were gone, nor strewed she flowers over their grave.*

"Now, just such a man, we contend, may have been this Dives; a jolly companion, a high liver, fond of society, dwelling in splendor, a giver of handsome entertainments, lavishing his money freely on his lusts and pleasures, liked by his friends, admired for his display in the world. And notwithstanding this is the ugliest picture the parable will permit us to draw of him; when he dies, we find him in that place where the worm dieth not. Aye, he had frittered away his life in vanities: while he could clothe his own body splendidly, and pamper his appetite, he had no bowels of compassion, no eye to see suffering humanity. A starving mendicant could lie at his gate; and his

* "Strew flowers o'er my grave." TACITUS.

cry for a morsel of bread be heard with indifference.

“Methinks, and I tremble to utter the thought, because of its awful truthfulness, that the self-indulgences of mankind in fashionable life, and what they are pleased to term their innocent allowances in pleasure and luxurious living, that minister to pure worldliness, and turn their hearts from the wants of the great human family, and lock them in the embraces of coldness, unkindness, pomp, and uncharitableness, will people the abode of Dives with inmates, and fill it with eternal laments.

“Before us, we have the case of a man living simply for SELF. His riches became a burning curse; because, while he was rich unto himself, he was poor unto God and humanity. He was a man of the world, and took the world for his portion; and in that he received his reward.

“How does he differ from all those who live by the same rule, and seek the same reward? How does he differ from all those who ‘seek their own, and not the things that are Jesus Christ’s?’

“But this rich man *died!* yea, *he died!* His wealth could not purchase for him a release from the common lot of man. Nay, he must die; the purple must yield to the shroud, and that pampered body be food for worms! And now, in the other world, he enters on the reward that he sought throughout his life. Sin is permitted to go on; and, arousing from his pleasing dream of earth, he must reap the harvest that he must garner forever. We behold his body consigned to the tomb, surrounded with the trappings of wealth; his soul

has winged its way to that society which it has been trained to enjoy. Let us draw a curtain over the rest."

The aforesaid sermon was the occasion of bringing matters to a crisis, in some quarters. It was supposed to bear down heavily in more directions than one; at all events, it was appropriated here and there personally, if we are to judge by the confusion displayed during its delivery. First, Mrs. Nochurch arose, and, slamming her pew door lustily after her, hurried out of church; in a few moments, she was followed by Mrs. Fussy and Mrs. Fastidious, each of whom manifested no small amount of indignation as they passed out of the house of God.

The Blemmertons had the good or ill luck,—we leave the reader to judge which,—to be absent. They had gone into mourning for the cousin of Ben Slocum, the tall saint, whom Mr. Simon Cobblecanting canonized. And as it was unfashionable, at that day, for those who were enjoying "the luxury of woe" to go to church, while the first fit of it, the "grand deuil," was on hand, their pew was empty. And of course, not being present, they did not take any part of the sermon to themselves; on the principle, that on such subjects *absent* company is always excepted,—(when the period of the "petit deuil" arrived, they appeared again in church.) Indeed, Mrs. Blemmerton and Miss Deliah Airmyth would hardly have been able, from fatigue the day before, to attend church on this occasion, had not the other consideration prohibited; for they had quite worn themselves out, before the counters of the mourning departments of many of the large and fashionable stores; in which (to them) laudable work, if they did not commit

numberless sins themselves, they left numberless clerks sinners, who most likely were ashamed to show their faces in church on the Lord's day.

Shortly after the dismissal of the congregation, it began to rain in torrents, and continued all the afternoon and night, to such a degree as to require the omission of the second service. A great many were wicked enough to say, that it rained floods of joy, that St. ——'s was free at last of some of its incumbrances and busybodies. We commend not the saying, but record it merely as in duty bound; nor as a faithful chronicler can we withhold the remark, that numbers of the congregation rejoiced.

It was unmistakably so; the ladies had deserted the church, never again to unite in its saintly worship, its scriptural and primitive Liturgy,—the Church of their baptism, which is linked with all the past of the Church of God throughout all ages. They had never fully realized what it was, to have the Kingdom of God come upon them; what it was, all their life to have lived under that divine polity, which, through ages, has come down to us in one unbroken line; what it was, to have dwelt within the folds of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, surrounded with all the trophies of the Gospel, and the glories of that world of light in which dwell Prophets, Priests, Kings, Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors, Cherubim and Seraphim, a mighty host, “a cloud of witnesses” surrounding us, and holding fellowship with us; what it was, to have been akin to God-Man, in that sweet bond of union, by which the past and the future of Christ's Mystical Body are brought, as it were, into the present, in one grand central point

of love; love flowing out from Christ, and gathering into one fellowship angels and saints forever!

And they are gone! The tears of sorrow follow them, as they must, whenever the relentless hand of Schism tears the seamless robe of Christ. They soon swelled the list of reprisals for Dr. Riproarer; the jollification is renewed on earth, while the Angels veil their faces and weep.* Drop your tears upon the earth, ye "white-winged" messengers of love; they will wash out none of its guilt; only the tears and blood of Immanuel will do that: but they may glitter about our pathway, and warn us of danger.

In theological tendencies, in the great school of Indifferentism, we doubt not that these ladies found more sympathy in their new connection; and here we leave them, with the remark, that Mr. Fussy and Mr. Fastidious followed their wives, who, in their estimation, were perfect exemplars of every excellence.

Not so, however, with Mr. Nochurch. His wife possessed not sufficient influence over him to mould him to her liking. He had a real attachment to the Church, although, to all intents and purposes, a worldly man; and, though not standing on high ground, even theoretically as a thoroughly trained Churchman, he aimed to be consistent, and protested to his wife, that he discovered nothing in Mr. Lovegood's sermon calculated to raise a *furore*; nothing that he deemed justly offensive; nothing that did not naturally flow out of the subject, or that was not strictly true and highly appropriate; and

* The sin of Schism, so sharply rebuked by the Apostle, is painfully disregarded by many.

he was ready to venture the assertion, that Mr. Lovegood had no human being in particular in his mind, when he preached that sermon. Moreover, Mr. Nochurch had been a member of the choir for a number of years; he had a fine bass voice, and delighted in church music; and this, if no higher consideration could have moved him, would have kept him at his post. His wife gave up, in despair. Every Sunday found her at Dr. Riproarer's meeting-house, and her husband at his post in St. ——'s church.

And here we must briefly review Mr. Nochurch's early history. His parents were Presbyterians. They had reared six sons, and of course it was their highest ambition to train them in their own faith. They trusted, too, to see one of them a minister of their persuasion; accordingly, as they severally arrived at the proper age, they were sent (*i. e.* the five elder) to a strict Presbyterian College. But, by some strange, unaccountable Providence to them, they one by one came home from the Calvinistic School, thorough Churchmen; and he on whom they had set their hearts as a Minister, took, indeed, that holy function, but preferred the reality, which in due time he received in the Episcopal laying on of hands, and commission to preach the glad tidings of salvation, and administer the Sacraments.

Our Mr. Nochurch was the youngest of the six; and when the time arrived for him to leave the paternal roof, for the completion of his education, the following conversation passed between the parents:

"It is time, Mr. Nochurch," said the mother, "for William to be sent to college. He is now fifteen, the age at which his brothers were sent. And you know I

am not in favor of postponing so important a matter. What do you say? Shall he be got ready?" "I suppose so, my dear," said the father. "But my sons have all thus far deserted my Church and faith. It appears to be a hard case; but I know they all are thoroughly honest; this is the only consolation I have. They have become Episcopalians, on principle; but, in so doing, they condemned their parents. It is hard to be borne; but I suppose it must be so. And yet, when I reflect on it, I almost tremble to send William away, lest he should be biased too."

"Well," said the mother, "it is indeed a hard case. But I have thought of a plan. We have sent all our sons to a Presbyterian College; and, in spite of every effort, they have turned out Episcopalians. Suppose now we reverse it, and send William to an Episcopal College; it may be that he will come out a Presbyterian." The husband smiled, and yet he could not suppress a sigh. "Be it as you say, my dear. But I fear the prospect is slender."

Master William Nochurch was accordingly sent to a Church College, and came out perhaps a little nearer Presbyterianism than some of his brothers, but not quite the genuine thing.* He learned to love, if not to understand the Church; and this was sufficient to save him from the influence of his wife, and the little party with whom she was identified. So true is it, that good seed, sown even with a sparing hand, will take root, spring up, and bear fruit.

* We write from life; the like has occurred. We do not suppose that Presbyterian Colleges are good nurseries for the Church.

The affair of the Missionary, too, had had a marked influence upon Mr. Nochurch. From the day that he had followed up the Missionary, and given him twenty-five dollars, he felt as though somehow it had begun a new era in his life. He felt as though he would like to be a better man. It was but the feeble whisperings of conscience, or as an angel's voice speaking in his heart, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" for so it is, that a good deed does reflect itself back inwardly upon our spiritual being.

We are far from supposing, that good actions necessarily make him good who performs them; but we know, that they set the soul to thinking, and often convince the man that he is capable of doing good. And one good deed leads to another; goodness begets goodness, just as evil begets evil.

"To set the outward actions right, though with an honest intention, and not so to regard the inward disorders of the heart, from which certain actions flow, is but to be putting the index of a clock right, while the clock itself is out of order."

We have asserted nothing in opposition to this aphorism, nor shall we do so; still, we insist upon it, that even when the inside of the clock is all right, you cannot have correct time without putting the index right.

And here, for the present, we must leave Mr. Nochurch, and ask the reader to bear in mind, that, according to current gossip, Mr. Lovegood had been twice, within the past six months, on a visit to Mrs. Densmore's school. This was true. But he had not gone for that special purpose on both occasions; he merely called to see Agnes, on his way to visit a brother

clergyman, who resided some miles from her school. This clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Hardworker, was the Rector of a remote secluded country parish, in a mountainous district. Mr. Lovegood had been acquainted with him in his youth. Many years had intervened; but during the past winter they met, and it was agreed that Mr. Lovegood should pay him a visit in the summer.

Accordingly, taking advantage of an opportunity offered by the kindness of a brother, who proffered to fill his place in St. ——'s for a few weeks, Mr. Lovegood, on a bright day in midsummer, took leave of heat, dust, bricks, and smoke, on a visit to his friend. He spent but one Sunday with Mr. Hardworker, and of course preached, his friend reading prayers. Mr. Hardworker was an excellent parish priest of the old school, rather of the "high and dry" order, but true to his flock, and a pattern of humble-mindedness. Mr. Lovegood soon discovered that his friend was a man of the most marked eccentricities. Being remote from other clergymen, and secluded from their intercourse and example, and the conflict of mind which serves always to keep one posted up, and save him from the slavery of habits of carelessness and negligence in the performance of divine service, his peculiarities and eccentricities had become a second nature to him; and now, having arrived at that period of life which constituted him a father in his parish, he seemed privileged to say and do things in his own way.

Having gone through the service, with as few blunders as might be expected, he announced his psalm; and having read it line by line, in a long nasal drawl,

he slowly raised his eyes, at the same time lifting his glasses rather above the visual organs, a custom which had become stereotyped with him, and he addressed his congregation somewhat thus: "Brethren, if any one here present is a good hand at psalmody, I shall be obliged to him if he will raise the tune; for I have a cold, and am in rather a bad plight for singing."

There is a pause, and a wonderful fluttering about the church, an intolerable amount of sneezing, tickling of throats, and coughing. All have colds to-day; the influenza is contagious; no one starts the music.

"Well," continued good Mr. Hardworker, "if there is no one else to do it, I suppose I must." And with that he sounded a sort of key-note, something between a hiccough and a regular cough, and set out like a man in earnest. What the tune was, tradition does not inform us; it remains yet a profound mystery. It went up and down, high and low, sharp and flat, a sort of zig-zag, see-saw,—but mostly flat,—yes, decidedly so.

A few of the congregation joined in; each, however, on his or her own account, without regard to tune or time. And the first stanza was finished, all pretty well except the last line, which got down so low as to be past endurance.

Meantime, in the oscillations of his body and head, occasioned by the effort of singing, Mr. Hardworker's glasses have fallen, from their position on his forehead, upon the bridge of his nose, and thence have gradually worked their way down, until they hang on the very end of it, ready to fall on the floor. There is a pause for respiration. Mr. Hardworker essays to raise his eyes from the Prayer-book. as if to speak; and away go the

glasses upon the floor! "Ah!" exclaimed he, stooping to pick them up, "that was pretty well done!" The glasses, or the music? "But raise a *leetle* if you please on the last two words of the last line. It sounded rather too low, to me."

What Mr. Lovegood's emotions were, we leave to the imaginative reader to decide. The congregation seemed in no way disconcerted, which, Mr. Lovegood thought, and so do we, argued favorably for them. Perhaps they were accustomed to such scenes, and therefore had learned to regard them as part and parcel of the natural order of events.

Nothing, however, is without profit, even to the most proficient, when viewed in the proper light. And we shall see that even this event, trivial as it was, was turned to account by Mr. Lovegood. At the period of which we write, church music, even in the city of —, was not so perfectly understood and appreciated as it is at the present day. Chanting was then but little used, and note-books were rare. Reflecting on this incident, Mr. Lovegood came to the wise conclusion, that the singing in his own church needed improvement. Acting upon the hint, he returned home fully purposed to revolutionize his choir, and enter upon a grand series of improvements. And perhaps the church in —, and throughout the country, will never know the full amount of its indebtedness to Mr. Hardworker, and his tune that was a "*leetle* too low, on the last two words of the last line!"

The choir of St. —'s was reorganized, new music books obtained, and sundry additional aids called into service.

Nothing leads to perfection sooner than practice; in the art of singing, this has been verified from time immemorial. Every Friday evening, the newly-organized choir met in the church, for practice and improvement. From this the Rector expected the most happy results; a spirit of inquiry was excited, the feelings of the young persons of the parish were enlisted, and Mr. Lovegood rejoiced in the prospect of accomplishing an important work. But as winter approached, it was suggested by some one, that it would be much more comfortable to meet at private houses for practice. Mr. Lovegood, though opposed to this arrangement, suffered himself to be overruled. Professor Singman, the leader of the choir, was decidedly in favor of it, and he was very popular with members of the choir. He was just from the land of song, and full of music. Unfortunately, he was a Congregationalist, (but he was the best they could get,) and had often manifested a decided preference for the music in vogue amongst his sect. This predilection he had never been able to indulge in the Church; he was therefore too happy, at the prospect of getting the choir a little free from the control of the Rector, that he might occasionally exercise his penchant for some of his favorite tunes.

The first of these meetings for rehearsal, was held at the house of Mr. Allright. Mr. Allright was a good Churchman, which implies that we consider him a very good man; but he had a large circle of Presbyterian and Methodist friends, and these he saw no harm in inviting to his house on this occasion, to hear the music, and take part in the exercises of the evening.

Mr. Allright did not think this exactly the thing;

but what else could he do? It was his house; and they were friends whom he was unwilling to offend. Take it all in all, it appeared to be the best thing that he could do. Still he was not exactly satisfied with himself, nor was he surprised to discover that Mr. Lovegood was not pleased at finding so large a company, not actual members of the choir. He thought it would tend to distract their attention, prove a hindrance, and in the end occasion evil.

Notwithstanding, the first meeting passed off very pleasantly, with a single exception. All were seated around a long table; the music books, containing those mysterious ciphers almost as unmanageable as Greek or Hebrew lying open before them; and Professor Singman standing erect at the head of the table, waving his hand, beating time, doing the flourishes, with eyes closed, waving from side to side and to and fro, as though a storm alternately beat upon him from the four great points of the compass. It was really a rare sight. But, alas! for the exception, *mutatis mutandis*, so the world goes. It's not all gold that glitters; nor may we always expect to have sunshine. A church anthem was begun; up jumped Miss Presbyterian, a blue-stock of the real grit, and, throwing back her head, with an uncomfortable amount (to tender nerves) of surprise and indignation flashing from her eyes, walked hastily out of the room, seeming to say in her every motion, "I did not know I was invited here to listen to any thing from *that Book!*"

Time rolled on, and the choir meetings increased in numbers. The thing was decidedly popular. It took charmingly. It made such a capital frolic. The young

gentlemen brought candies, almonds, raisins, and other delectables; and the young ladies, of course, assisted in consuming them.

So soon as the ladies were seated around the long table, the books opened, Professor Singman at his post, and all in readiness,—slap, slap, here and there, first a paper of candy, then one of almonds or raisins would drop upon the table. And then a merry laugh, or a few bright smiles. These must be discussed, kiss-verses and all. It was the life of singing. Candy cleared the throat, and tuned the organs of sound, while the raisins and almonds, we suppose, strengthened the lungs, and the pretty kiss-verses banished bashfulness and ennui!

And so the evening passed; a sprinkle of music, a shower of tête-à-tête, and the raisins, almonds, and candy!

Ah! Mr. Hardworker, what have you done? Are you not answerable for getting your brother into such a dilemma?

In spite of Mr. Lovegood, Professor Singman would, when he could get an opportunity, in which he was sorely baffled by the candy, etc., introduce a touch of his Congregationalist tunes,—the farther from the Church's anthems the better for him! Congregational chants were much simpler and more readily learned. When he got them to be *masters* of the chanting art, they could then undertake, with more ease and proficiency, the chants of the Church. They were, in short, to be drilled through Congregationalism.

Mr. Lovegood thought, and so do we, that the Church was safest in doing her own drilling. She needs no

schoolmaster in the shape of Congregationalism, nor any other *ism*, to teach her any thing. A war of words was the inevitable consequence. Mr. Lovegood put his veto, as was his bounden duty, on all the proceedings; and discovering that a mistake had been made, profiting by experience, he set to work to repair it, with all haste.

The new choir was dissolved, and another organized. Professor Singman became highly offended, and declared, that he would have nothing more to do with it. A number of the young ladies and gentlemen dropped off, and united with the Professor's party. Mr. Lovegood of course was soundly abused; it was a piece of priestcraft and popery; a high-handed measure. Mr. Allright, Mr. Nochurch, and all the more substantial of the old choir sustained Mr. Lovegood; and he lived through the tornado raised by the professor.

But enough had been done, to awaken a spirit of inquiry and improvement. The new organization embraced substantial men and women; Church music became the order of the day in ——; the work spread abroad; new note-books sprung into existence; and the Church was edified.

Let no man despise the day of small things, nor neglect the most trivial incident in life. Accidents have blessed the world with many of the grandest discoveries made by the mind of man. And, for aught that we know, the falling of Mr. Hardworker's spectacles had something to do with the rapid growth of musical talents and attainments in our country!

CHAPTER XXX.

A PREDICAMENT. MR. SLOPILL WITH SAWDUST IN HIS EYES. GOSSIPING. MR. LOVEGOOD MARRIED. A TERRIBLE SURPRISE. SMELLING BOTTLES, ETC.

MR. SLOPILL, as we have related, after leaving Mr. Lovegood, hurried to his bacon establishment, and despatched a note to Miss Deliah Airmyth. Affairs certainly looked squally, and needed an explanation. Mr. Slopill was not the man to be trifled with. Miss Dele had plainly given him to understand, that Mr. Lovegood had addressed her; and he denied it in toto. The pastor must be confounded, or the lady must make suitable explanations. It was certainly an unpleasant affair. On the one hand stood the lady, on the other the Rector; backing the whole stood the prospective dollars and cents. Mr. Slopill had been brought into direct conflict with a clergyman, had made a ridiculous dolt of himself, and had been obliged, for the time being, to retire from the field, totally discomfited.

These evils were overpowering to a gentleman of delicate sensibilities; and if Mr. Slopill's whiskers were not duly brushed, and his head oiled and combed, during the hours of suspense, surely the most fastidious will find in their breasts a generous excuse for him.

And was not Miss Deliah in a predicament? Mr. Lovegood had been charged with evil intentions, bearded as it were, in his own sanctum, told that he

had played an ungentlemanly part in addressing the lady, and all upon her own authority. He had also informed Mr. Slopill, that he had Miss Deliah's word and solemn asseveration, that no betrothment existed between them; of all of which she was but too conscious. Was ever young lady in so sad a plight? O, ye knights and ladies of romance, can ye not come to the rescue of Miss Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton? Ye who have made so many hair-breadth escapes in the romance of real life, can ye not succor a poor defenceless, hapless, and helpless young lady, who has drawn about her so many nets of destruction that she cannot escape? Pity, pity, ye sighing swains! Comfort, comfort, ye acute dames, and persevering maidens, who understand the art of solving such difficult questions!

What is Miss Dele to do?—Lose a certain prospect, let go a sure anchor, and float out on an uncertain tide? Oh, terrible dilemma! Miss Dele is now far gone out of her teens; prospects are growing more and more slender; even two hundred thousand seems to be an insufficient bait. Leave it to the ladies! Miss Dele was obliged to make an exposé to her mother, humiliating as it was. A counsellor she must have: "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety:" her mother was a multitude! "Write to him at once, Dele," said she,— "break it all off, and leave it with me!" Miss Dele wrote a scathing, withering note to Mr. Slopill, *revoking* the engagement that had existed between them for several years. How far that mended the matter we undertake not to say; but, that night, Mr. Slopill apologized to Mr. Lovegood. The mists rolled away, and if Mr.

Slopill was not a wiser man, he deserves to be set down as a stupid dotard.

When Mr. Lovegood became acquainted with all the facts, we can scarcely be surprised, that he thought it rather an unbecoming episode in the life of a candidate for confirmation, and highly derogatory to the character of a serious person.

Troubles, it will be perceived, were fast accumulating on Mr. Lovegood's hands. The split between Mr. Slopill and Miss Dele served to renew the old stories; for Miss Dele no sooner found herself adrift on the wide ocean of uncertainty, than she set herself diligently to the task of again entrapping Mr. Slopill. In order to accomplish this, she had by slow degrees and insinuations to ingratiate herself into his favor. This was not to be accomplished, without making a scape-goat of the Rector. Her first work was to convince Mr. Slopill, by what means it little booteth, that after all Mr. Lovegood was not exactly so clear as he might have been; but let it pass now; in future she should know better how to act. The two hundred thousand assisted Mr. Slopill's faith very much, and the breach was soon healed. Of course, to keep Mr. Slopill alive, the old story must at least be insinuated.

Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Fastidious, and Mrs. Nochurch, were more active than ever; and even the elder Blemertons were getting a little more decided in their stand. The old groggery story, too, was revived, with fresh relish and gusto, notwithstanding the quietus that it had received. Added to all this, was the affair of Ben Slocum, and the desertion of the church by the aforesaid ladies; all of which, in certain quarters, was

accounted a great loss to the poor church, and a lasting dishonor to the Rector. And worse than all, the tocsin rang with the alarm, that Mr. Lovegood was playing at the tune of "two strings to his bow." It was an established fact, that he had courted Dele Blemmerton; and it was just as certain, that he had gone to Mrs. Densmore's to court Agnes Wallace. The gossipers knew all these to be stubborn facts, and they were not slow in relating them. And O, wasn't Mr. Lovegood a bad man? O dear, O dear, was such a man fit to preach the gospel; courting two ladies at one time? O, fie on him, fie on him! What shall be done with him? Who ever heard of good Dr. Skyrocket, or Dr. Riproarer, doing such a thing? Ah me! ah me! it's too bad, it's mean, it's contemptible.

Meantime, Dr. Goodenough had paid the debt of nature; and now, by the terms of agreement between him and the vestry, the Rectory was to be given up to Mr. Lovegood, who, we should have stated before, had boarded all the while with Mr. Friendly. Mr. Lovegood would not consent to see the aged widow remove from the home which, for so many years, had been sanctified by her presence. Every nook and corner of it seemed eloquent of her name and praise. It was therefore agreed, that he should remove to the Rectory, and take up his residence there, leaving the management of the household to Mrs. Goodenough. This was deemed a judicious and excellent arrangement, by all the parishioners. Mrs. Goodenough, though enjoying excellent health, was an aged lady, but exceedingly active for her time of life; and it was affirmed, that Mr. Lovegood would make her home agreeable to her,

and cheer her declining days, as a son dearly beloved.

It was thought to happen well, on another account. The time for Agnes to leave Mrs. Densmore's had now arrived; and every thing seemed to be propitious, for Mr. Lovegood to bring her home, to live with himself and Mrs. Goodenough.

This report was not long in finding circulation. The knowing ones took it up with delight. Some thought it a high-handed measure. The Blemmertons did not hesitate to say, that it would be a disgrace. Whether Dr. Riproarer preached a sermon on the subject, tradition does not relate.

So it was : poor Agnes was already dragged into the arena of strife, and her name was bandied about with an unsparing hand. Happily for her, she was ignorant of all that was said. Happy in her conscious rectitude, looking forward to the day when she should join her dear good father, as she always called him, in his own home, which would be hers ; and yet twining her heart about her fond school associations, her days glided away in mingled sadness and delight ; delight, at the prospect of having a home that she could call her own, and the companionship, protection, and guardianship, of one unto whom she could look as a father ; sadness, at the thought that she must tear herself away from her beloved "Mother" Densmore, and the joyous reminiscences that clustered about her school.

And now, every evening, when the little glee-song is sung, Agnes is observed to steal away to her own room ; and there, falling on her knees, she pours out her heart in prayer, and finds solace and comfort in

the thought, that, come what might, she would everywhere be under the protection of her Father in heaven.

Yes, thou lone wanderer over the way of life, God is everywhere; and everywhere is He the Father of the faithful; everywhere is He the Father of those who bear the impress of the Son. The earth and the heavens are but a vast temple of praise; the sun, moon, and stars, but glittering lamps to light it withal. And, lo! when the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and the new heavens, and the new earth shall be revealed, that too will be a vast temple of praise, of which the LAMB that was slain shall be the LIGHT and the GLORY. Go out on thy way of life. Trust in Christ and be strong. God is everywhere. But nowhere is He more graciously present, than in the hearts of the humble, and contrite, and faithful, when lifted up unto Him in prayer, or when, in the Holy Sanctuary, they draw nigh unto Him in the devout reception of the means of grace.

Agnes had been confirmed at a late visitation of the Bishop, and was now a devout and regular communicant of the Church. She was therefore not without the aids and comforts of divine grace, to meet the real issues of life. And when she came down from her chamber, no one would have supposed, that scalding tears had chased each other down her cheeks. A radiant smile played over her countenance, bespeaking the calm which reigned in her heart.

But, at last, the day of separation came. The examination is over; the diplomas are given; the parting kiss, the long, long embrace, the tears of separation, the "mother's" blessing, are all that remain!

On the appointed day, Mr. Lovegood's carriage drove up to the door of the Seminary; and lo, and behold! wonders upon wonders! there is a lady in it.

The door of the carriage is thrown open; the lady steps out; and Agnes has a mother. Mr. Lovegood comes up smiling, laughing, and weeping. "This is your daughter, my dear." "And dear Agnes,—and this is Agnes,—the sweet Agnes." And they both embraced her, shedding tears of joy. Even Mother Densmore weeps; the girls, too, sympathize in the delights of the moment; they sing again the glee-song, laughing through tears. It is a day of sad partings and happy greetings. All are happy; all are sorrowful. It is a day of bright sunshine; if there be a cloud, it is gilded by the rosy hues of light and joy.

It is a world of vicissitudes. And Mr. Lovegood is married! And he neither addressed Agnes, nor Deliah Airmyth Blemmerton? Just so. The ladies for once were mistaken. They had no one to blame but themselves. "It all came," as Aunt Sally Milk-and-water afterwards said, "from their being too wise and too anxious."

But, as yet, the busybodies are in profound ignorance. During Mr. Lovegood's absence, nothing but the expected arrival had been canvassed; the disgrace of the thing; the town talk it would create. Several of them, too, were all anxiety, wondering whether Agnes Wallace would return as Mrs. Rector; in that event, numerous plans were laid. "The Blemmertons did not intend to recognize her; the Misses Highflyer could not think of noticing a clergyman's wife who sprung from nothing." Mrs. Nochurch, Mrs. Fussy,

and Mrs. Fastidious, who still croaked, declared they were glad of it; it would teach some people a grain of common sense; they knew she would be very extravagant; that would be some consolation; the congregation would soon get clear of Mr. Lovegood, they reckoned, when that girl came into the Rectory as the Rector's wife. Even Aunt Sally shook her head ominously, and gave an occasional sigh, by way of chorus; for the old lady began to be a little uneasy, lest she had committed herself too soon on the Rector's side. "Ah, well, well, I reckon we'll soon know the 'wust,' as my poor mother used to say; but the times have changed,—yes, yes, there's more 'larnin' now they say, that's it, I reckon."

Meantime, at a late hour of the night, Mr. and Mrs. Lovegood and Agnes arrived at the Rectory. Even Mrs. Goodenough was taken by surprise; for Mr. Lovegood had not given her so much as a hint of his intentions. But her heart was glad, when she discovered that her fine son, as she called him, had made so excellent a match, and her old home was to be enlivened by two such beings as Mrs. Lovegood and the charming Agnes.

Notwithstanding the pledges of Mrs. Blemmerton, that if Agnes came to the Rectory she would not pay her any attention, yet, having heard, the next morning, that Mr. Lovegood and Agnes had arrived, she was too impatient to wait for particulars, forgot all her stormy resolutions, and, long before 12 o'clock, she and Miss Dele were attired, and waiting for their carriage to drive up to the Rectory and learn the worst. "It can hardly be so," ejaculated Mrs. B.,—"but, I'm determined to know." "Dear me, the mornings are so long,"

taking out her watch, "but it is twelve, and there's the carriage; come, Dele." And the ladies, Miss Dele especially, dressed in very becoming style, plain, neat, simple, free from flowers, rouge, or any thing of the kind, and looking as innocent, quiet, gentle, fascinating as possible, jump in, and away they drive.

The bell rings; they enter the parlor of the Rectory: it is a little dark; it is well for the ladies, else in a fuller light they might have exhibited signs of pallor.

Mr. Lovegood enters. "O, Mr. Lovegood, I'm so glad you've returned, and all safe and sound. And how is Agnes? How does she look? O, I wanted to see her so badly, that I could not wait another day!"

Agnes enters the parlor, and is introduced as Miss Wallace. What a comfort! And now a dark room is comfortable on another account. The pallor has departed, and a crimson glow blushes on the cheeks of the ladies. O, how red,—how it burns,—and how the eyes sparkle,—Miss Dele is certainly getting handsome. She and the two hundred thousand would not be so bad a bargain, after all. "And now Miss Agnes, I suppose, has finished her education, and you will not send her to Madame Fanciful's?" "Agnes must determine that for herself; what do you say, my daughter?" "I expect always to be a student," replied she, "but I do not desire to go to Madame Fanciful's."

"She is a famous teacher; she makes girls so accomplished. My Dele, and Julia Jasper, never went to any other school. And I reckon now, Mr. Lovegood, you begin to feel like taking my advice; the Rectory will look so forlorn without—Well, you know—" "O, let me introduce you, Madam, to Mrs. Lovegood," said

he, rising, as his wife entered the room. Now darken the room, bring in water, a smelling bottle, let no light intrude. O ye cynics, close your eyes! O, ye mirthful nymphs, look not upon the scene. What concern is it of yours, if the ladies grow pale, and struggle hard to suppress their chagrin and disappointment?

“A short call,—many calls to make this morning! Dear me, it’s nearly one o’clock; come, Dele,—good morning, ladies,—good morning, Mr. Lovegood.”

The ladies got into the carriage, scarcely seeing the pavement, and drove home. “Well, well, well!” exclaimed Mrs. B., as she threw herself back in the carriage, “if that isn’t cool!” Miss Dele hummed a tune: “I never lov’d a tree or flower.”

“The tall, gawky, ugly thing. What does she look like? A pretty clergyman’s wife! A charming prospect for the parish, isn’t it? Two women to support,—curls too,—rigged out like a young girl, full of airs and graces.”

Drive home, ladies, and take an effervescing draught, and a little ice-water. Mr. Lovegood has committed no crime. He has only followed your advice; and, in his choice, he has acted on the principle of the “Know-Nothings.” He is certainly old enough to choose for himself.

And now you would like to know who Mrs. Lovegood was, and to have a description of her. We know not, that either would be particularly edifying, but suppose we must gratify so reasonable a desire. She was the sister of the Rev. Mr. Hardworker, whom Mr. Lovegood met in his trip to the mountains. Let that suffice for one fact; for the other, Mrs. Lovegood was

about thirty-six years of age, of prepossessing appearance and dignified manners; one who, upon a slight acquaintance, would have been judged fully qualified to fill her station, with honor to herself and husband, and good to the church. We have no taste for the task of describing the color of a lady's eyes or hair, or the length of her nose: please excuse us, on that score. We are not writing sentimentalism. She was neither very handsome, nor exceedingly hard-favored. She pleased Mr. Lovegood; and so she ought to please you, as it is a matter that does not in the least concern you.

The Blemmertons doffed their mourning about this time; whether for joy that Mr. Lovegood was married, or Ben Slocum's cousin dead, we undertake not to write.

Aunt Sally said, "she reckoned they'd hev peace now. She was really glad it was over; some people were so queer. It didn't used to be so in her young days. They hev too much larnin now." The truth is, Aunt Sally was fast working round on the Rector's side again.

The Blemmertons continued their pew in church, and attended about once a month. It was a long time before they visited the Rectory again; upon which there "hangs a tale," which in due time will come out. Nor was Agnes invited to any of their entertainments. Aunt Sally said, "it was because they were ashamed of themselves." But, in this, she was, we think, mistaken.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AGNES WALLACE AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME. MR. HEARTFUL. A RIDE; A COURTSHIP; AND A FAILURE.

AGNES, for the four years that she was under Mrs. Densmore's tuition, had been a hard student. She had now arrived at that period of life, when she could fully appreciate Mr. Lovegood's kindness to her; and the desire to manifest her gratitude to him, apart from a sense of her own deficiencies, and need of education, had acted as a powerful stimulus. Poverty and dependence, too, often are powerful stimulants to the young. Hence, while the children of the wealthy, under the most propitious circumstances, often fritter away their time at school or college, and return home and enter the world, with little else than an empty diploma, and dollars and cents,—with empty heads, frivolous manners, and warped or corrupt principles,—the children of the poor depend entirely upon their education, appreciate their privileges, make the most of their time, and come out qualified with heart and head learning, prepared to take a high stand in whatever position Providence may allot to them.

The free use of a large amount of spending money is too often seriously detrimental to the progress of the children of the wealthy, who are indulged in this way. No boy nor girl will make due progress, with a pocket full of money. It will be found ever to be in the way

of books, studies, mental exercises, and indeed of good manners; making a child haughty, extravagantly fond of dress and independence; filling the heart with "Young America," and moulding the character by a regard to the potent dollar, rather than by mental and heart culture. Dollars and cents burn the fingers of a child. It should, therefore, be permitted to burn itself as little as possible; and of the spending of every penny granted, the parent or guardian should require a strict account.

Few moments found Agnes idle. Many weary nights, while her room-mates were wrapt in slumber, was she found, till a late hour, poring over her books, before the dimly burning lamp. And the result was now manifest. In four years, she had become a scholar of no ordinary attainments. She read Latin and Greek with fluency; also French and German; was quite an adept in painting and drawing; played well on the harp and piano, and sang sweetly. Nor had she neglected those accomplishments which had domestic life more expressly in view. Mrs. Densmore had afforded her every opportunity of improvement in housekeeping; and when she became an inmate of the Rectory, the elder ladies soon discovered, that she understood the routine of domestic pursuits and duties, from the cutting out and making of a garment, to the baking of a pound-cake. And she was so good, withal, so amiable, so gentle, that she won all hearts. Highly accomplished, and of attractive, dignified, yet simple manners, a devout Churchwoman, ever ready for all good works, wherever she went she seemed to move in a charmed circle, the admired of all admirers. All forgot the poor,

sorrow-stricken orphan girl, in the full-grown, majestic Christian woman, of cultivated mind, and transcendent personal charms.

Mr. Lovegood, who loved her as a fond father loves his only daughter, often pressed her to his heart, and thanked her for having given him so much satisfaction. "The best act," he said, "that ever I performed in my life." The old silver cup was placed away as a sacred reminiscence; and every anniversary of Mrs. Wallace's death, it was produced, that the past might be revived in his memory.

Agnes is becoming so universal a favorite, that fears are entertained at the Rectory, lest the charm of her society may soon be lost there.

Of all the gentlemen who visited the Rectory, Mr. Heartful always seemed the most deferential towards Miss Wallace. There was an unwonted reserve on his part, that always made Agnes melancholy, and served to carry her back to that eventful night, when she met him under the dimly burning lamp. He was then a young man, and she a little girl. All the past would gush up into her heart,—the sad death of her father and mother, the conduct of the Blemmertons, and her own altered condition in life. And O! how she wished for one moment, one happy moment, just to thank him, to manifest her gratitude. With these thoughts she would seek her chamber and commune in silence with her God.

A long time had passed, without the occurrence of any thing worth relating. Mr. Heartful had been a constant visitor at the Rectory; but few words had passed between him and Agnes, except on common-

place topics. One day, he called and sent in his card, with the request that Miss Wallace would take a ride with him in the country, to enjoy the pleasant afternoon, and the beautiful scenery.

They proceeded a mile or so, making an occasional remark on the grandeur of the hills, and the noble river which swept on before them, or the passage of a beautiful bird as it flew by them in the air. But Mr. Heartful was more than usually silent; and Agnes, dwelling on the past, could not overcome a feeling of melancholy. So they passed along, each, for the most part, wrapped in thought and emotion. At last Mr. Heartful remarked, "Miss Wallace,—no, Agnes, I will call you, if you will permit me." "Yes, Agnes, if you please, Mr. Heartful," said she, scarcely concealing the tear-drop that filled her eyes, as she turned away her head; for he had not called her Agnes, since the day he took leave of her, when she was about to go to Mrs. Densmore's.

"Agnes, I little thought, on that memorable night, that I should ever enjoy the pleasure of seeing you what you are. But, God's ways are not as our ways. Would that I could tell you all that thrills my heart, when memory reverts to that night. Ah, we have both passed through sorrows and vicissitudes since then! But, there are memories clustering around that old lamp-post, and that dilapidated old house, that I would not part with for all the world! Forgive me for touching upon so tender a theme. My heart is full, very full, and I cannot avoid it."

"Speak on, Mr. Heartful," said she, looking upon him with her full lustrous eyes, for she had no conception of

the point to which his conversation would lead. "I rejoice to meditate on that past. It is my frequent employment. It brings to me many, ah, how many, reminiscences of sorrow; but, not one of shame nor false delicacy. My condition in life is indeed changed; but I have not forgotten the past of my history, nor do my feelings foster a false and unworthy pride, when I contrast the past with the present, especially in the presence of my benefactor."

"Ah, that word! that fatal word! Please recall it," said he, manifesting more emotion than she had ever before observed in him. "I would not have that word or thought come between me and the gleam of happiness which I have of late hoped, perhaps too fondly hoped, would flash across my pathway. I have kept that past ever before me, as a bright spot in my checkered life. I have watched the little Agnes, as she came up to womanhood; have nursed in my heart the fond hope of seeing her what she is, and what I was sure she would be. And now,—well,—ah, well, I want words to say all. But I have nursed the hope, that a greater blessing is in store for me, than the mere pleasurable memory of the past. Do not deem me selfish. That past would much more than reward me, for my poor performance of a bounden duty. Ah, believe me, I scorn to claim any other reward, than my own conscious reflections. The thought would be unworthy in me; nor could I dare to hope for your respect, in entertaining it. I know that your whole noble soul would revolt at it. No; Agnes, understand me. I appreciate the delicacy of your position and my own. That word, 'benefactor,' stands in the way as a barrier. But I ask you, can it

not be forgotten? Can you not expunge it for a moment from the memory of the past; and hear me, as though it had never been?"

"Ah, Mr. Heartful, that I could have saved you and myself from this moment of pain!"

"And is it so, Agnes? He whom you call father, is the only benefactor. He it was who trained my youthful heart, who instilled into it, by God's blessing, every emotion of good. To him do I owe whatever of good my life has ever brought forth; and it has been but little. I may say with Jacob of old, 'Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.' I owe him, under God, every thing; he is my spiritual father; and if I am worthy of you, or of a kind thought from you, to him I owe it,—to him I am under greater obligations than you are, or ever can be. Me he rescued from the ways of darkness and death. And but for him, I should never have been fitted even to appear in your presence, or to exist on the earth. Therefore, let not that hard word interfere between me and the happiness so essential to me. May he not, Agnes, be *our* father, and give us his blessing?" Mr. Heartful ceased, overcome with emotion.

"Me, a portionless, unknown girl, without family, the humblest of the humble! And would you trammel your bright fortunes, with a name so ignoble, a woman whose origin is so obscure? No; Mr. Heartful, you are too generous. I esteem you too highly for that. Let me retain my humble position; and, if God so will, let me unite my humble fortunes with one whose name will not be tarnished by the union. It would be unjust in me, to entertain such a thought. Let me be permitted still to look up to you, as the noblest, the most gener-

ous of friends; one whom I may always cherish and admire; in whose prosperity I may delight; whose good name I may wreath in unfading laurels, and wear near my heart. But, O never, never think of making me your wife!" She could say no more.

"And must this be so? Must my cup be dashed? Noble, generous Agnes! If you could only see my inmost heart! But I may not,—I dare not,—I will try and bow to your decision, and hope for the best. Only forgive me, for thus intruding upon the sanctity of your feelings, and take my blessing. May that good Being who has watched over you, still guide you on the way. And if this happiness be denied me, may you be blessed, ever blessed with the choicest blessings of heaven and earth! And may I have strength and grace to bear my lot in life, whatever it may be, till the evening come!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

JONATHAN HEARTFUL IN CONGRESS. AFFAIRS AT THE RECTORY, NOT SO PLEASANT. TATTLING, JEALOUS-MINDED YOUNG LADIES. A LETTER FROM CONGRESS, ETC.

JONATHAN HEARTFUL goes to Congress again. But this time he takes his seat in the Senate Chamber. It is an unusually important session, and a very exciting one in the political world. Mr. Heartful distinguished himself in several brilliant speeches, seemed to have acquired new powers of strength of mind and body. He was the champion of the Session; and his name rang throughout the country, from North to South.

The daily papers were watched at the Rectory of St. —'s, with an interest that increased day by day. "Jonathan again!" Mr. Lovegood would exclaim. "He will fight them through! He's a perfect lion!" rubbing his hands with delight. And Agnes would take up the paper, after he laid it aside; and would steal away to her chamber, and con it over, line by line, again and again. Her full heart welled up with tears of joy and thanksgiving at his success. She knew not that she loved him, otherwise than as a very dear friend; as a benefactor, to whom she owed so much. She dared not trust herself with such a thought. She observed that, when he called to take leave at the Rectory, preparatory to his departure for Washington, he was unusually sad. But now, in the light of his brilliant ca-

reer, immersed as he was in national business and its excitements, she doubted not that every tinge of melancholy had passed away, and that, when he returned home, she would find every trace of the past obliterated. This was as she wished. And yet she hung upon his name and words, with an anxiety which betrayed much more than ordinary interest in him.

Whenever a letter came to Mr. Lovegood, there was always a kind word for Agnes. She was not forgotten, amidst the most exciting contests. "Give my love to Agnes:" and once he added, underscored, "*She knows how sincere I am.*" Mr. Lovegood did not observe the crimson flush which suffused her cheek, when he read the sentence. He entertained not the slightest suspicion of what had passed.

Meantime, things had gone on as usual in the parish. Mrs. Lovegood had become an invalid; and at the same time she gave proofs of an unamiable temper. Mr. Lovegood begins to fear, that he has made an unfortunate match. His bright day which promised so fair, begins to be clouded. His wife is at times peculiarly taciturn. The parishioners begin to notice it; and the captious busy-bodies are but too happy, that their prophecies are fulfilling, while the good and consistent members of the congregation lament it, and sympathize with their beloved Rector.

Even Agnes wears not her usual, happy, cheerful countenance. There is a gloom hanging over the Rectory. Indeed, Mrs. Lovegood is growing unkind to the once idolized Agnes; but all this she keeps from Mr. Lovegood. She at times calls her "dependent," and otherwise treats her rudely, saying that Mr. Love-

good has enough to do to take care of his own family, without educating and supporting other people's children.

Poor Agnes, for the love she bears her "good father," resolves to endure it all, with a meek, submissive spirit.

The Blemmertons, too, are very bitter against her; and, though they have no intercourse with the family, they occasionally meet her in company, and are but too pointed in their efforts to mortify and wound her feelings, on all occasions. "There is that dependent!" Miss Deliah would remark, just loud enough for her to hear it. And then there would be a twitter among the young ladies, who were jealous of Agnes's attainments, and the attentions paid to her in society. "Yes, how wonderfully smiling she looks!" rejoins Miss Jenny Highflyer. "That sash she thinks becoming; and it would be, if her own money bought it. I wonder she does not learn to do up her curls in a better style."

"La, me! if there isn't Mr. Slapperdasher speaking with her. Well, wonders will never cease. Before I'd live as she does, I'd go and learn a trade. Dependent on Mr. Lovegood, even for the clothes she wears. And he calling on the vestry for an increase of salary! I don't wonder at it, when Miss Agnes Wallace is to be dressed and maintained at the expense of St. ——'s congregation," says the young lady, who forgets that her grandmother kept a beer-shop, and her own father commenced the world with making and selling penny tallow-candles, which he carried about the streets, at retail, upon a pole. O, but this is a great world; and what magnificent fools a little money makes of some people.

“It’s actually ridiculous!” says Miss Deliah. “Father thinks, that Mr. Lovegood’s salary is already too large. Indeed, he says clergymen ought to have no more than barely enough to live on; they should be kept poor; it keeps them humble, and in their place.”

And, Miss Dele, many of them do not have that. The most of them would be satisfied with barely enough. But, lean bones and an humble spirit go together. Yes, yes; it is all right, we apprehend. And it may be, that many more entertain the same view, beside your father. Yes, yes; keep them poor; it makes them behave themselves. They attend only to our spiritual interests; they put no dollars in our pockets; therefore they are of little account. Miss Dele has changed her mind wonderfully. Two hundred thousand could not,—well,—but let the young lady speak for herself. “A pretty pass we are coming to, to have such things saddled on the parish. I wonder she does not go out, and learn to make bonnets, or dresses, and support herself. If she had any spirit she certainly would.”

Agnes, on one occasion, was obliged to hear a great part of such a conversation. She would gladly have withdrawn from her position, and have avoided it; but she could not. Being engaged in conversation herself near the parties, she could not have retired from that part of the room, without rudeness; and these considerate young ladies had taken advantage of her situation, on purpose to let her hear a little of their mind!

The session of Congress was drawing to a close; and Mr. Heartful’s return was now expected. One day,

Mr. Lovegood, on his return from the post-office, handed Agnes a letter. The superscription was in the handwriting of Mr. Heartful. She took it, and retiring to her room, with a trembling hand and throbbing heart, she opened it, and read as follows :

“ WASHINGTON, —, 18—.

“ DEAR AGNES,

“The time for me to return to — is drawing near; and I hope soon to have the pleasure of joining the dear friends at the Rectory. But my return to —, at present, depends upon one circumstance. I cannot bear to meet you now, under the circumstances of our parting. Once more I entreat you to revoke your determination, and permit me to return home and meet you in happiness. Will you not, Agnes? You know me too well, to require that I should use many words. All depends upon your decision. Should you hold out against my ardent devotion, I shall sail for Europe as soon as Congress adjourns, in the hope that, while away, you may make another happy.

“Good-by; God bless you.

J. H.”

There, alone in her chamber, did that stricken girl bow now in humble supplication to Heaven. Here was a new trial across her pathway. Taunted at home and abroad with her poverty and obscurity, her heart revolted at the thought of blending the fortunes of one like Mr. Heartful with her own. And this, not because she attached any importance to such factitious matters as fortune or name; but she had his prosperity at heart, and she feared that she would only trammel him in his

career. She was mistaken, it may be ; but, still possessed of an humble spirit and sensitive heart, she could bring herself to no other conclusion. If there was a struggle between the promptings of her heart and what she believed to be her duty, it was but for a moment. The next mail bore the answer.

“ ———, ———, 18—.

“ This, rest assured, Mr. Heartful, is the most painful hour of my existence, since I have come to years of discretion. You truly said, that we had known sorrows ; but, when I was a little girl, they came and went, like the passing storm-cloud. Now, they cut their traces deep in the heart.

“ But ah, it cannot be. Duty to you forbids ; self-respect, respect for you forbids. It grieves me to inflict pain ; but, if it afford you any consolation, be assured, that it is more than shared by her who pens these lines.

“ Troubles at home, too, admonish me, that I must leave the roof of him whom I call father ; and a kind father he has been. And when you return home, Agnes Wallace will be in her true sphere. I leave, in a few days, to enter Mrs. Gilcrist’s millinery establishment.

“ May you be happy.

“ AGNES.”

Mr. Lovegood had passed through many trials. Now, for the first time in his life, did a real sorrow fall upon his heart. All else had been but as the slight zephyr playing through the forest, shaking the boughs, and rustling the leaves. This was the terrible tornado,

sweeping on in its might, tearing up the giant oaks, and leaving a wreck in its pathway. When Agnes informed him of her determination to leave him, and go to Mrs. Gilcrist's, to learn her trade, the strong man quaked and trembled; and, for almost the first time in her presence, he wept like a child. His heart almost died within him. "And, my Agnes, will you leave me thus?" he exclaimed, overpowered with his emotions. "My daughter, my daughter, whom I have twined about my heart, will she tear herself from me thus? Oh, that I had been spared this hour!"

Mrs. Lovegood, overhearing the conversation, came into the room, and upbraided him with his childishness. "It was the best thing the girl could do. She was entirely right; and she commended her independence of spirit. Every body was talking about it; the parishioners were complaining. Even Agnes herself had heard some of their remarks. And she was satisfied, that no woman of spirit would remain in such a position, and hear her name bandied about by every idle gossip. And if Agnes would take her advice, she would go out at once, and not be dependent on any one. It would certainly be no disgrace to her, but much to her credit."

Poor Mr. Lovegood heard all this, with a heavy heart; it was new to him. The cause of Agnes's determination was but too apparent; nor did he see how it could be remedied. He knew that she was devotedly beloved by every member of the congregation whose regard or opinion he deemed worthy of consideration. As to the few gossiping, fault-finding intermeddlers, he deemed what they would say, unworthy of a passing

thought. But he could appreciate Agnes's feelings, and respect her motives ; and he bowed in resignation to her fixed purpose. Indeed, after a day's reflection, he schooled his heart into acquiescence, deeming the course that Agnes had marked out for herself, not only proper, but commendable.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AGNES IN HER NEW SPHERE. PARTINGS. MR. LOVE-GOOD'S OPINION OF HER COURSE.

AGNES WALLACE has entered upon her duties with Mrs. Gilcrist. The days of happiness which she had promised herself, under the protection of him to whom she looked as a father, had been clouded soon, ah, too soon. But, such is the course of earthly joys; they never stay. Change, change, is written everywhere; grief rapidly succeeds to joy. Thanks to a benignant Providence, the lowering cloud is ever relieved, however, by the brightening hues of the rainbow of promise, which softly gleam from the midst of its dark folds. The day will come, when there shall be no more sorrows, no more partings. And then, O how beautiful shall appear all God's doings with us, when all mysteries shall be solved, and the history of every sigh and every tear shall be written up. O, that we could see, how beautiful now are all the ways of that kind Providence which guides our feet towards the promised land.

I took my sweet little girl in my arms, yesterday, an innocent little prattler not yet three years old, and walked up and down the long portico of my pretty home. All around us bloomed beautiful roses, and crape-myrtle; the leaves of the cotton-wood, orange, and weeping willow rustled in the breeze; just before us, all over the garden, luscious, golden peaches hung

temptingly from the boughs, which bent with their weight ; and the yellow figs, peeping as it were from the midst of the deep green foliage in which they clustered, “invited the longing taste.” “See, daughter,” said I, “the beautiful peaches.” “Pretty ! pretty !” exclaimed she, clapping her little hands. “See there, daughter, what beautiful flowers !” “Pretty ! pretty !” shouting in her gladness of heart. Just then, an insect struck up his note, “Chat,—chat,—chat,—chatter, chatter, sha, sha, sha ;” and a beautiful butterfly winged past us, and lit on a cluster of ripe peaches. “O daughter, hear the sweet katydid ! see the pretty butterfly !” “O pretty, pretty, pretty !” almost bounding from my arms, and exulting in her joy, her bright hazel eyes flashing with delight.

Beautiful type of the innocent heart ! The little child sees beauty in every thing. Yea, beauty is everywhere, as God is. Beauty is all around us. Every thing is pretty, pretty, O how pretty ! God hath written beauty on all His works. Every thing is instinct with lessons on the beauty of His perfections. There is beauty in the evening cloud, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, as they linger behind, loth to leave the world in darkness. There is beauty in the little stars, as one by one they dance out in the heavens, glad to do their Maker’s will. There is beauty in the spring-time, when Nature travails in her birth of plenty, and the buds and the blossoms come forth, to cheer the heart and enrobe the earth in gladness. There is beauty in the waving fields and summer harvests, when spring’s fair promise ripens into abundance, and crowns man’s toils with the blessings of the earth. There is beauty in the

autumn sky, with its hoar frosts, and sombre shadows, when Nature doffs her vernal robes, and commits them to the tomb. There is beauty, too, in the hoarse voice and icy grasp of winter, when the birds seek the forests, and the flowers are locked in the earth, and Nature is clad in mourning.

All these beauties proclaim their lesson to man's heart. They are teachers, seeking admission to his society, in his hours of quiet and meditation, and lifting his soul to the contemplation of things eternal. The golden cloud bids us know, that, though the sun be lost to sight, he shines as brightly in other climes, and will come again, to gladden us with his genial beams; even as the Lord of Hosts, in our darkest hours of trial, gives evidence of His sustaining presence; for, whenever He hides His face behind some dark cloud of adversity, if we have but faith, we are sure to behold His benign likeness in it, and the tokens of His returning love. And the little stars bespeak the wonder and order of His providence, and the thousand modes and messengers to convey to us His blessings.

Spring, with its blossoming beauties; Summer, with its horn of plenty; Autumn, with its ingathering; and Winter, with its sober gait and icy touch; all these proclaim the richness and fulness of the divine grace, co-working with God's children through the various periods of their existence here. In the spring-time of life, it gives them the oil of joy and gladness, and the beauty of holiness, to train their young hearts for heaven, and flowers of virtue to bloom forever in that land of Beauty, where they never wither, never die. In life's meridian, they have the clustering and ripening fruits

of a well-trained life, with the promise of a full harvest of blessedness when life's race is ended ; in life's decline, the comforts of a holy repose, and confidence in the steadfast faith of durable treasure in heaven ; and in the dark hour and winter of death, the cheering hope of immortal glory, an eternal spring-time, when these seeds of corruption, these bodies of mortality, shall spring up immortal and incorrupt, and enjoy unending youth in the kingdom of God.

Yea, beauty is everywhere ; but man's eyes are holden, man's heart is dumb. He does not see like the innocent little child. He has no time. He must on. He sees naught, but the changeable and the utilitarian. Here, to-day ; gone, to-morrow. He cannot pause for meditation. The world will not stop for him. He dares not loiter ; he sets his heart on the changeable, not on the unchangeable ; therefore, to him, all things are not bright and beautiful. Teach us, O teach us, dear little children, to value the beautiful, to behold the Lord's footprint everywhere, in our journey through life, and to follow it to the land of the beautiful, where our eyes shall be fully opened, and we shall see all things pretty, pretty, yea, how pretty !

The old Rectory no longer resounded with the cheerful song of Agnes ; nor was her voice longer heard in the solemn morning and evening response. Her accustomed place was vacant at the table ; the young persons who used to assemble, at the pleasant evening hour, at the Rectory, no longer gladdened the genial Rector's heart. But, every morning and evening, there ascended to heaven a prayer for the absent one.

Agnes came occasionally, and spent an evening with

her father; but it was too painfully evident, that a change had come over every thing at the Rectory. She always met the same cordial embrace and thrilling "God bless you, my daughter;" but, sorrow had written its lines, deeply, upon the brow of her "good father." Change was visible there: the cloud had gathered; the storm-king reigned.

Mr. Heartful had gone to Europe, to be absent several years. Over this, too, there was an impenetrable mystery, which hung heavily upon Mr. Lovegood's heart. He spoke of it to Agnes, as he read to her some passages from a letter which he had just received from Mr. Heartful. "I cannot see you now, for some years, my dear pastor and guardian of my youth. I could not now greet the dear ones at the Rectory! There is a pall upon my spirits, which, for two years or more, must deprive me of that pleasure. Good-by. Give my love to Agnes; protect and defend her in her trials, and the Lord's blessing will be upon you."

"What does that mean, my Agnes?" said he. "There is a mysterious meaning in these words, which I cannot solve. There is a secret sorrow hidden under them, that I fain would understand!" "From you who have been more than a father to me, I dare not withhold any thing that can contribute to allay your anxieties," said she, sobbing aloud. "I will tell you all!" And then, to the sympathizing mind of a father, she disclosed the secret of her heart, relating all that had passed between herself and Mr. Heartful. Into the sorrows of that moment let us not irreverently gaze. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Sighs and

tears tell us whereof we are made. They are good for us, when they draw us heavenward.

And let none suppose, that sorrows such as these have about them nothing of a sanctified impress or character. They may not have, it is true ; but we should be loth so to tamper with human affections, and the sorrows springing out of them, as to consider them as belonging exclusively to the purely sentimental or romantic. Far from it. Why may not such sorrows be a portion of the cup which our Father gives us to drink, as well as others? All sorrow is the product of sin. Sin hath flooded the world with tears ; and, from the weak infant wail, to the heavy cross which the mature Christian is called to bear, from the trial which wrings the heart of innocent childhood, to that which brings a tremor into the frame and languor upon the brow of age, we behold the complement and fulfilment of that probation through which we all are to pass. Anguish is written everywhere ; in sickness, in disappointments, in heart-blightings, in wants, in crosses, in partings.

But the young heart is elastic. Yea, it is true. It breaks and weeps like the cloud of spring. Its sun comes out, and all again is fresh and bright. The cloud vanishes, and the youthful sky is calm and serene. Yea, youth is compensative. But for this, the youthful heart would break, and never be healed. And yet, sorrow never comes without leaving its mark. The reader may not be conscious of this ; but, could we tell his experience, we could point out, in the inner recesses of his being, the mark of some past sorrow which, though for the moment forgotten, is laid up in the recesses of memory. And that memory is a curious

palimpsest; and, one by one, as age lays on its gray hairs, or turns over the leaves of that palimpsest, those marks will be revealed to them. Their youthful sorrows and blightings will reveal themselves as in a mirror; they will read them, look upon them; they will live again in the past, and weep, and bless memory for its revelations; and, perchance, they will hope for the day when the book of memory shall be fully opened, and they shall muse on all the past, and live in the sunlight of heaven's eternal day.

There are lines, even of sorrow, in every man's life, buried in the past, on which he loves to meditate, and which draw him heavenward, if in them he sees the marks of his Lord, and they are weaning him from earth and fitting him for the world to come.

Mr. Lovegood listened to the recital of Agnes's sorrow, laughing and weeping. "Noble Jonathan, noble Agnes!" he exclaimed, as she concluded. "It's like you both. He is all generosity; his noble heart overflows with every chivalrous, magnanimous sentiment. I know not, my dear daughter, how you have endured such a severe trial. You have my sympathies; and I appreciate your sentiments. You are worthy of each other. And I am thankful, that you have been enabled thus fully to sustain yourself, in a position which you conscientiously believe to be right.

"But," continued he, "have you not been wrong, my daughter? Does Christian virtue require you to sacrifice your own and another's happiness, on account of what you might suppose the world would say? The world, I know, is prone to harshness and false judgment. But we are not to be governed by the wrong judgments

or censures of the wicked. Public opinion is as apt, perhaps, to be wrong as right. It often sets up a false standard; and if we suffer ourselves to be ruled by this, we shall be robbed, not only of much of our Christian boldness, but even of our just rights. Yet, after all, there is a great deal of right judgment in the world. The censorious and the evil-minded are not the sole judges in the world. The good, the pious, the generous, and the just, also, have opinions, and they sustain worthy actions, and measure our deeds by the standard of justice. The world is not all one-sided and lynx-eyed. There is some goodness in it. There are those whose smile of approbation is as the sunshine, and whose good opinion and just judgments are as the dews of evening upon the parched earth."

"If," replied she, "I had no higher motive than that named, it would perhaps be erroneous. I would be willing to disregard the remarks of the censorious and evil-minded; and I am sure Mr. Heartful would. We should be happy in each other, let others say what they might. But there are higher and more dutiful considerations. Mr. H. is above my sphere in life. I covet only an humble walk; he has a brilliant career before him; I should, I fear, only trammel him in his just aspirations. I esteem and respect him too highly, to stand in the way of either his usefulness or his aspirations. You know, that the envious, who know all my past sad history, would say, that he had married beneath himself; and had united his fortunes with one whom he had been instrumental in rescuing from the most abject misery and poverty. And this, while it would not affect the happiness of either of us directly, would be

used against him at every step. How could I forgive myself for so rash an act? I may be wrong; but, when I calmly reflect on the subject, it appears that we had better endure a brief period of heart-grief, than tinge our whole life with sorrow. To you, my dear father, I will not hesitate to say, that the sacrifice has been great; but we share it together, and grace will be vouchsafed to us, to bear it, as becometh Christians."

Mr. Lovegood, though not assenting to all her conclusions, could find it in his heart to say no more. "God bless you, my daughter! You are a dear good girl; and I hope and believe, there is a brighter day before you. You are called to trials in youth, that your age may, I trust, be blessed the more abundantly. The dark days will assuredly roll away, and bright ones come at last. Trust in the Lord and be strong. One so pure, so innocent, so unselfish as my own good Agnes, is not allowed to pass through the furnace, without some wise and holy purpose.

"Bless God, then," continued he, "and go on the way rejoicing. Let whatever may betide you, you know in whom you have a friend, who will never desert you, while he lives; and, above and better than all, you know the goodness and mercy of the Friend of friends, without whose friendship all others were of little worth."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AGNES IN HER NEW EMPLOYMENT. A HINT TO SHOP-KEEPERS, AND GENTLEMEN AND LADIES OF THE YARD-STICK, IN GENERAL. A DENOUEMENT AT THE RECTORY, ETC.

WAS Agnes, the milliner-girl, deserted by her hosts of admirers? Nay; not by all. Mr. Slapperdasher, and a few others of the cane and kid order, cut her acquaintance; so also did the Misses Highflyer, Beaudasher, and the like. The Blemmertons, of course, deemed her altogether beneath their notice; before, she had been the "dependent," a spiritless dependent, living on the charities of the parish; now, she was a common milliner, altogether unworthy of a passing consideration.

But gentlemen and ladies who were more worthy of these titles, sought her society as usual, and cheered her on in her honorable course. She was a superior woman, and made her mark wherever she went. Persons of intelligence, refinement, and true discrimination, gladly extended to her the courtesies to which her attainments, manners, Christian graces, and accomplishments entitled her.

The time had not arrived, in the coteries of —, when the "almighty dollar" was the sole *conducteur* to the avenues of good society; when the "Milliner-girl" would be frowned back to her close room and her needle. Labor, the lot of man, was no disgrace, except in the eyes of such as the Blemmertons, who had sprung from nothing, and merely floated along, upborne upon

the tide of worldly wealth, more respected in their own eyes than in the eyes of others. She who was fitted for the society of the refined, the liberal-minded, chivalrous, and enlightened, was freely admitted to it, whether she bore the ungrateful cognomen of the "Milliner-girl," as the Blemmertons always characterized Agnes, or drove her splendid carriage, or trod the downy-carpeted parlor, or flashed her diamonds before the costly mirror.

Agnes, from motives of delicacy and humility, and from finding it more congenial to her sentiments and feelings, went but little into company, much to the regret of many of her real friends, who found in her society a refining, elevating, and chastening influence. She was a true woman; and she determined to fill her sphere in life. Her highest delight was to discharge her duties to Mrs. Gilcrist, and be found always in her place in the sanctuary at the hour of prayer.

In a few months, she had made herself so useful in the business of her employer, as to be promoted from the needle to the post of chief sales-woman; and every day found her behind the counter, waiting upon the flocks of ladies who patronized the house. And Agnes was so refined and ladylike, so free from all "the tricks of trade," so fair and honorable in all her dealings, that Mrs. Gilcrist's custom trebled itself in a few months.

The usual chaffering and Jewing in the establishment ceased, except when such as the Blemmertons called, who merely intended to exult over Agnes, glory in their pride and ostentation, prate about their consequence, and abuse all petty tradesmen and tradeswomen. "La, what a price! The girl has no conscience" (not

knowing her of course ;) “all milliner-girls are I believe trained at their business, which is to get the most they can. They will cheat if they get a chance ; they require to be closely watched.” But all ladies of real refinement shrunk from all chaffering with the charming Miss Wallace ; for there was no necessity of close dealing with her. She dealt as a Christian should deal ; and inspired confidence in all right-minded customers.

Many ladies, as they retired from the store, were heard to remark, “Really, it does one’s heart good, to deal with Miss Wallace in these crooked times ; so much of a lady, so frank, so free from guile ; if there’s even a straw out of place, or a speck on a ribbon, it’s sure to be pointed out.” And, indeed, we must say, to the credit of all ladies in general, that, notwithstanding the many sore thrusts and hard hits they so often receive about their chaffering, trouble-making, Jewing, and beating down, if dealers would be a little more generous and just, would not proceed upon the principle that all persons who enter their places of business intend, if they can, to take advantage of them, and would not “mark up” on their goods for the sake of leaving room to “fall,” there would be less of it.

But, as it is, a lady can hardly be a good economical shopper, and have justice measured out to her, as well as muslins, without acquiring the “Jewing” art. Clerks and salesmen, gentlemen and ladies of the yardstick, be wise ; quit the naughty practice. Place upon your goods an honest, living profit, and have done with the dishonest, dishonorable trickery of “marking” up, and then “selling your goods below cost.” For my

part, I never deal with a man who always sells below cost, who gives out the stereotyped expression, "It cost me more than the money." I think he either intends to cheat me, or accounts me a fool or a knave. I know that he cannot live by such a trade, unless his goods are stolen, and I leave it to some one else, to impose upon his charity, or good nature.

Time rolls on, bringing its changes and vicissitudes. Mrs. Goodenough has paid the debt of nature, and gone to join her sainted partner in Paradise. Mr. Nochurch has been confirmed; and is now regularly found at the altar, whenever the Holy Sacrament is administered. He has become a truly pious, devoted, and active man in the Church, a second Mr. Friendly, co-operating with the Rector, in every good word and work.

Miss Sally Fastidious has married Mr. Ben Slocum's opponent, "the red-headed fellow, Ben Jenkins." And Mr. Slocum himself is the same grinning, trifling, wishy-washy Presbyterian that he was when we last saw him.

Mrs. Nochurch, Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Fastidious, and Dr. Riproarer, still court each other as of old, while the ladies sound his trumpet far and near. Dr. Riproarer is a very great man; so "they" say, and that is enough. Mr. Lovegood, of course, and his troubles at home, are happy subjects of comment, and afford the ladies many delightful moments of recreation. Mr. Slopill and Miss Dele keep on terms; they never appear at church; nor does Mr. Slopill know any thing of the visit to the Rectory, the rapid coming and going of the crimson in the cheek, and the great disappointment

felt on that occasion. These are all profound secrets. Mr. Lovegood is a very bad man; tried hard to supplant Mr. Slopill, but could not succeed. Miss Dele, with the two hundred thousand, was not to be won from his grasp so easily. Mr. Slopill, of course, brushed his whiskers, and looked in the glass. Whew! he is a man of consequence, much too hard for the Rector. If there is saw-dust about his eyes, he cannot see it. And the gossiping deserters, being for the most part "cut" by the true friends of the Church, their croaking raises but light storms.

The elder Blemmertons still remain in statu quo. Mr. Heartful has gone to Europe, and, when he returns, will most likely make good the old prophecy. He and Mr. Lovegood are devoted friends; it is therefore best not to act hastily. Prudence is a wonderful guide, and often accomplishes great things.

Agnes being out of the way, and affairs having settled down, Mrs. Blemmerton and Miss Dele determined to call again at the Rectory. If they gain nothing by it in one way, they may in another; they may pick up something to talk about, touching the freaks of the Rector's lady; and that will afford some satisfaction. But this visit was never repeated; they heard something not very congenial to delicate, sensitive nerves. Mrs. Lovegood had here and there picked up a thread of the old stories, which she had woven into a network, and being that morning in one of her cross moods, she spread it over the Blemmertons so thick and fast, that they came near losing their eye-sight, and suffocating under the operation. At last, rising in a pitch of indignation, she darted into an adjoining room,

and brought forth, holding it aloft in her hand, and swaying it to and fro as a grand trophy, the veritable sermon-holder.

“There,” said she, pitching it at the same time into Miss Dele’s lap, “there is the sermon-holder that courted Mr. Lovegood, that you made, Miss Dele, with your purse. Take it!” O ye tempestuous elements, blow your blasts! Your howlings, your mighty roarings are not heard. An earthquake would not have been so terrific. Mrs. Blemmerton groaned and gnashed her teeth. The ladies left the house in a rush and a storm, choking with rage. “Insulted, grossly insulted, in the house of the Rector!” Close the scene.

Here was an affair! What was now to be done? What, but permit the choler to boil down. There is no other cure in such a case. Like a fever, it must take its course; all that can be done is to mollify and apply palliatives. With all their failings, the Blemmertons had the vanity to keep the main point of the insult to themselves. It cut too deeply and severely; in exposing the wound, they could only have exposed themselves. The fact that they had been grossly insulted by Mrs. Lovegood, was liberally and bountifully retailed, but the real grounds thereof, no ingenuity could ever draw from them.

It is not agreeable to record such incidents in the character of a clergyman’s wife. It is to be presumed, however, that most persons expect to find in them flesh and blood; though it must be owned, that a great many expect more from the wives of the clergy than of any other men. They are expected to visit more, be more at home, live on less, be more charitable, talk

less and know less, yet do more, than any other ladies. They are more scandalized, envied, talked about, than it is profitable to relate. If Mrs. Rector gets a new bonnet, every body is agog to see it come to church; and then it is too gay, or too dashy, or too expensive; it is extravagant, or it has too many flowers,—flowers, the beautiful things,—the prettiest things in the world,—flowers, made by the hand divine to make glad our hearts, and create music in the world, O ye are sinful things in the bonnet of a Mrs. Rector! Well, its bad enough, without our writing about it. Still, we must write our experiences. We ask not the reader's belief. Say it's all made up; we are satisfied. But we know what we know.

Mrs. Lovegood was, in many respects, a most excellent woman; but she had one besetting infirmity,—cross turns, contrary fits, spasmodic turns of crookedness, which seemed to come and go like the whimsies of a petted child. When the fit was off, she was all that was excellent, a gem of a wife, who was ready for any thing good; to lend her mantilla for a pattern, or to visit the sick, or to move among the parishioners, all charms and graces; but when it was on, she was a “Tartar;” she snapped, and snarled at every thing and every body. These crooked spells generally lasted about an hour; but while they were on, Mr. Lovegood was always minus the drawing-room and study. It was too warm for him about the house.

These peculiarities, when fully developed, were soon known; and though very painful to Mr. Lovegood and the parishioners, they resolved to bear them, in the spirit of good Christians, with the best possible grace.

Mrs. Lovegood was, herself, painfully conscious of her peculiar failing, and strove against it, at times, with heroic fortitude. After her severe cut on the Blemmertons, she learned to deny herself to visitors when she was in one of her unpleasant moods, which doubtless saved her from many serious evils.

She was a confirmed dyspeptic: change of living and of climate had preyed upon her health, until she was, at times, perfectly wretched; and then she could not avoid making others about her unhappy. Doubtless, Christian charity would have said, that the poor lady was more to be pitied than censured. At all events, we feel inclined to draw the veil over many of her failings, especially as she labored prayerfully to conquer them. But we must not forbear recording one or two of her most remarkable acts.

Numbers of the parishioners felt very kindly toward Mr. Lovegood, and often remembered him, with small presents and tokens of regard. Mr. Friendly was particularly thoughtful in this way. If he met with any thing in market, that he thought would please the Rector, he was sure to purchase a double quantity, one half of which would find its way to the Rectory, always borne to the door in his own hand. One morning, at an early hour, he rang the bell, and handed to the servant a very fine goose. Imagine his surprise, as he turned the corner, and passed on by the kitchen, at seeing a window raised and the whole goose hurled out at his head, barely missing the mark, and rolling along before him on the pavement.

Acts of this kind Mrs. L. would frequently perpe-

trate, and then, in ten minutes, be found in her chamber, bathed in tears of shame. So strange a thing is dyspepsia.

On one occasion, Mr. Lovegood was quite sick. He had a high fever, and the physician had requested him not to see much company; to admit into his room a few only of his friends, and but one at a time. This alarmed Mrs. L., very much. She deemed the case a very critical one, and watched her husband with great anxiety. Early one morning, Mr. Friendly, on his way to business, called; and, as was his custom, walked directly to the door of the sick room, and, gently tapping, softly opened it, and was entering the room, when, suddenly, he felt a decided negative pressure; and, before he knew what it was, he found himself tightly jammed between the sharp edge of the door and the door-facing, and clamped as tightly as a wedge. "You can't come in, Sir!" said a voice from the negative force, which negative force grew tighter and tighter, till the poor old gentleman, who was already pretty thin, was nearly flattened to the thinness of a board. He declared, afterward, that he had, for weeks, a red and blue stripe, up and down, behind and before, where he had been confined in the stocks.

Two years rolled round, bringing to Mrs. Lovegood restored health; and, as her health improved, she overcame these unpleasant traits, and lived to see the day, when she was as much beloved and respected, by all the parishioners, as, before that, she had been dreaded. In later life, she was often heard to lament her earlier failings; and frequently would she join in the merry laugh,

at her own expense, with some of the older parishioners, and recount her dyspeptic freaks with evident good humor.

Mr. Friendly's pressure she would tell him was indeed a warm and tight one, but he knew how to appreciate it as a token of her real regard for him. The parson and the goose were more closely allied than the goose and his head. She was glad it did not strike him; for, had it done so, his head would most likely have been "demolished." And so would they amuse themselves with their jokes. The clouds had vanished, and the sky was clear and bright.

CHAPTER XXXV.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM. A
LETTER FROM MR. HEARTFUL. REVELATIONS.

WE are ahead of our story. Mr. Heartful has been absent for two years ; and, in all that time, Mr. Lovegood has received but two letters from him, the latter towards the end of the first year of his absence. It breathed a spirit of melancholy, and was full of kind remembrances to all at the Rectory, and of love to "dear Agnes," underscored, and written in a trembling hand.

One bright afternoon in September, towards the close of Mr. Heartful's second year's absence, Mr. Lovegood called at Mrs. Gilcrist's, and taking Agnes aside, told her that he had something of importance to communicate to her, and wished her to come to the Rectory, in the evening, when she would be relieved from business. His manner was significant. His large, full eyes beamed with delight, and flashed as when his whole soul was thrown into them.

Agnes hastened to the Rectory, about eight o'clock. Mr. Lovegood was alone in his study. When she entered and was seated, he unlocked a drawer in his desk, and drew forth a letter which he handed to Agnes. It bore a foreign postmark. There was no mistaking the writer. Yes ; it was from Mr. Heartful. "Read it, my daughter ; it concerns you !" said Mr. L.,

as he gave it to her, and immediately dropped into his seat, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. "Joy to the true of heart!" he ejaculated. "The God of the fatherless is mighty! All praise be unto Him 'who doeth all things well!'"

Agnes read as follows:

LIVERPOOL, ———, 18—.

MY DEAR PASTOR:—You have doubtless been surprised at my long silence; but I can now solve all mysteries. From the first month of my sojourn in England, I have been engaged in unravelling a curious and difficult affair. By the merest accident, I learned that a gentleman of your name had died recently, leaving a large fortune without heirs in England.

My curiosity being excited, I inquired into the matter. The gentleman's name was Robert Lovegood. But either from a desire to embezzle the property, or to baffle the curiosity of a stranger, the officials threw every imaginable obstacle in my way. At last, however, I succeeded in ferreting out the facts in the case; and you may imagine my surprise, when I discovered, that the deceased was either a brother or cousin of yours.

And what is better than all, and by what unaccountable train of circumstances it was brought about I know not,—but our dear Agnes is, by his will, the inheritor of his whole fortune. I give you the very words of the will, and you may judge for yourself. "After paying all my just and equitable debts, I give and bequeath all my estate, whether personal, real, or mixed, a statement of which I have filed with my

friend A. B., unto the heir or heirs of my cousin, Mary Wallace, late of England, but now residing in the United States ; and I require and charge my executors, as aforesaid, etc."

Agnes read no more. She stood mute, and as if transfixed to the floor. And was the poor orphan, dependent, milliner-girl, an heiress ? And what were her emotions ? At the end of the letter there was this postscript : "I can come home now. When this business is all arranged, I shall take my departure, and greet you all again, I trust, in three months."

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Lovegood had written to his brother, informing him of her sad history and death, and giving him an account of his intentions towards Agnes. To this letter he had not received a reply ; and he concluded, that his brother had long since died or removed elsewhere.

After the failure of Robert Lovegood, and the sacrifice made by Richard Grantner, and his sister Mary, to pay his liabilities, for which Richard was surety, the wheel of fortune turned in his favor, and Robert Lovegood, in the course of a few years, found himself in a flourishing business. He wrote often to his cousins, but never received any intelligence of them.

He rarely ever heard of his mother or brother. If they corresponded at all, it was at long intervals ; poverty and a life of changes and vicissitudes, on the one hand, and the absorbing cares of business, on the other, served to curtail their communications, until at length they ceased.

It had ever been the intention of Robert Lovegood, to repair the loss sustained by his cousins ; but, as we have shown, after he acquired the ability, he had, from the want of proper intelligence respecting them, been unable to fulfil his purpose.

Years rolled round ; and he had amassed a large fortune. He had married, but was childless ; and his wife had now been dead six or eight years. The letter of his brother had been duly received, and he was about to make arrangements to forward him a large draft, for the benefit of Agnes, when he was attacked with his last illness. But, upon the intelligence contained in his brother's letter, he based his will.

The executors had, for nearly six years, with that letter in their hands, which placed them in possession of every necessary item of intelligence, studiously avoided writing to Mr. Lovegood, to inform him of the death of his brother, and of the fortune bequeathed to Agnes.

Agnes retained her situation at Mrs. Gilcrist's, though her change of fortune was soon noised abroad. She and Mr. Lovegood were required to appear before a Court of Record ; and several influential citizens were required to testify to the fact of her being the identical heir of Mary Wallace. When this occurred, the subject was no longer a secret. But Agnes continued to be the same modest, retiring, unassuming Christian that she had ever been, and was found every day behind the counter, as assiduous as ever in the duties of her employment.

Those who had been her true friends, rejoiced in her good fortune. But they neither loved, nor caressed, nor

admired her the more on this account. She could long since have returned to the Rectory, without any compromise of her feelings ; for Mrs. Lovegood, having recovered from her ill health, yearned to have her society again. But Agnes found so much delight in her occupation, that she preferred to continue it. And now, that her fortunes had so wonderfully changed, she remained at her post, from a sense of propriety.

But what a marked change had been wrought in some other quarters ! The worshippers of Mammon now vied with each other, to see who could be most profuse in praises and attentions. The Blemmertons thought her a most charming girl, regretted that they had enjoyed so little of her society, and made many humble apologies that they had not paid her more attention. "The truth was," they said, "their list of friends had so extended, that they scarcely knew how to reckon them. And if Miss Wallace had been overlooked, they hoped to be forgiven, as it was purely accidental." Card after card, and congratulation after congratulation, poured in upon Agnes. Mr. Slapperdasher called in his carriage, for a ride ; and the Misses Highflyer and Beaudasher sent their compliments, on many occasions, requesting the pleasure of Miss Wallace's company.

Agnes had not one grain of resentment in her composition. She knew how unreal and hollow-hearted all this lip-service was, but she did not give her thoughts to it. She took all things as they occurred, with a good and honest heart. At peace with herself and her God and Saviour, she was not elated at what the world called her good fortune ; but she cherished the more the mem-

ory of her father and mother, and sanctified the Lord God in her heart.

Mr. Ben Slocum Sapientium, doubtless at the suggestion of a wiser head than his own, became one of Miss Wallace's most ardent admirers. And the same old devices were resorted to, and a world of trouble taken, to ingratiate Mr. Sapientium into her good graces. Little parties were assembled, here and there, and things were dexterously managed by a ruling hand, so as to throw them together on numerous occasions.

A report was soon in circulation, that Mr. Ben Slocum was going to do Miss Wallace the honor of taking care of her fortune. Of course, it was a good and charitable act in the aforesaid Ben; a considerate act, that entitled him to a large amount of self-approbation. She was a lone girl, and needed a helping hand in the management of her estate. For this, Mr. Slocum was admirably calculated! Who will say it was not a charity in him, to entertain so good an intention? Gentle reader, give Mr. Slocum the credit that is his due, while we unfold one more page in his history.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CASE OF SUPERSTITION, SHOWING HOW MR. BEN SLOCUM BECAME FULLY PERSUADED THAT HE WAS TO BECOME THE GUARDIAN OF AGNES'S FORTUNE. A SCENTED LETTER. MR. LOVEGOOD SAYING A HARD WORD.

THE most yielding bodies in Nature, such as Air, Water, Steam, are said to be the most powerful agents. We do not avouch for it. Let it pass for what it is worth ; or, if the question must be discussed, we leave it to those whose province it is to elucidate such learned topics.

But, we are confident, that there is an analogy in the intellectual world ; things the most light and airy are frequently the most potential. The speculative notions of the hair-brained theorist, are often found adequate to the task of throwing into the shade, to some minds, truths that ages of wisdom and experience have illustrated and verified. A quack always performs miracles, and gets credit for what he does not, while the regular practitioner gains no credit for what he does. And so with mankind generally ; one portion of the race plods along at a slow pace, in a beaten path ; another reaches the goal in half the time, on the pathway of quackery and pretension.

The truth is, there is a superabundance of superstition in the human family ; and this is the element that all pretenders lay hold upon. Joseph Miller did it ; and so did Joseph Smith, and Mahomet ; so also does the "Spirit-

rapping" mummary; nor are they the only quacks the world has produced in the pseudo-religious line. We could name several scores of them; but, in many quarters, we should not receive the credit due to the discovery.

Talk about the Salem Witchcraft as you please, as an exploded piece of foolery, we aver that it is not exploded. It lives in one form or another, and, ever and anon, manifests itself in some new phase, dress, or phenomenon. There are numerous believers in the "Dark Mystery;" the world is full of superstition, of Hags, too, and Wizards. The doctrine of Fatality, "what is to be will be," which has been fostered, even by many religionists, has had no small influence in keeping alive and developing superstition, in some shape or form. But we will not discuss the question. We merely assert the fact, that superstition does exist. The Salem Witchcraft has left its mark.

We know many persons, who would not set out on a journey on a FRIDAY, or commence any new work on that day; many more, who have their lucky and unlucky omens, good and bad dreams, to which they attach great importance. Even Mrs. Blemmerton had her good and evil "signs." When her right ear "burnt," some one, she doubted not, was talking good of her; had it been the left, the reverse would have been the case. But the "sign" signally failed in the fashionable saloon: "ignorance is bliss," sometimes. We knew a neighborhood in our young days, in which an old hag held sway, to such an extent, that she was consulted on almost all difficult diseases, and on robberies, love affairs, and sundry other matters. Her

house was a thoroughfare, day and night, for the citizens many miles around. If a hog was stolen, she was sure to be consulted; and the sage answer would be, "It was carried away by land or water;" a very satisfactory answer indeed.

All the colored race who were "tricked,"* had to "have the trick removed." Nor was this confined entirely to the ignorant and unlettered. Many, of whom better things might have been expected, had unbounded confidence in Tippy, and consulted her, as time and chance allowed, but always clandestinely, for they were ashamed to have it known!

Not far from the city of —, a cove makes in from the river, through a narrow inlet, which runs round the base of a high, craggy, rocky hill, and spreads out into a basin, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe,—a shape very apt in the philosophy of witchcraft. This sheet of water is entirely hid from the shore, by the hill round whose base the inlet flows. Were you to follow the inlet, however, you would find that it leads to a secluded sheet of water, hemmed in by rocky hills, on whose sides grow tall pines and oaks, whose branches sweep out over the cove, and, at almost all hours of the day, shut out the rays of the sun, making it a dark, dank, dreary, solemn-looking place, and altogether adapting it to the pretensions, incantations, and orgies of an old hag.

* For the benefit of the reader who may be unlearned in such matters, we state, that the colored race are very superstitious, and often fancy or pretend, that they are conjured by witches. This often occasions trouble; they grow indolent, petulant, and turbulent; and nothing will answer, but a counter-conjurer to remove the "trick."

At the period of which we write, one of these wretched old pretenders and vile impostors had located herself at the base of one of these hills, by the side of the cove, as a place adapted to her occupation. Her hovel was constructed of poles, brought together at the top, in the shape of a cone or pyramid, and covered over with dirt; and thither, as many of the citizens of —, or of any other part of the world, as chose to avail themselves of the knowing deeds of old Hagar, wended their way, to consult her on their future destiny.

Mr. Ben Slocum Sapientium, after taking it into his head, or having it put there, that it would be a kindness in him to marry Agnes Wallace, with all his triumphant Presbyterianism, could not resist the temptation (indeed we know not that he estimated the greatness of the sin, or thought of such a thing,) of consulting the far-famed old hag. Accordingly, on a drizzly, sombre day in October, Mr. Slocum might have been found at the door of the hovel of the hag, an opening formed by leaving a space uncovered between two poles. When Mr. Slocum approached, she was in the act of drawing a diminutive bucket from a mimic well, formed by planting a keg in the earth, before which she sat on an old stool. At her side was a stand, on which was placed a looking-glass facing the entrance to the hovel. This enabled her to see Mr. Slocum as he approached; and now, as he stands looking on in amazement, she, without appearing to notice him, goes on with her incantations :

“Hocus-pocus in the well,
I draw the water out ;
Hocus-pocus will you tell,
What’s this young man about.”

“There, Sir,” said she, turning to Ben, and scowling upon him, at the same time filling a glass with water from the bucket, “look into that water, Sir! What do you see?” “Nothing,” says Ben, as pale as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot. “See nothing, Sir? Your eyes want rubbing with the blue butter;” saying which, she rubs something all over Ben’s eyes. “What’s see now, Sir? Baby, I reckon? Eh? No, Sir, man? No, Sir, girl I reckon? Eh? Thought so.”

“I want to inquire about a girl, Madam,” says Ben, doffing his hat, and growing wonderfully polite, as he wipes the sweat-drops from his brow. “Eh? I knew it. Rich, eh? I knew it. Chances, eh? Want to know? Couldn’t do without old Hagar. Thought so.

‘Hocus-pocus, tell me how,
Sal, sal, olus cobus,
I’m to give directions now,
Fi, fa, habus nobus?’

“Yes, Sir, I read it now; not easy, but may be made so. Yes: he’s under his lucky star, takes lucky money.” At this Ben startles, and begins to feel in his pockets. “Lucky money, Sir. Twenty round silver dollars for luck. Yes: that’s it, as I read it; that’s what the Hocus-pocus tells me.”

Poor Ben has not a silver dollar in his pocket.

“Won’t a twenty dollar note do?” quoth Ben, wiping the perspiration from his pale brow.

“‘Hocus-pocus, will it do?
Hocus-pocus, tell me true.’

“Ah, yes: the lucky star is there. It’ll do, Sir.”

Ben pays the twenty dollars.

“Now, Sir, you are to put a long pole in your hat, in place of your head, and fasten to it a piece of fat bacon, and go out into the yard every night, holding it up high above your head, singing this song :

‘Leather-wing’d bat, come under my hat,
I’ll give you a piece of fat bacon,
Come under my hat, leather-wing’d bat,
And the girl I will have I reckon.’

“And if a bat flies into the hat, then you are sure of carrying the day.”

Mr. Slocum returned home, wonderfully edified, and with a light heart. Never had he witnessed such wisdom ; nor did he dream that old Hagar was not mistress of all sciences. What sights he had seen. Lucky stars ; an old witch reading his destinies in a glass of water.

Every night, for a month or more, found Mr. Slocum in his aunt’s yard, dangling up his long pole, stuck in his hat. But he could never remember the charmed words of the hag ; so he called aloud to the bat :

“Batty, batty,
Come under my hatty ;
If you don’t come soon,
I’ll go right home,
And then you’ll miss the bacon.”

At last, one night, after a long trial, whether Ben’s wishes were the interpreter, or his eyes, sure enough a bat flew under his hat. That settled the question. Ben ran to his room, and commenced jumping his broomstick again.

A few days after, Agnes, much to her surprise, received a sweet little note from him, handsomely done up in a beautiful and highly-scented envelope, modestly asking the privilege of paying his addresses to her. Bah! that was too much. Agnes was greatly amused with it, and handed it to Mr. Lovegood, as a curiosity. "The puppy!" he exclaimed. Ah, Mr. Lovegood, take care!—"The puppy!" "Let me answer that, my daughter!" He did answer it.

And here we draw the curtain. The Blemmertons were no more seen in St. _____'s church.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CLOSING SCENES. PARTING CLOUDS. MERRY CHILDREN.

AUTUMN and winter rolled away. Spring came with its singing-birds and flowers; March, April, Mr. Heartful has not yet returned. The days seem long and dreary, to more hearts than one. Mr. Lovegood is really getting nervous; he fears some accident has befallen Jonathan. And he half suspects Agnes of sharing in his suspense. She is at the Rectory, twice a day, but never asks a question on the subject.

At last, about the middle of May, Mr. Heartful touches the soil of his native land, takes a carriage, and drives first for the Rectory. O, how his heart throbs, as he stands once more upon its threshold; and in a moment more, he is greeted by his old friend and Pastor, and they embrace each other.

But what changes a few years had wrought. Mr. and Mrs. Lovegood looked ten years older to him; his Pastor's head was already silvered over with age. But they were happy. And Agnes! Did he ask for her? Yes. "Is dear Agnes well? Is she happy?"

"Ah, Jonathan, boy, I know your secret," said Mr. Lovegood, rubbing his hands. "I reckon it's all right now. The dear girl was only misguided by her judgment, I think. I have convinced her of that. It is not that she thinks her fortune makes her any more worthy of you; or that it ought to make her any more

estimable in the eyes of the world. It was all the result of an over-sensitiveness. She is older now, and is the same dear, modest, unassuming Agnes."

Three days rolled away, and Mr. Heartful has not yet called to see Agnes; and once, when he was at the Rectory, she being ignorant that he was there, came in, but they did not meet; for, when he heard her voice in the hall, much agitated he passed hastily into an adjoining room, and went out by a back door.

On the fourth day after his arrival, a servant, in the morning, placed in the hands of Agnes a brief note. It read,—

"Will dear Agnes indulge me with her company, this afternoon, over the same road that in days gone by we once passed so sadly?
J. H."

Agnes's heart now beat with new emotions. At the appointed hour, the carriage drove to her door; and she was in readiness. Never before had she appeared so lovely in his eyes. She stood before him the same little Agnes, whose mournful eye flashed on his under the dim-burning lamp; the same Agnes, whom, seven years before, he had blessed, when she left home for Mrs. Densmore's school; the same Agnes, to whom, two and a half years before, he had poured out his heart, when she was humble and desolate; the same Agnes, who had magnanimously refused him her hand, if not her heart, when again, in his full tide of political glory, he had proffered it. There she stood before him, the wealthy heiress, the courted of fawning sycophants, the loved of the good and virtuous; the same meek, gentle

Christian, that she had always been ; her radiant countenance bespeaking the calm joys of her heart, now the full-grown, matured woman ; her dark, lustrous eyes flashing upon him ; her auburn ringlets falling over her well-formed shoulders.

And he, too, how changed ! Two and a half years abroad had brought to him their changes ; but all for the better. He was now in the thirty-sixth year of his age ; and, in his absence, he had grown larger and fairer. In personal attractiveness, also, though always handsome, he had greatly improved. They stood gazing upon each other a moment, as if deprived of speech and motion. At last, turning away his head, he pointed to the carriage ; she approached ; he took her hand ; neither spoke a word. Each heart was full. They had proceeded an hour, neither of them speaking a word ; scarcely noticing even the beautiful scenery which on all sides greeted the eye. They then turned homeward. The setting sun was just declining, behind the tall hills that overhung the beautiful river which swept past the city. The heavens were bespangled with rosy-tinted clouds, painted by the sun's parting rays, which, reflecting far and near over heaven and earth, bathed every thing in beauty.

“ Agnes, may I call you dear Agnes ? ” No word was spoken in reply. Naught was heard but the heart's pulsations. “ Yes : dear Agnes, is not this glorious sunset to be a type of our future ? ”

* * * * *

The clouds have all vanished. Our story is told. Agnes is living in her own home ; and she and her pious husband are walking, hand in hand, and heart with heart,

along the path of life. With thankfulness for all past mercies, morning and evening they bend the knee together in prayer; and the little ones who prattle about the house, are "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;" and are taught, so soon as they are old enough to understand, what holy creatures they were made in baptism, what holy blessings and privileges were then bestowed upon them. The Church, too, finds in them true and liberal friends. The poor never call upon them in vain; their large fortune is devoted to liberal uses; and the treasures of the Church are increased by their generous offerings.

And now Mr. Heartful, in playful mood, often tells Agnes, that she was a naughty thing, to have treated him so badly. And then, pressing her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her pure forehead, he would say, "I love you three times the more for it. Thus I return good for evil."

So the Lord doth bless the true of heart.

"Look at the generations of old, and see:

Did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?

Or did any abide in His fear, and was forsaken?

Or whom did He ever despise that called upon Him."

ECCLUS. ii. 10.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

ONE of those terrible crises in the financial world swept Mr. John Blemmerton by the board, and wrecked his splendid fortune, reducing him almost to beggary, in his declining days.

Of all his wealth, and years of luxury and ostentation, there scarcely remained to him enough to secure an humble cottage and ten acres of land, in the suburbs of the city; and here he and his wife spent the evening of their days in obscurity, raising vegetables for the market, and making butter, which one or the other of them took to town every morning in a mule-cart.

Miss Julia Jasper, at the age of twenty-six, married Mr. Ben Slocum, who set himself up in a tobacco and candy shop. Miss Deliah Airmyth and Mr. Slopill, though never exactly satisfied with each other, kept up their engagement, till Mr. Blemmerton's magnificent failure, when, as Miss Deliah said, it was broken off by mutual consent, and she rejoiced all the days of her life in the cognomen of an "elderly young lady."

Mr. Slopill cut his cards in another direction, but had not bettered his condition when last we heard of him. His whiskers had turned gray, but he regularly dyed them, when they presented a motley mixture of gray and sandy-red.

Dr. Riproarer lived long enough to see large num-

bers of his flock forsake Presbyterianism, for the "old paths." And the Millennium had not come when he died.

Mr. and Mrs. Friendly died, as they had lived, and were gathered unto their fathers in peace, in "the communion of the catholic Church." Peace be to their memory! It lives after them, in the annals of many charities, and is embalmed in the hearts of multitudes of the poor of the earth.

"Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till th' eternal morrow dawn,
And then,—the curtain shall be drawn."

CRASHAW.

As to Mrs. Fussy, Mrs. Fastidious, and Mrs. Nochurch, we trace their history no farther; and we leave them to their own consciences, with the glowing and thoughtful lines of the poet, as a fitting comment on their and the Blemmertons' lives:

"Lord! with what care Thou dost begirt us round!
Parents first season us. Then Schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws. They send us bound
To rules of reason. Holy Messengers;
Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dogging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
Blessings before-hand; ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without our shame, within our consciences;
Angels and grace; eternal hopes and fears!
Yet,—all these fences and their whole array
One cunning BOSOM-SIN blows quite away!"

HERBERT.

After the recovery of his wife's health, as heretofore

related, and the withdrawal of the several malcontents, no more sorrows cast their shadow across the life of Mr. Lovegood. He and his wife, hand in hand, journeyed to the tomb, in a life of singular unity and devotion,—

“ In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.”

The Pastor lived to see the children of Jonathan and Agnes growing up to maturity. He had no children of his own; and these little prattlers were recognized as his grand-children. A loving spectacle it was, to see the old gentleman, in his declining days, enjoy the sports of these little innocents as they played “upon his knees.”

“Jonathan,” he would say, “it makes me young again.” And grandpa’s stories about the birds, and the chickens, and the fox-hunts, and fishing, caused all the little sparkling eyes to be riveted on him.

But he has gone! The tall green grass waves over his grave. Jonathan and Agnes have removed many of his sanctified roses from Heartfulville, and planted them by his grave, in his church-yard, and these bloom above his narrow home, marking the spot to the passer-by, where the good man lies. And the little wrens play about their branches as of old; and the birds sing in the weeping-willow that bends sorrowfully over his grave.

But, he is singing “the new song” of the Lamb, in the Paradise of God.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF HOSTS, HEAVEN

AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THY GLORY. GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD, MOST HIGH!

“The righteous live for evermore,
 Their reward also is with Jehovah,
 And the care of them is with the Most High.
 Therefore, they shall receive the kingdom of glory,
 And the diadem of beauty from the hand of Jehovah.”

WISDOM v. 15, 16.

And now, kind reader, who have journeyed with us thus far, if the moments that we have stolen from slumber, while you have been blessed with angel visitants, have contributed a gleam of Hope or Joy to your heart, or taught you to shun the path of evil, or turned your heart or feet heavenward, to Him from whom all good gifts do come be the praise and glory. We lay our humble offering upon His altar, and beg His blessing upon it.

And if you desire to know “where our sketch belongs?” we answer “Nowhere in particular; everywhere in general.” Our whole aim has been to give sketches of character; of life as it is. If we have at times bordered on the sentimental, we can only say, we have not aimed to be romantic, but true to real life. We know not that we have anywhere overshot the lines of life, as they run about us day by day. We have spent a few leisure hours with the past; sometimes on one picture, sometimes on another. We cannot say that we are satisfied with the performance, and therefore shall not be disappointed if you are not. Life is a mingled picture of sunshine and cloud, calm and storm, spice and wormwood, sweet and bitter, flowers and withered leaves.

We write from glimpses and shadows of the past, and if the light-hearted mingle occasionally with the sober and the meditative, it is but the blending into one of the two sides of life, Reality and Poetry, Youth and Age.

“VERSE a breeze ’mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee
Both were mine ! Life went a Maying,
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ! Ah, woful WHEN !
Ah, for the change ’twixt now and then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O’er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly *then* it flash’d along :
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in’t together.
Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree,
O, the joys that came down shower-like
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old.
Ere I was old ! Ah, woful ERE !
Which tells me Youth’s no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
Tis known that thou and I were one.
I’ll think it but a fond conceit,
It cannot be, that thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll’d :
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make-believe* that thou art gone ?

I see these locks in silver slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size ;
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought ; so think I will
 That youth and I are housemates still !”

COLERIDGE.

Therefore, leave me with the past ! I would not forget the days of my boyhood. There is a magic in the sentence ; a strange thrilling sensation, which runs through the heart, makes a trembling on the lips, and crystals in the eyes.

When I was a boy !
 When I was a boy ? Ah, happy *when* !
 Youth and I were playmates then !
 O'er brook and dale, through woody glade
 We rov'd along, as light of heart
 As mate-lambs playing in the shade,
 And fondly thought we ne'er should part !
 But youth play'd truant on a day,
 And left me hapless and forlorn :
 Alone I journey'd o'er the way,
 Mourning the while that Youth was gone,
 And I left mateless and alone !
 And art thou gone, my sweet mate-fellow,
 In the tug of life and strife,
 Wilt not return in Autumn, mellow,
 To soothe the weary eve of life ?
 Ah, *once* a man, but *twice* a boy !
 Such is the lot of all below,
 Who live till life becomes a toy,
 And then how gladly would they go !
 But, Youth comes back with mimic smile,
 And plays with Age a little while :
 Then Age grows young, and smiles at Youth,
 And thinks, meantime, in very truth,
 That Youth and he again are *one*,
 A moment more, and both are gone !

Ah, we all have a treasure in the past. We love to meditate upon it. It opens the heart's fountains. It draws us away from earth. It sets us on our heavenward journey. The eye opens upon the landscape, and the sunlight paints it on the retina, as no painter can paint it on the canvas, drawing into so narrow a compass the most extended and beautiful view. To see the Lord's Prayer copied perfectly on the size of a dime, is a rare sight, a beautiful piece of art; but, O what a canvas is the little eye, and what a painter the sunlight!

And yet, how compares this with the light of other days, which prints upon the memory lines, ineffaceable, of all we have ever seen, or heard, or done? What was it but the hand of the Almighty, that took from the eye, and the ear, and the thoughts, so many pictures of all that ever passed before us or within us in life, and traced them on the memory never to be blotted out.

So it is, our young days come back to us as we pass down the vale of life. So it is, all the past will be revealed before us, in the pages of memory, in the world to come. What a glowing palimpsest, as De Quincey writes, is the memory! If we have assisted you, reader, in "unrolling some leaves" of your memory, or in looking into the book of life, our work is done.

Life runs in crooked paths here, there, everywhere, like the erratic volitations of the bird on the wing; and, not often like the busy bee, which, when freighted with his sweets, makes a straight line for his hive, nor deviates from it, except for intervening objects, round

which he passes, and falls into the same straight line again, then wings his way onward, right on. So we have written, following the bird on the wing, because he is a type of life as it is.

And here, with a grateful heart, we bid you FAREWELL, joining in the song due from all flesh unto the Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of our spirits :

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, DOMINUS DEUS OMNIPOTENS, QUI FUT, QUI EST, ET QUI VENTURUS EST.

THE END.

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Church Journal.

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Church Journal.

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It is this which has furnished the design of Mr. Gifford's book. The Prayer-Book has had many commentators, all of whom have alluded to the nearly-inspired wisdom of those who put it together. The further they penetrate it the more they seem to discover the long-forgotten ideal and matured plan out of which it grew. The

remarkable fact of an intentional unison of its apparently diverse parts, has only been partially observed, and it has been left to Mr. Gifford to discover and prove in every case the beautiful appositeness of all to one nucleus idea. This, under the heading of each Sunday, he distinctly sets forth, and then traces its radiations first through the Collect, then through the Epistle, then through the Gospel, then through all the Lessons, to its remoter scintillations in the Catechism and the Articles of Religion.

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We have been glad to devote more than usual space to the notice of this work, because it is the production of one of our townsmen. A few specimen pages appeared about a year ago, which received the approbation of many of the most distinguished men in the Episcopal Church, and the author, thus encouraged, has put forth the present handsome volume, designing to follow it by another, thus completing the circle of the year.

Newark Daily Advertiser.

The work will do good in two ways: first, by furnishing valuable practical matter for private reading and instruction; and secondly, by dissipating the mist which some writers have conjured up, in their efforts to show that the Prayer Book was a piece of patch-work, with an Arminian or a Popish Liturgy, and Calvinistic Articles; than which, no fancy could be more foolish or futile.

Calendar.

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Churchman.

These are remarkable Sermons, as were those of his former volume. They are models of a plain and direct style, sparkling with forcible allusions and applications. They illustrate the teaching of our Catechism to a considerable extent, and often in the happiest manner, regarding it as a symbol of Catholic truth. They are worth reading for their power and demonstrations of most important doctrines, little heeded in these times, when the Puritan and Sectarian spirit seeks to prevail.

Banner of the Cross.

This is a reprint of one of the most characteristic, if not one of the most extraordinary volumes of the day, which no one can read without interest, and few without profit. There is something striking, not to say startling, about everything the author says; and yet the language is so simple and appropriate, as to be perfectly intelligible to every one.

Calendar.

A capital volume it is—his style seems to gain in directness, crispness, vigor, and *momentum*, as he grows older. It is as clear as English can be made. A healthy common sense rules throughout. * * * * * In our day when muddy heads do so greatly abound, a volume of such sturdy, pungent, powerful and illuminating Saxon, is of the highest worth.

Church Journal.

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The Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe has done a great favor to the early Subscribers of the *Church Journal*, by collecting and publishing in a volume, the *Impressions of England*, which were so prominent and popular a feature of our paper during nearly the first year of its existence. To those early subscribers of ours, nothing beyond the bare announcement of the publication need be said, to recal the vivid memory of those delightful letters. But, for the sake of the more than three thousand that have been added since, we would say, that the volume, as a whole, is even more attractive, than were the weekly instalments then so keenly enjoyed. Mr. Coxe's local knowledge of England, even before he landed on its shores, was extraordinary; and it has enabled him to stock his pages with a richness, fulness and variety of allusion, which perpetually kindles new interest. His faculties of observation are more than commonly keen; and his command of language is equally graphic and vigorous. Singular good fortune seems to have attended him also. Lucky chances, such as common tourists may light on one or two, seem to have been showered on him at every turn. Incidents that have already become historic, are stamped, with freshest life, on every portion of the work. Again, as if before our eyes, Lord John Russell figures in the disgraceful and contemptible mad farce of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Again we see the Iron Duke bowing in lowly worship in the Chapel Royal of St. James. Again we wander under the vast long-drawn, and diaphanous expanse of the Crystal Palace. Again we rove from Cathedrals to Churches, and Colleges, and ruined Abbeys, and sequestered hamlets, and breathe the pure rural air of living England, yet scented with the rich aroma of a glorious past. The essential unity of the two nations is ever uppermost in Mr. Coxe's mind; yet never, even in the Royal presence, does he forget his native Republicanism. His heart beats true and strong for the freedom and purity of the Reformation, and against the slavish corruptions of Rome; yet yearns, with deepest love, towards everything rightly belonging to our dear Mother the Church; and his trumpet rings out clear, with no uncertain note, against all who would mar her full proportion of "the beauty of holiness." In short, we are with the author, as it were *personally*, from the beginning to the end of the volume: and when we lay it down, it is with an instinctive asking—"Shall we never travel with this charming companion again?" *Church Journal.*

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American Churchmen will find this the most delightful account of a visit to our mother country and mother Church, that has ever appeared. It was made in an interesting and memorable year, 1851; and the reputation which had preceded the author as a poet, scholar, and clergyman, procured for him at once a peculiarly cordial reception, and such an intimate access to the various phases of English society, as is rarely enjoyed by American travellers. Thus supplied with an unusual richness of material, he has produced a volume which will be read with universal interest and pleasure in both countries.

Banner of the Cross.

Though these sketches are descriptive of subjects with which we are all more or less familiar, yet it is both entertaining and instructive to trace the impressions received by a man of talent, education and refinement, who has avoided the common places of travel, and taken no delight in spying out the miseries of the land, but rather exhibited those phases of society, and higher points of English civilization, which give character and dignity to the English nation.

Protestant Churchman.

Books of travel and sojourn in England, have been so common, that we feel almost reluctant to take up a new work of this description; but we were agreeably disappointed in the volume before us. Mr. Coxe went abroad with many advantages. A Clergyman of the Church of England, with no mean reputation as a Christian poet: with many old correspondents of clerical and social repute "in the land whither he went," and to whom, of course, he was accredited; and, moreover, with a determination not to be a one-sided observer, or a growling commentator; with all these advantages, it is not surprising that he "enjoyed himself;" and that he does not hesitate to say so, on all occasions, and in the most enthusiastic terms.

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These agreeable sketches, which appeared originally in the columns of the *New York Church Journal*, are now presented to the readers in a revised and connected form.

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Troy Daily Whig.

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Church Journal.

Were it not for the copyright on this admirable book, we should be compelled to transfer large portions of it to our pages. As it is, we hope to give, hereafter, some specimens of it, and in the mean time, cordially recommend it for its interest and the usefulness of its suggestions.

Episcopal Recorder.

Many of the articles collected in this pleasant and thoughtful volume have been already published in our columns; and we are glad to know that they have attracted that attention among our readers which they deserve. The series is now completed, by the addition of others, not so well adapted to a journal like this, because requiring diagrams, etc., to illustrate them, but harmonious with those in tone and teaching, and equally rich in useful suggestions. Mr. Willis has brought the finest musical cultivation of Europe to assist him in his task, but has never allowed his artistic taste and knowledge to overlay and smother his native good sense, or his instinctive perception of what is demanded in true church music. We have found his writings on this subject instructive and quickening; the more so, perhaps, because our own half-formed thoughts have often been brought back to us by him, more fully and clearly expressed than they had been to ourselves, and clothed with the authority that belongs to one who is so rapidly becoming a recognised Master in his chosen department.

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* * * * Mr. Willis thinks that to make our music what it ought to be, "we need to simplify the congregational style and amplify the choir style." He gives some practical suggestions, well worthy of consideration, respecting the singing of children in churches, the position of the choir and organ, the importance of clergymen possessing some knowledge of music as an art, and the training of the youth of a congregation in singing. In a second part of his treatise, Mr. Willis considers what subjects are proper for hymns, the adaptation of hymns to music, the treatment of words, the expression given to them in singing, and the introduction of what he calls "secular efforts" in church music. His views on all these subjects bear witness to his fine taste and careful study of the subject. Mr. Willis has given to both the scientific and practical part of music the study of years, and is entitled to speak on the subject with a tone of decision.

New York Evening Post.

The author is possessed of a profound scientific musical education, perfected in the best schools in Europe. Since his return home he has been engaged in editing the *Musical World*, a paper which has done more than all other publications together to diffuse and popularize a correct musical taste in this country. His journal is not confined, however, to musical criticism, but comprehends also every other branch of the Fine Arts, and is characterized by candid and intelligent exposition and elegant discussion. Mr. Willis has given much attention to *Church Music*, and the just views so ably and earnestly enforced in the *Musical World*, are beginning to produce a practical impression that exhibits itself extensively in improvements introduced into that department of public worship. These he has embodied into a volume bearing the title "Our Church Music: a book for Pastors and People." It is full of interest to the pastor, the choir, and the congregation.

New York Journal of Commerce.

OUR CHURCH MUSIC.—*A Book for Pastors and People.*

By RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. 12mo., 138 pages.

Price, 50 cents.

If Dana & Co. can always find as good books to publish as this and the Rev. Mr. Coxe's, noticed last week, we think they will not fail of readers or purchasers. For our own part, we are free to confess that we rarely meet with a book that pleases us so well as this about *Church Music*. It is characterised by a thorough knowledge of the subject, a nice appreciation of the fitness of things, if not by a deep religious feeling—all ruled and governed by sound common sense. The perusal of this work will be useful to all, and instructive to the mass of readers. Clergymen, Choristers, Choirs, and Congregations, are all instructed, guided and assisted in their several relations to the musical worship of the Church. We commend it to the popularity it so richly deserves.

Calendar.

Could every clergyman, every church warden and vestryman, every deacon and every elder, every chorister and every organist, in fact, every worshipper in every church in the land, be induced to read this book thoughtfully and act on it sensibly when it is read, a much needed reform in our Church Music would soon be begun and completed. Mr. Willis opens his subject by taking his reader into a now-a-day church and showing him—what is too true—that with a very few exceptions, no one of those present during the musical acts of devotion, is really and at heart engaged in them; and the problem which he proposes to himself, and succeeds in solving, is, how every person in every congregation may be made, during the singing, an intelligent worshipper. This he does in the course of an examination of the different styles of singing, of conducting choirs and placing organs and choir galleries, and above all, by submitting the versified Psalms and Hymns in general use, to a searching and most destructive criticism. He maintains, and with a union of æsthetic discrimination and common sense, which is invincible, that most of these from their unemotional character, are absolutely worthless for the purpose of worship, and entirely unfitted to music as the vehicle of expression. Rarely do good taste, culture, sound judgment and independence appear so blent as in the pages of this little volume, the literary merit of which is not the least of its claims upon attention; it abounds in true philosophical criticisms of both music and men. Those who control our Church Music must either conform to the views set forth by Mr. Willis, or go on in blind, or open-eyed irreverence and absurdity.

New York Courier and Enquirer.





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